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THE

WORKS

OF

SIR WILLIAM JONES.

WITH

THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR,

BY

LORD TEIGNMOUTH.

IN THIRTEEN VOLUMES.

VOLUME X.

AGAM PRAKASHAN
DELHI

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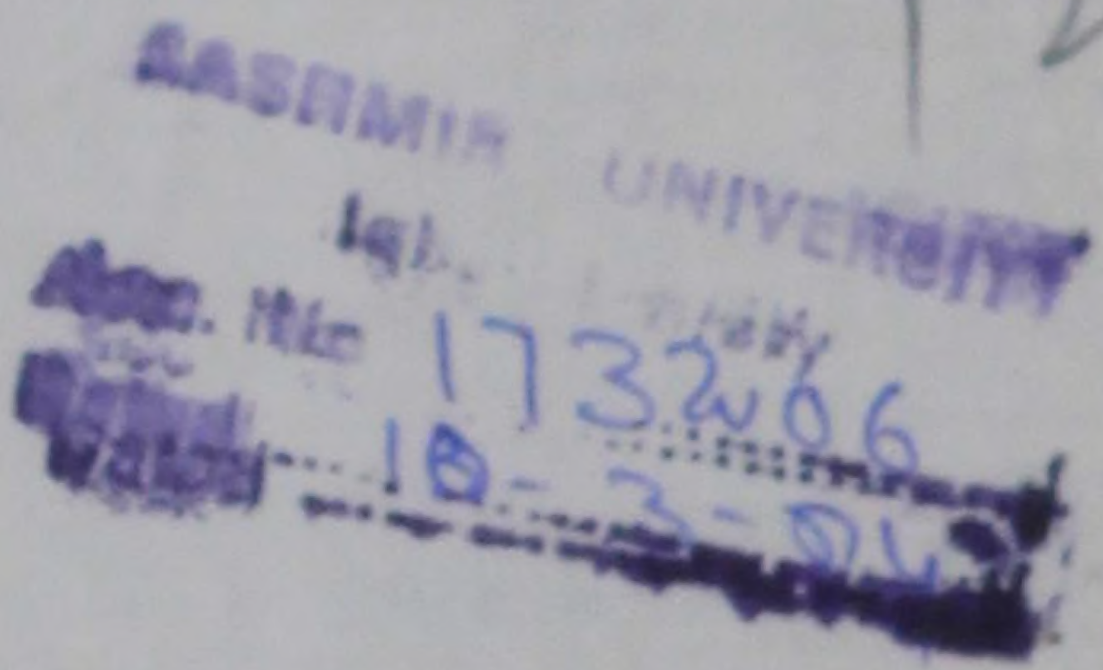

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THE

MOALLAKÁT,

OR

SEVEN ARABIAN POEMS,

WHICH WERE SUSPENDED ON

THE TEMPLE AT MECCA;

WITH

A TRANSLATION AND ARGUMENTS.

ADVERTISEMENT.

* * * * * * * * * * * *

* * * * * * * * * * * *

THE Discourse will comprise observations on the antiquity of the *Arabian* language and letters; on the dialects and characters of *Himyar* and *Koraish*, with accounts of some *Himyarick* poets; on the manners of the *Arabs* in the age immediately preceding that of *Mahomed*; on the temple at *Mecca*, and the *Moállakát*, or pieces of poetry *suspended* on its walls or gate; lastly, on the lives of the *Seven Poets*, with a critical history of their works, and the various copies or editions of them preserved in *Europe*, *Asia*, and *Africa*.

The Notes will contain authorities and reasons for the translation of controverted passages; will elucidate all the obscure couplets, and exhibit or propose amendments of the text; will direct the reader's attention to particular beauties, or point out remarkable defects; and will throw light on the images, figures, and allusions of the *Arabian* poets, by citations either from writers of their own country, or from

such of our *European* travellers as best illustrate the ideas and customs of eastern nations. But the *Discourse* and *Notes* are ornamental only, not essential to the work; and, by sending it abroad in its present form, the translator may reap no small advantage, if the learned here or on the Continent will favour him in the course of the summer with their strictures and annotations, and will transmit them for that purpose to the publisher. It is hoped, that the war will raise no obstacle to this intercourse with the scholars of *Leyden*, *Paris*, and *Madrid*; for men of letters, as such, ought, in all places and at all times, to carry *flags of truce*.

A. D. 1783.

NOTE.

The *Genealogical Table* must be placed immediately before the translation, and the page in *Arabick*, before the originals: the second plate contains the 32d, 33d, and 34th verses of *Amriolkais*, with the comment of *Tabreizi*.

THE

POEM

OF

AMRIOLKAIS.

THE ARGUMENT

THE poet, after the manner of his countrymen, supposes himself attended on a journey by a company of friends; and, as they pass near a place, where his mistress had lately dwelled, but from which her tribe was then removed, *he desires them to stop awhile*, that he might indulge the painful pleasure of weeping over the deserted remains of her tent. They comply with his request, but exhort him to show more strength of mind, and urge two topicks of consolation; namely, *that he had before been equally unhappy*, and *that he had enjoyed his full share of pleasures*: thus by the recollection of his passed delight his imagination is kindled, and his grief suspended.

He then gives his friends a lively account of his juvenile frolicks, to one of which they had alluded. It seems, he had been in love with a girl named *Onaiza*, and had in vain sought an occasion to declare his passion: one day, when her tribe had struck their tents, and were changing their station, the women, as usual, came behind the rest, with the servants and baggage, in carriages fixed on the backs of camels. *Amriolkuis* advanced slowly at a distance, and,

when the men were out of sight, had the pleasure of seeing *Onaiza* retire with a party of damsels to a rivulet or pool, called *Daratjuljul*, where they undressed themselves, and were bathing, when the lover appeared, dismounted from his camel, and sat upon their clothes, proclaiming aloud, that *whoever would redeem her dress, must present herself naked before him.*

They adjured, entreated, expostulated; but, when it grew late, they found themselves obliged to submit, and all of them recovered their clothes except *Onaiza*, who renewed her adjurations, and continued a long time in the water: at length she also performed the condition, and dressed herself. Some hours had passed, when the girls complained of cold and hunger: *Amriolkais* therefore instantly *killed the young camel on which he had ridden*, and, having called the female attendants together, made a fire and roasted him. The afternoon was spent in gay conversation, not without a cheerful cup, for he was provided with wine in a leathern bottle: but, when it was time to follow the tribe, the prince (for such was his rank) had neither camel nor horse; and *Onaiza*, after much importunity, consented to take him *on her camel before the carriage*, while the other damsels divided among themselves the less agreeable burden of his arms, and the furniture of his beast.

He next relates his courtship of *Fathima*, and his more dangerous amour with a girl of a tribe at

war with his own, *whose beauties he very minutely and luxuriantly delineates.* From these love-tales he proceeds to the commendation of his own fortitude, when he was passing a desert in the darkest night; and the mention of the morning, which succeeded, leads him to *a long description of his hunter, and of a chase in the forest,* followed by a feast on the game, which had been pierced by his javelins.

Here his narrative seems to be interrupted by *a storm of lightning and violent rain:* he nobly describes the shower and the torrent, which it produced down all the adjacent mountains, and, his companions retiring to avoid the storm, the drama (for the poem has the form of a dramatick pastoral) ends abruptly.

The metre is of the *first* species, called *long verse,* and consists of the *bacchius,* or *amphibrachys,* followed by the first *epitrite;* or, in the *fourth* and *eighth* places, of the distich, by the *double iambus,* the last syllable being considered as a long one: the regular form, taken from the second chapter of *Commentaries on Asiatick Poetry,* is this;

" Amator | puellarum | miser sæ | pe fallitur
" Ocellis | nigris, labris | odoris, | nigris comis."

THE

POEM

OF

AMRIOLKAIS.

" STAY—Let us weep at the remem-
" brance of our beloved, *at the ſight of* the
" ſtation *where her tent was raiſed*, by the
" edge of yon bending ſands between DA-
" HUL and HAUMEL,

2 " TUDAM and MIKRA; *a ſtation*, the
" marks of which are not wholly effaced,
" though the ſouth wind and the north
" have woven the twiſted ſand."

3 *Thus I ſpoke*, *when* my companions ſtop-
ped their courſers by my ſide, and ſaid,
" Periſh not through deſpair: only be
" patient."

4 A profuſion of tears, *anſwered I*, is my
ſole relief; but what avails it to ſhed them
over the remains of a deſerted manſion?

5 " Thy condition, *they replied*, is not more
" painful than when thou lefteſt HOWAIRA,

" before thy preſent paſſion, and her neigh-
" bour REBABA, *on the hills of* MASEL."

6 *Yes, I rejoined*, when thoſe two damſels departed, muſk was diffuſed from their robes, as the eaſtern gale ſheds the ſcent of clove-gillyflowers:

7 Then guſhed the tears from my eyes, through exceſs of regret, and flowed down my neck, till my ſword-belt was drenched in the ſtream.

8 "Yet haſt thou paſſed many days in
" ſweet converſe with the fair; but none
" ſo ſweet as the day, which thou ſpenteſt
" by *the pool of* DARAT JULJUL."

9 On that day I killed my camel to give the virgins a feaſt; and oh! how ſtrange was it, that they ſhould carry his trappings and furniture!

10 The damſels continued till evening helping one another to the roaſted fleſh, and to the delicate fat like the fringe of white ſilk finely woven.

11 On that happy day I entered the carriage, the carriage of ONAIZA, who ſaid, "Wo
" to thee! thou wilt compel me to travel
" on foot."

12 She added (while the vehicle was bent

aſide with our weight), "O AMRIOLKAIS,
" deſcend, or my beaſt alſo will be killed."

13 I anſwered: "Proceed, and looſen his
" rein; nor withhold from me the fruits
" of thy love, which again and again may
" be taſted with rapture.

14 "Many a fair one like thee, though not
" *like thee* a virgin, have I viſited by night;
" and many a lovely mother have I divert-
" ed from the care of her yearling infant
" adorned with amulets:

15 "When the ſuckling behind her cried,
" ſhe turned round to him with half her
" body; but half of it, preſſed beneath my
" embrace, was not turned from me."

16 Delightful too was the day, when FA-
THIMA at firſt rejected me on the ſummit
of yon ſand-hill, and took an oath, which
ſhe declared inviolable.

17 "O FATHIMA, ſaid I, away with ſo
" much coyneſs; and, if thou hadſt re-
" ſolved to abandon me, yet at laſt relent.

18 "If, indeed, my diſpoſition and manners
" are unpleaſing to thee, rend at once the
" mantle of my heart, that it may be de-
" tached from thy love.

19 "Art thou ſo haughty, becauſe my paſ-

" ſion for thee deſtroys me; and becauſe
" whatever thou commandeſt, my heart
" performs?

20 " *Thou weepeſt*—yet thy tears flow mere-
" ly to wound my heart with the ſhafts of
" thine eyes; my heart, already broken to
" pieces and agonizing."

21 *Beſides theſe*—with many a ſpotleſs virgin, whoſe tent had not yet been frequented, have I holden ſoft dalliance at perfect leiſure.

22 *To viſit one of them*, I paſſed the guards of her bower and a hoſtile tribe, who would have been eager to proclaim my death.

23 It was the hour, when the Pleiads appeared in the firmament, like the folds of a ſilken ſaſh variouſly decked with gems.

24 I approached—ſhe ſtood *expecting me* by the curtain; and, *as if ſhe was preparing* for ſleep, had put off all her veſture, but her night-dreſs.

25 She ſaid—" By him who created me
" (and gave me her lovely hand), I am
" unable to refuſe thee; for I perceive,
" that the blindneſs of thy paſſion is not to
" be removed."

26 Then I roſe with her; and, as we walk-

ed, ſhe drew over our footſteps the train of her pi?ured robe.

27 Soon as we had paſſed the habitations of her tribe, and come to the boſom of a vale ſurrounded with hillocks of ſpiry ſand,

28 I gently drew her towards me by her curled locks, and ſhe ſoftly inclined to my embrace: her waiſt was gracefully ſlender; but ſweetly ſwelled the part encircled with ornaments of gold.

29 Delicate was her ſhape; fair her ſkin; and her body well proportioned: her boſom was as ſmooth as a mirror,

30 Or like the pure egg of an oſtrich of a yellowiſh tint blended with white, and nouriſhed by a ſtream of wholeſome water not yet diſturbed.

31 She turned aſide, and diſplayed her ſoft cheek: ſhe gave a timid glance with languiſhing eyes, like thoſe of a roe in *the groves of* WEGERA looking tenderly at her young.

32 Her neck was like that of a milk-white hind, but, when ſhe raiſed it, exceeded not the juſteſt ſymmetry; nor was the neck of my beloved ſo unadorned.

33 Her long coal-black hair decorated her

back, thick and diffuſed like bunches of dates cluſtering on the palm-tree.

34 Her locks were elegantly turned above her head; and the riband, which bound them, was loſt in her treſſes, part braided, part diſhevelled.

35 She diſcovered a waiſt taper as a well-twiſted cord; and a leg both as white and as ſmooth as the ſtem of a young palm, or a freſh reed, bending over the rivulet.

36 When ſhe ſleeps at noon, her bed is beſprinkled with muſk: ſhe puts on her robe of undreſs, but leaves the apron *to her handmaids.*

37 She diſpenſes gifts with ſmall delicate fingers, ſweetly glowing at their tips, like the white and crimſon worm of DABIA, or dentifrices made of ESEL-wood.

38 The brightneſs of her face illumines the veil of night, like the evening taper of a recluſe hermit.

39 On a girl like her, a girl of a mouerate height, between thoſe who wear a frock and thoſe who wear a gown, the moſt baſhful man muſt look with an enamoured eye.

40 The blind paſſions of men for common objects of affection are ſoon diſperſed; but

from the love of thee my heart cannot be releaſed.

41 O how oft have I rejected the admonitions of a moroſe adviſer, vehement in cenſuring my paſſion for thee; nor have I been moved by his reproaches!

42 Often has the night drawn her ſkirts around me like the billows of the ocean, to make trial of my fortitude in a variety of cares;

43 And I ſaid to her (when ſhe ſeemed to extend her ſides, to drag on her unwieldy length, and to advance ſlowly with her breaſt),

44 "Diſpel thy gloom, O tedious night, "that the morn may riſe; although my "ſorrows are ſuch, that the morning-light "will not give me more comfort than thy "ſhades.

45 "O hideous night! a night in which "the ſtars are prevented from riſing, as if "they were bound to a ſolid cliff with "ſtrong cables!"

46 Often too have I riſen at early dawn, while the birds were yet in their neſts, and mounted a hunter with ſmooth ſhort hair, of a full height, and ſo fleet as to make captive the beaſts of the foreſt;

47 Ready in turning, quick in purſuing, bold in advancing, firm in backing; and performing the whole with the ſtrength and ſwiftneſs of a vaſt rock, which a torrent has puſhed from its lofty baſe;

48 A bright bay ſteed, from whoſe poliſhed back the trappings ſlide, as drops of rain glide haſtily down the ſlippery marble.

49 Even in his weakeſt ſtate he ſeems to boil while he runs; and the ſound, which he makes in his rage, is like that of a bubbling cauldron.

50 When other horſes, that ſwim through the air, are languid and kick the duſt, he ruſhes on like a flood, and ſtrikes the hard earth with a firm hoof.

51 He makes the light youth ſlide from his ſeat, and violently ſhakes the ſkirts of a heavier and more ſtubborn rider;

52 Rapid as the pierced wood in the hands of a playful child, which he whirls quickly round with a well-faſtened cord.

53 He has the loins of an antelope, and the thighs of an oſtrich; he trots like a wolf, and gallops like a young fox.

54 Firm are his haunches; and, when his hinder parts are turned towards you, he fills the ſpace between his legs with a long

thick tail, which touches not the ground, and inclines not to either ſide.

55 His back, when he ſtands in his ſtall, reſembles the ſmooth ſtone on which perfumes are mixed for a bride, or the ſeeds of coloquinteda are bruiſed.

56 The blood of the ſwift game, which remains on his neck, is like the crimſon juice of *Hinna* on grey flowing locks.

57 He bears us ſpeedily to a herd of wild cattle, in which the heifers are fair as the virgins in black trailing robes, who dance round *the idol* DEWAAR:

58 They turn their backs, and appear like the variegated ſhells of YEMEN on the neck of a youth diſtinguiſhed in his tribe for a multitude of noble kinſmen.

59 He ſoon brings us up to the foremoſt of the beaſts, and leaves the reſt far behind; nor has the herd time to diſperſe itſelf.

60 He runs from wild bulls to wild heifers, and overpowers them in a ſingle heat, without being bathed, or even moiſtened, with ſweat.

61 Then the buſy cook dreſſes the game, roaſting part, baking part on hot ſtones, and quickly boiling the reſt in a veſſel of iron.

70 On *mount* TAIMA it leaves not one trunk of a palm-tree, nor a ſingle edifice, which is not built with well-cemented ſtone.

71 *Mount* TEBEIR ſtands in the heights of the flood like a venerable chief wrapped in a ſtriped mantle.

72 The ſummit of MOGAIMIR, covered with the rubbiſh which the torrent has rolled down, looks in the morning like the top of a ſpindle encircled with wool.

73 The cloud unloads its freight on the deſert of GHABEIT, like a merchant of YEMEN alighting with his bales of rich apparel.

74 The ſmall birds of the valley warble at day-break, as if they had taken their early draught of generous wine mixed with ſpice.

75 The beaſts of the wood, drowned in the floods of night, float, like the roots of wild onions, at the diſtant edge of the lake.

62 In the evening we depart; and, when the beholder's eye aſcends to the head of my hunter, and then deſcends to his feet, it is unable at once to take in all his beauties.

63 His trappings and girths are ſtill upon him: he ſtands erect before me, not yet looſed for paſture.

64 O friend, ſeeſt thou the lightning, whoſe flaſhes reſemble the quick glance of two hands amid clouds raiſed above clouds?

65 The fire of it gleams like the lamps of a hermit, when the oil, poured on them, ſhakes the cord by which they are ſuſpended.

66 I ſit gazing at it, while my companions ſtand between DAARIDGE and ODHAIB; but far diſtant is the cloud on which my eyes are fixed.

67 Its right ſide ſeems to pour its rain on *the hills of* KATAN, and its left on *the mountains of* SITAAR and YADBUL.

68 It continues to diſcharge its waters over COTAIFA till the ruſhing torrent lays proſtrate the groves of *Canabbel*-trees.

69 It paſſes over *mount* KENAAN, which it deluges in its courſe, and forces the wild goats to deſcend from every cliff.

THE

POEM

OF

TARAFA.

THE ARGUMENT.

THIS poem was occasioned by a little incident highly characteristic of pastoral manners. TARAFA and his brother MABEB jointly possessed a herd of camels, and had agreed to watch them alternately, each on his particular day, lest, as they were grazing, they should be driven off by a tribe with whom their own clan was at war; but our poet was so immersed in meditation, and so wedded to his muse, that he often neglected his charge, and was sharply reproved by his brother, who asked him sarcastically, *Whether, if he lost the camels, they could be restored by his poetry?* "You shall be "convinced of it," answered TARAFA; and persisted so long in his negligence, that the whole herd was actually seized by the MODARITES. This was more than he really expected; and he applied to all his friends for assistance in recovering the camels: among others he solicited the help of his cousin MALEC, who, instead of granting it, took the opportunity of rebuking him with acrimony for his remissness in that instance, and for his general prodigality, libertinism, and spirit of contention; telling him, that *he was a disgrace to his family, and had raised innumerable enemies.*

The defence of a poet was likely to be best made in poetical language; and TARAFA produced the following composition in vindication of his character and conduct, which he boldly justifies in every respect, and even claims praise for the very course of life, which had exposed him to censure.

He glories in his passion for women, and begins as usual with lamenting the departure of his beloved KHAULA, or *the tender fawn;* whose beauty he describes in a very lively strain. It were to be wished, that he had said more of his mistress, and less of his camel, of which he interweaves a very long, and no very pleasing, description.

The rest of the poem contains an eloge on his own fortitude, sprightliness, liberality, and valour, mixed with keen expostulations on the unkindness and ingratitude of MALEC, and with all the common topicks in favour of voluptuousness: he even triumphs on having slain and dressed one of his father's camels, and blames the old man for his churlishness and avarice. It is a tradition preserved by *Abu Obeida*, that one of the chiefs, whom the poet compliments in the *eightieth* couplet, made him *a present of a hundred camels*, and enabled him, as he had promised, to convince his brother, *that poetry could repair his loss.*

The metre is the same with that used by AMRIOLKAIS.

THE

POEM

OF

TARAFA.

---

1 "THE manſion of KHAULA is deſo-
"late, and the traces of it on the ſtony
"hills of TAHMED faintly ſhine, like the
"remains of blue figures painted on the
"back of a hand."

2 *While I ſpoke thus to myſelf*, my com-
panions ſtopped their courſers by my
ſide, and ſaid, "Periſh not through de-
"ſpair, but act with fortitude."

3 Ah! *ſaid I*, the vehicles, which bore
away my fair one, on the morning when
the tribe of MALEC departed, and their
camels were traverſing the banks of DEDA,
reſembled large ſhips

4 Sailing from ADULI; or veſſels of *the*
merchant IBN YAMIN, which the mariner
now turns obliquely, and now ſteers in a
direct courſe;

5 Ships, which cleave the foaming waves

with their prows, as a boy at his play divides with his hand the collected earth.

6 In that tribe was a lovely antelope with black eyes, dark ruddy lips, and a beautiful neck gracefully raised to crop the fresh berries of ERAC, a neck adorned with two strings of pearls and topazes.

7 She strays from her young, and feeds with the herd of roes in the tangled thicket, where she brouzes the edges of the wild fruit, and covers herself with a mantle of leaves:

8 She smiles, and displays her bright teeth rising from their dark-coloured basis, like a privet-plant in full bloom, which pierces a bank of pure sand moistened with dew:

9 To her teeth the sun has imparted his brilliant water; but not to the part where they grow, which is sprinkled with lead-ore, while the ivory remains unspotted.

10 Her face appears to be wrapped in a veil of sunbeams: unblemished is her complexion, and her skin is without a wrinkle.

11 Such cares *as this*, whenever they oppress my soul, I dispel *by taking adventurous journies* on a lean, yet brisk, camel,

who runs with a quick pace both morning and evening;

12 Sure-footed, firm and thin as the planks of a bier; whoſe courſe I haſten over long-trodden paths, variegated like a ſtriped veſt.

13 She rivals the ſwifteſt camels even of the nobleſt breed, and her hind-feet rapidly follow her fore-feet on the beaten way.

14 In the vernal ſeaſon, ſhe grazes on yon two hills among others of her race, whoſe teats are not yet filled with milk, and depaſtures the lawns, whoſe fineſt graſs the gentle ſhowers have made luxuriantly green.

15 She turns back at the ſound of her rider's voice; and repels the careſſes of a thick-haired ruffet ſtallion with the laſh of her buſhy tail,

16 Which appears as if the two wings of a large white eagle were transfixed by an awl to the bone, and hung waving round both her ſides:

17 One while it laſhes the place of him, who rides hindmoſt on her; another while, it plays round her teats, which are become wrinkled and flaccid like a lea-

thern bag, their milk no longer diſtending them.

18 Her two haunches are plump, and compact as the two ſmooth valves of a lofty caſtle-gate.

19 Supple is her back-bone: her ribs are like the ſtrongeſt bows; and her neck is firmly raiſed on the well-connected vertebres.

20 The two cavities under her ſhoulders are ſpacious as two dens of beaſts among the wild lotus-plants; and ſtiff bows appear to be bent under her ſinewy loins.

21 Her two thighs are exceedingly ſtrong, and, when ſhe moves, they diverge like two buckets carried from a well in the hands of a robuſt drawer of water.

22 *Her joints are well knit, and her bones are ſolid*, like a bridge of GRECIAN architecture, whoſe builder had vowed, that he would encloſe it with well-cemented bricks.

23 The hair under her chin is of a reddiſh hue: her back is muſcular: ſhe takes long, yet quick, ſteps with her hind-feet, and moves her fore-feet with agility;

24 She toſſes them *from her cheſt* with the ſtrength and ſwiftneſs of cables firmly pulled *by a nervous arm*; and her ſhoul-

ders are bent like the rafters of a lofty dome:

25 She turns rapidly from the path: exceedingly ſwift is her pace; long is her head; and her ſhoulder-bones are ſtrongly united to her ſides.

26 The white and hollow marks of the cords, with which her burdens have been tied to her back, reſemble pools of water on the ſmooth brow of a ſolid rock,

27 Marks, which ſometimes unite and ſometimes are diſtinct, like the gores of fine linen, which are ſewed under the arms of a well-cut robe.

28 Long is her neck; and, when ſhe raiſes it with celerity, it reſembles the ſtern of a ſhip floating aloft on the billowy TIĠRIS.

29 Her ſkull is firm as an anvil; and the bones, which the ſutures unite, are indented, and ſharp as a file.

30 Her cheek is ſmooth and white as paper of SYRIA; and her lips, as ſoft as dyed leather of YEMEN, exactly and ſmoothly cut.

31 Her two eyes, like two poliſhed mirrors, have found a hiding-place in the caverns of their orbits, the bones of which

are like rocks, in whoſe cavities the water is collected:

32 Thou beholdeſt them free from blemiſh or ſpot, and reſembling in beauty thoſe of a wild cow, the mother of playful young, when the voice of the hunter has filled her with fear.

33 Her ears truly diſtinguiſh every ſound, to which ſhe liſtens attentively in her nightly journies, whether it be a gentle whiſper or a loud noiſe;

34 Sharp ears, by which the excellence of her breed is known! ears, like thoſe of a ſolitary wild-bull in the groves of HAUMEL.

35 Her heart, eaſily ſuſceptible of terror, palpitates with a quick motion, yet remains firm *in her cheſt* as a round ſolid ſtone ſtriking a broad floor of marble.

36 If I pleaſe, ſhe raiſes her head to the middle of her trappings, and ſwims with her fore-legs as ſwift as a young oſtrich.

37 If I pleaſe, ſhe moves more ſlowly; if not, ſhe gallops, through fear of the ſtrong laſh formed of twiſted thongs.

38 Her upper lip is divided, and the ſofter part of her noſe is bored: when ſhe

bends them towards the ground, her pace is greatly accelerated.

39 On a camel like this I continue my courſe, when the companion of my adventure exclaims: "Oh! that I could re-
"deem thee, and redeem myſelf from the
"impending danger!"

40 While his ſoul flutters through fear, and, imagining that he has loſt the way, he ſuppoſes himſelf on the brink of perdition.

41 When the people ſay aloud, "Who is
"the man *to deliver us from calamity?*"
I believe that they call upon me, and I diſgrace not their commiſſion by ſupineneſs or folly.

42 I ſhake the laſh over my camel, and ſhe quickens her pace, while the ſultry vapour rolls in waves over the burning cliffs.

43 She floats proudly along with her flowing tail, as the dancing-girl floats in the banquet of her lord, and ſpreads the long white ſkirts of her trailing veſt.

44 I inhabit not the lofty hills through fear of enemies or of gueſts; but, when the tribe or the traveller demand my aſſiſtance, I give it eagerly.

45 If you ſeek me in the circle of the aſ-

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ſembled nation, there you find me; and, if you hunt me in the bowers of the vintner, there too you diſcover your game.

46 When you viſit me in the morning, I offer you a flowing goblet; and, if make excuſes, I bid you drink it with pleaſure, and repeat your draught.

47 When all the clan are met to ſtate their pretenſions to nobility, you will perceive me raiſed to the ſummit of an illuſtrious houſe, the refuge of the diſtreſſed.

48 My companions in the feaſt are youths bright as ſtars, and ſinging-girls, who advance towards us, clad in ſtriped robes and ſaffron-coloured mantles:

49 Large is the opening of their veſts above their delicate boſoms, through which the inflamed youth touches their uncovered breaſts of exquiſite ſoftneſs.

50 When we ſay to one of them, "Let us "hear *a ſong*," ſhe ſteps before us with eaſy grace, and begins with gentle notes, in a voice not forced:

51 * When ſhe warbles in a higher ſtrain, you would believe her notes to be thoſe of camels lamenting their loſt young.

52 Thus I drink old wine without ceaſing,

and enjoy the delights of life; felling and diſſipating my property both newly acquired and inherited;

53 Until the whole clan reject me, and leave me ſolitary like a diſeaſed camel ſmeared with pitch:

54 Yet even now I perceive, that the ſons of earth *(the moſt indigent men)* acknowledge my bounty, and the rich inhabitants of yon extended camp *confeſs my glory*.

55 O thou, who cenſureſt me for engaging in combats and purſuing pleaſures, wilt thou, *if I avoid them*, inſure my immortality?

56 If thou art unable to repel the ſtroke of death, allow me, before it comes, to enjoy the good, which I poſſeſs.

57 Were it not for three enjoyments, which youth affords, I ſwear by thy proſperity, that I ſhould not be ſolicitous how ſoon my friends viſited me on my death-bed:

58 Firſt; to riſe before the cenſurers awake, and to drink tawny wine, which ſparkles and froths when the clear ſtream is poured into it.

59 Next, when a warriour, encircled by foes, implores my aid, to bend towards

him my prancing charger, fierce as a wolf among the GADHA-trees, whom the found of human ſteps has awakened, and who runs to quench his thirſt at the brook.

60 Thirdly, to ſhorten a cloudy day, a day aſtoniſhingly dark, by toying with a lovely delicate girl under a tent ſupported by pillars,

61 A girl, whoſe bracelets and garters ſeem hung on the ſtems of OSHAR-trees, or of *ricinus*, not ſtripped of their ſoft leaves.

62 Suffer me, whilſt I live, to drench my head *with wine*, leſt, having drunk too little in my life-time, *I ſhould be thirſty in another ſtate.*

63 A man of my generous ſpirit drinks his full draught to-day; and to-morrow, when we are dead, it will be known, which of us has not quenched his thirſt.

64 I ſee no difference between the tomb of the anxious miſer, gaſping over his hoard, and the tomb of the libertine loſt in the maze of voluptuouſneſs.

65 You behold the ſepulchres of them both raiſed in two heaps of earth, on which are elevated two broad piles of ſolid marble among the tombs cloſely connected.

66 Death, I obſerve, ſelects the nobleſt heroes for her victims, and reſerves as her property the choiceſt poſſeſſions of the ſordid hoarder.

67 I conſider time as a treaſure decreaſing every night; and that, which every day diminiſhes, ſoon periſhes for-ever.

68 By thy life, my friend, when death inflicts not her wound, ſhe reſembles a camel-driver, who relaxes the cord which remains twiſted in his hand.

69 What cauſes the variance, which I perceive, between me and my couſin MALEC, who, whenever I approach him, retires and flees to a diſtance?

70 He cenſures me, whilſt I know not the ground of his cenſure; juſt as KARTH, the ſon of AABED, reproved me in the aſſembly of the tribe.

71 He bids me wholly deſpair of all the good which I ſeek, as if we had buried it in a gloomy grave;

72 And this for no defamatory words which I have uttered, but only becauſe I fought, without remiſſneſs, for the camels of my brother MABED.

73 I have drawn cloſer the ties of our relation, and I ſwear by thy proſperity, that,

in all times of extreme diſtreſs, my ſuccour is at hand.

74 Whenever I am ſummoned on momentous enterpriſes, I am prepared to encounter peril; and, whenever the foe aſſails thee impetuouſly, I defend thee with equal vehemence.

75 If any baſe defamers injure thy good name by their calumnies, I force them, without previous menace, to drain a cup from the pool of death;

76 Yet, without having committed any offence, I am treated like the worſt offender, am cenſured, inſulted, upbraided, rejected.

77 Were any other man *but* MALEC my couſin, he would have diſpelled my cares, or have left me at liberty for a ſeaſon.

78 But my kinſman ſtrangles me with cruelty, even at the very time when I am giving thanks for paſt, and requeſting new, favours; even when I am ſeeking from him the redemption of my ſoul.

79 The unkindneſs of relations gives keener anguiſh to every noble breaſt than the ſtroke of an INDIAN cimeter.

80 Permit me then to follow the bent of

my nature, and I will be grateful for thy indulgence, although my abode ſhould be fixed at ſuch a diſtance as the mountains of DARGHED.

81 Had it pleaſed the Author of my being, I might have been illuſtrious as KAIS, the ſon of KHALED; had it pleaſed my Creator, I might have been eminent as AMRU, the ſon of MORTHED:

82 Then ſhould I have abounded in wealth; and the nobleſt chiefs would have viſited me as a chieftain equally noble.

83 I am light, as you know me all, and am nimble; following my own inclinations, and briſkly moving as the head of a ſerpent with flaming eyes.

84 I have ſworn, that my ſide ſhould never ceaſe to line a bright INDIAN blade with two well-poliſhed and well-ſharpened edges.

85 A penetrating cimeter! When I advance with it in my defence againſt a fierce attack, the firſt ſtroke makes a ſecond unneceſſary: it is not a mere prun-ing-ſickle,

86 But the genuine brother of confidence, not bent by the moſt impetuous blow; and, when they ſay to me, "Gently," I

reſtrain its rage, and exclaim, " It is " enough."

87 When the whole clan are bracing on their armour with eager haſte, thou mayſt find me victorious in the conflict, as ſoon as my hand can touch the hilt of this cimeter.

88 Many a herd of ſlumbering camels have I approached with my drawn ſabre, when the foremoſt of them *awakening* have fled through fear of me:

89 But one of them has paſſed before me, ſtrong-limbed, full-breaſted, and well-fed, the highly-valued property of a moroſe old churl, dry and thin as a fuller's club.

90 He ſaid to me, when the camel's hoof and thigh were diſmembered, " Seeſt thou " not how great an injury thou haſt done " me?

91 Then he turned to his attendants, ſaying, " What opinion do you form of that " young wine-drinker, who aſſails us impetuouſly, whoſe violence is precon- " certed?"

92 " Leave him, he added, and let this " camel be his perquiſite; but, unleſs you " drive off the hindmoſt of the herd, he " will reiterate his miſchief."

93 Then our damſels were buſy in dreſſing the camel's foal, and eagerly ſerved up the luſcious bunch.

94 O daughter of MABED, ſing my praiſes, if I am ſlain, according to my deſert, and rend thy veſt with ſincere affliction!

95 Compare me not with any man, whoſe courage equals not my courage; whoſe exploits are not like mine; who has not been engaged in combats, in which I have been diſtinguiſhed;

96 With a man ſlow in noble enterpriſes, but quick in baſe purſuits; diſhonoured in the aſſembly of the tribe, and a vile outcaſt.

97 Had I been ignoble among my countrymen, the enmity of the befriended and the friendleſs might have been injurious to me;

98 But their malevolence is repelled by my firm defiance of them, by my boldneſs in attack, by my ſolid integrity, and my exalted birth.

99 By thy life, the hardeſt enterpriſes neither fill my day with ſolicitude, nor lengthen the duration of my night:

100 But many a day have I fixed my ſtation immoveably in the cloſe conflict, and

defended a pafs, regardleſs of hoſtile menaces,

101 On my native field of combat, where even the boldeſt hero might be apprehenſive of deſtruction; where the muſcles of our chargers quake, as ſoon as they mingle in battle;

102 And many an arrow *for drawing lots* have I ſeen well-hardened and made yellow by fire, and then have delivered it into the hand of a gameſter noted for ill-fortune.

103 *Too much wiſdom is folly*; for time will produce events, of which thou canſt have no idea; and he, to whom thou gaveſt no commiſſion, will bring thee unexpected news.

THE

POEM

OF

ZOHAIR.

THE ARGUMENT.

THE war of DAHIS, of which *Amriolkais* is by some supposed to have been the cause, had raged near forty years, if the *Arabian* account be true, between the tribes of ABS and DHOBYAN, who both began at length to be tired of so bloody and ruinous a contest: a treaty was therefore proposed and concluded; but HOSEIN, the son of DEMDEM, whose brother HAREM had been slain by WARD, the son of HABES, had taken a solemn oath, not unusual among the Arabs, *that he would not bathe his head in water*, until he had avenged the death of his brother, by killing either WARD himself, or one of his nearest relations. His head was not long unbathed; and he is even supposed to have violated the law of hospitality by slaying a guest, whom he found to be an ABSITE descended lineally from the common ancestor GALEB. This malignant and vindictive spirit gave great displeasu[illegible] to HARETH and HAREM, two virtuous chiefs of the same tribe with HOSEIN; and, when the ABSITES were approaching in warlike array to resent the infraction of the treaty, HAR[illegible]TH sent his own

son to the tent of their chief with *a present of a hundred fine camels*, as an atonement for the murder of their countryman, and a message importing his firm reliance on their honour, and his hope, *that they would prefer the milk of the camels to the blood of his son.* Upon this *Rabeiah*, the prince of ABS, having harangued his troops, and received their approbation, sent back the youth with this answer; that "he accepted the "camels as an expiatory gift, and would supply "the imperfection of the former treaty by a "sincere and durable peace."

In commemoration of this noble act, ZOHAIR, then a very old man, composed the following panegyrick on *Hareth* and *Harem;* but the opening of it, like all the others, is amatory and elegiack: it has also something of the dramatick form.

The poet, supposed to be travelling with a friend, recognises the place where the tent of his mistress had been pitched twenty years before: he finds it wild and desolate; but his imagination is so warmed by associated ideas of former happiness, that he seems to discern a company of damsels, with his favourite in the midst of them, of whose appearance and journey he gives a very lively picture; and thence passes, rather abruptly, to the praises of the two peace-makers and their tribe; inveighs against the malignity of HOSEIN; personifies *War*, the miseries of

which he describes in a strain highly figurative; and concludes with a number of fine maxims, not unlike the proverbs of *Solomon*, which he repeats to his friend as a specimen of his wisdom acquired by long experience.

The measure is the same with that of the first and second poems.

THE

POEM

OF

ZOHAIR.

1 ARE theſe the only traces of the lovely OMMAUFIA? Are theſe the ſilent ruins of her manſion in the rough plains of DERRAAGE and MOTHATALLEM?

2 Are the remains of her abode, in the two ſtations of RAKMA, become like blue ſtains renewed with freſh woad on the veins of the wriſt?

3 There the wild cows with large eyes, and the milk-white deer, walk in ſlow ſucceſſion, while their young riſe haſtily to follow them from every lair.

4 On this plain I ſtopped, after an abſence of twenty ſummers, and with difficulty could recollect the manſion of my fair one after long meditation;

5 *After ſurveying* the black ſtones on which her cauldrons uſed to be raiſed, and the

canal round her tent, like the margin of a fiſh-pond, which time had not deſtroyed.

6 Soon as I recollected the dwelling-place of my beloved, I ſaid to the remains of her bower: "Hail, ſweet bower; may thy "morning be fair and auſpicious!"

7 But, *I added*, look, my friend! doſt thou not diſcern a company of maidens ſeated on camels, and advancing over the high ground above *the ſtreams* of JORTHAM?

8 They leave on their right the mountains and rocky plains of KENAAN. Oh! how many of my bitter foes, and how many of my firm allies, does KENAAN contain!

9 They are mounted in carriages covered with coſtly awnings, and with roſe-coloured veils, the linings of which have the hue of crimſon *Andem*-wood.

10 They now appear by the valley of SUBAAN, and now they paſs through it: the trappings of all their camels are new and large.

11 When they aſcend from the boſom of the vale, they ſit forward on the ſaddle-cloths, with every mark of a voluptuous gaiety.

12 The locks of ſtained wool, that fall from their carriages, whenever they alight, re-

ſemble the ſcarlet berries of night-ſhade not yet cruſhed.

13 They roſe at day-break; they proceeded at early dawn; they are advancing towards the valley of RAS *directly and ſurely*, as the hand to the mouth.

14 Now, when they have reached the brink of yon blue guſhing rivulet, they fix the poles of their tents, like the *Arab* with a ſettled manſion.

15 Among them the nice gazer on beauty may find delight, and the curious obſervant eye may be gratified with charming objects.

16 *In this place*, how nobly did the two deſcendants of GAIDH, the ſon of MORRA, labour to unite the tribes, which a fatal effuſion of blood had long divided!

17 I have ſworn by the ſacred edifice, round which the ſons of KORAISH and JORHAM, who built it, make devout proceſſions;

18 Yes, I have ſolemnly ſworn, that I would give due praiſe to that illuſtrious pair, who have ſhown their excellence in all affairs, both ſimple and complicated.

19 *Noble chiefs!* You reconciled ABS and PHOBYAN after their bloody conflicts; after the deadly perfumes of MINSHAM had long ſcattered poiſon among them.

20 You ſaid, "We will ſecure the publick
"good on a firm baſis: whatever profuſion
"of wealth or exertions of virtue it may
"demand, we *will* ſecure it."

21 Thence you raiſed a ſtrong fabrick of peace; from which all partial obſtinacy and all criminal ſupineneſs were alike removed.

22 Chiefs, exalted in the high ranks of MAAD, *father of Arabs!* may you be led into the paths of felicity! The man, who opens for his country a treaſure of glory, ſhould himſelf be glorified.

23 They drove to the tents of their appeaſed foes a herd of young camels, marked for the goodneſs of their breed, and either inherited from their fathers or the ſcattered prizes of war.

24 With a hundred camels they cloſed all wounds: in due ſeaſon were they given, yet the givers were themſelves free from guilt.

25 The atonement was auſpiciouſly offered by one tribe to the other; yet thoſe, who offered it, had not ſhed a cupful of blood.

26 Oh! convey this meſſage from me to the ſons of DHOBYAN, and ſay to the confederates: Have you not bound yourſelves in this treaty by an indiſſoluble tie?

27 Attempt not to conceal from GOD the
deſigns which your boſoms contain; for
that, which you ſtrive to hide, GOD per-
fectly knows.

28 He ſometimes defers the puniſhment,
but regiſters the crime in a volume, and
reſerves it for the day of account; ſome-
times he accelerates the chaſtiſement, and
heavily it falls!

29 War is a dire fiend, as you have known
by experience; nor is this a new or a doubt-
ful aſſertion concerning her.

30 When you expelled her from your plains,
you expelled her covered with infamy; but,
when you kindled her flame, ſhe blazed
and raged.

31 She ground you, as the mill grinds the
corn with its lower ſtone: like a female
camel ſhe became pregnant; ſhe bore twice
in one year; and, at her laſt labour, ſhe
was the mother of twins:

32 She brought forth Diſtreſs and Ruin,
monſters full-grown, each of them deform-
ed as the dun camel of AAD: ſhe then gave
them her breaſt, and they were inſtantly
weaned.

33 O what plenty ſhe produced in your
land! The proviſions, which ſhe ſupplied,

were more abundant, no doubt, than thoſe which the cities of IRAK diſpenſe to their inhabitants, weighed with large weights, and meaſured in ample meaſures!

34 Hail, illuſtrious tribe! They fix their tents where faithful allies defend their intereſts, whenever ſome cloudy night aſſails them with ſudden adverſity.

35 Hail, noble race! among whom neither can the revengeful man wreak his vengeance; nor is the penitent offender left to the mercy of his foes.

36 Like camels, were they turned looſe to paſture between the times of wātering; and then were they led to copious pools, horrid with arms and blood:

37 They dragged one another to their ſeveral deaths; and then were they brought back, like a herd, to graze on pernicious and noxious weeds.

38 I ſwore by my life, that I would exalt with praiſes that excellent tribe, whom HOSEIN, the ſon of DEMDEM, injured, when he refuſed to concur in the treaty.

39 He bent his whole mind to the accompliſhment of his hidden purpoſe: he revealed it not; he took no precipitate ſtep.

40 He ſaid, "I will accompliſh my deſign;

" and will ſecure myſelf from my foe with
" a thouſand horſes well-capariſoned."

41 He made a fierce attack, nor feared the number of tents, where *Death*, the mother of vultures, had fixed her manſion;

42 There the warriour ſtood armed at all points, fierce as a lion with ſtrong muſcles, with a flowing mane, with claws never blunted;

43 A bold lion, who, when he is aſſailed, ſpeedily chaſtiſes the aſſailant; and, when no one attacks him openly, often becomes the aggreſſor.

44 Yet I ſwear by thy life, *my friend*, that their lances poured not forth the blood of IBN NEHEIC, nor of MOTHALLEM cruelly ſlain:

45 Their javelins had no ſhare in drinking the blood of NAUFEL, nor that of WAHEB, nor that of IBN MOJADDEM.

46 The deaths of all thoſe chiefs I myſelf have ſeen expiated with camels free from blemiſh, aſcending the ſummits of rocks.

47 He, indeed, who rejects the blunt end of the lance, *which is preſented as a token of peace*, muſt yield to the ſharpneſs of the point, with which every tall javelin is armed.

48 He, who keeps his promiſe, eſcapes blame; and he, who directs his heart to the calm reſting-place of integrity, will never ſtammer nor quake *in the aſſemblies of his nation.*

49 He, who trembles at all poſſible cauſes of death, falls in their way; even though he deſire to mount the ſkies on a ſcaling-ladder.

50 He, who poſſeſſes wealth or talents, and withholds them from his countrymen, alienates their love, and expoſes himſelf to their obloquy.

51 He, who continually debaſes his mind by ſuffering others to ride over it, and never raiſes it from ſo abject a ſtate, will at laſt repent of his meanneſs.

52 He, who ſojourns in foreign countries, miſtakes his enemy for his friend; and him, who exalts not his own ſoul, the nation will not exalt.

53 He, who drives not invaders from his ciſtern with ſtrong arms, will ſee it demoliſhed; and he, who abſtains ever ſo much from injuring others, will often himſelf be injured.

54 He, who conciliates not the hearts of men in a variety of tranſactions, will be

bitten by their ſharp teeth, and trampled on by their paſterns.

55 He, who ſhields his reputation by generous deeds, will augment it; and he, who guards not himſelf from cenſure, will be cenſured.

56 I am weary of the hard burdens which life impoſes; and every man who, *like me*, has lived fourſcore years, will aſſuredly be no leſs weary.

57 I have ſeen Death herſelf ſtumble like a dim-ſighted camel; but he, whom ſhe ſtrikes, falls; and he, whom ſhe miſſes, grows old, even to decrepitude.

58 Whenever a man has a peculiar caſt in his nature, although he ſuppoſes it concealed, it will ſoon be known.

59 Experience has taught me the events of this day and yeſterday; but, as to the events of to-morrow, I confeſs my blindneſs.

60 * Half of man is his tongue, and the other half is his heart: the reſt is only an image compoſed of blood and fleſh.

61 * He, who confers benefits on perſons unworthy of them, changes his praiſe to blame, and his joy to repentance.

62 * How many men doſt thou ſee, whoſe abundant merit is admired, when they are

ſilent, but whoſe failings are diſcovered, as ſoon as they open their lips!

63 * An old man never grows wiſe after his folly; but, when a youth has acted fooliſhly, he may attain wiſdom.

64 * We aſked, and you gave: we repeated our requeſts, and your gift alſo was repeated; but whoever frequently ſolicits, will at length meet with a refuſal.

THE

POEM

OF

LEBEID.

THE ARGUMENT

ALTHOUGH the opening of this poem be that of a love-elegy, and the greater part of it be purely pastoral, yet it seems to have been composed on an occasion more exalted than the departure of a mistress, or the complaints of a lover; for the poet, *who was also a genuine patriot*, had been entertained at the court of NOMAAN, king of HIRA in *Mesopotamia*, and had been there engaged in a warm controversy with RABEIAH, son of *Zeiad*, chief of the *Abſites*, concerning the comparative excellence of their tribes: LEBEID himself relates, what might be very naturally expected from a man of his eloquence and warmth, *that he maintained the glory of his countrymen and his own dignity against all opponents*; but, in order to perpetuate his victory, and to render his triumph more brilliant, he produced the following poem at the annual assembly, and, having obtained the suffrages of the criticks, was permitted, we are told, to hang it up on the gate of the Temple.

The fifteen first couplets are extremely picturesque, and highly characteristick of *Arabian* manners: they are followed by an expostulatory address of the poet himself, or of some friend, who attended him in his rambles, on the folly of his fruitless passion for *Nawara*, who had slighted him, and whose tent was removed to a

considerable distance. Occasion is hence taken to interweave a long description of the camel, on which he intended to travel far from the object of his love, and which he compares for swiftness to a cloud driven by the wind, or a wild-ass running to a pool, after having subsisted many months on herbage only; or rather to a wild-cow hastening in search of her calf, whom the wolves had left mangled in the forest: the last comparison consists of *seventeen* couplets, and may be compared with the long-tailed similies of the *Greek* and *Roman* poets. He then returns to *Nawara*, and requites her coyness with expressions of equal indifference; he describes the gaiety of his life, and the pleasures which he can enjoy even in her absence; he celebrates his own intrepidity in danger, and firmness on his military station; whence he takes occasion to introduce a short, but lively, description of his horse; and, in the *seventieth* couplet, alludes to the before-mentioned contest, which gave rise to the poem: thence he passes to the praises of his own hospitality; and concludes with a panegyrick on the virtues of his tribe.

The measure is of the fifth class, called *perfect* verse, which regularly consists of the compound foot *benedicerent*, six times repeated, in this form:

"Tria grata sunt | animo meo, ut | melius nihil,
"Oculi nigri, | cyathus nitens, | roseus calyx."

But when the couplet admits the third epitrite, *pastoribus*, and the double iambus, *amantium*, it may be considered as belonging to the seventh, or *tremulous*, class; between which and the *perfect*, the only distinction seems to be, that the *tremulous* never admits the *anapestick* foot. They are both, in the language of *European* prosody, *iambicks*, in which the even places are invariably pure, and the odd places always exclude the dactyl: when the uneven feet are *trochees* or *pyrrhicks*, the verses become *choriambick* or *peonick*; but of this change we have no instance in the poem before us.

THE

POEM

OF

LEBEID.

1 DESOLATE are the manſions *of the fair*, the ſtations in MINIA, where they reſted, and thoſe where they fixed their abodes! Wild are the hills of GOUL, and deſerted is the ſummit of RIJAAM.

2 The canals of RAYAAN are deſtroyed: the remains of them are laid bare and ſmoothed *by the floods*, like characters engraved on the ſolid rocks.

3 Dear ruins! Many a year has been cloſed, many a month, holy and unhallowed, has elapſed, ſince I exchanged tender vows with their fair inhabitants.

4 The rainy conſtellations of ſpring have made their hills green and luxuriant: the drops from the thunder-clouds have drenched them with profuſe, as well as with gentle, ſhowers;

5 *Showers*, from every nightly cloud, from every cloud veiling the horizon at day-break, and from every evening-cloud, responsive with hoarse murmurs.

6 Here the wild eringo-plants raise their tops: here the antelopes bring forth their young by the sides of the valley; and here the ostriches drop their eggs.

7 The large-eyed wild-cows lie suckling their young, a few days old; their young, who will soon become a herd on the plain.

8 The torrents have cleared the rubbish, and disclosed the traces of habitations, as the reeds of a writer restore effaced letters in a book;

9 Or as the black dust, sprinkled over the varied marks on a fair hand, brings to view with a brighter tint the blue stains of woad.

10 I stood asking news of the ruins concerning their lovely habitants; but what avail my questions to dreary rocks, who answer them only by their echo?

11 In the plains, which now are naked, a populous tribe once dwelled; but they decamped at early dawn, and nothing of them remains but the canals, which encircled their tents, and the THUMAAM-plants, *with which they were repaired.*

12 How were thy tender affections raiſed, when the damſels of the tribe departed; when they hid themſelves in carriages of cotton, like antelopes in their lair, and the tents, as they were ſtruck, gave a piercing ſound!

13 They were concealed in vehicles, whoſe ſides were well-covered with awnings and carpets, with fine-ſpun curtains and pictured veils:

14 A company of maidens were ſeated in them *with black eyes and graceful motions*, like the wild heifers of TUDAH, or the roes of WEGERA tenderly gazing on their young.

15 They haſtened their camels, till the ſultry vapour gradually ſtole them from thy ſight; and they ſeemed to paſs through a vale, wild with tamariſks and rough with large ſtones like the valley of BEISHA.

16 Ah! what remains in thy remembrance of the beautiful NAWARA, ſince now ſhe dwells at a diſtance, and all the bonds of union between her and thee, both ſtrong and weak, are torn aſunder?

17 A damſel, who ſometimes has her abode in FAID, and ſometimes is a neighbour to the people of HEJAAZ! how can ſhe be an object of thy deſire?

18 She alights at the eaſtern ſide of the two mountains, *Aja* and *Salma*, and then ſtops on the hills of MOHAJJER; ROKHAAM alſo and FERDA receive her with joy.

19 When ſhe travels towards YEMEN, we may ſuppoſe that ſhe reſts at SAWAYIK; and baits at the ſtations of WAHAAF and TELKHAAM.

20 Break then ſo vain a connexion with a miſtreſs whoſe regard has ceaſed; for hapleſs is an union with a maid, who has broken her vow!

21 When a damſel is kind and complacent, love her with ardent affection; but, when her faith ſtaggers and her conſtancy is ſhaken, let your diſunion from her be unalterably fixed.

22 *Execute thy purpoſe, O Lebeid*, on a camel, wearied by long journies, which have left but little of her former ſtrength; a camel, whoſe ſides are emaciated, and on whoſe back the bunch is diminiſhed:

23 Yet even in this condition, when her fleſh is extenuated, and her hair thin, when after many a toilſome day, the thong of her ſhoes is broken,

24 Even now ſhe has a ſpirit ſo briſk, that ſhe flies with the rein, like a dun cloud

driven by the ſouth wind, after it has diſcharged its ſhower;

25 Or like a female wild-aſs, whoſe teats are diſtended with milk, while the male, by whom ſhe is with foal, is grown lean with driving his rivals from her, with biting and kicking them in his rage.

26 He runs with her up the crooked hills, although he has been wounded in his battles; but her preſent coyneſs, compared with her late fondneſs, fills him with ſurpriſe.

27 He aſcends the ſandy hillock of THALBUT, and explores its deſerted top, fearing leſt an enemy ſhould lurk behind the guide-ſtones.

28 There they remain till the cloſe of the ſixth month, till the froſty ſeaſon is paſt; they ſubſiſt on herbage without water; their time of faſting and of retirement is long.

29 The thorns of the BUHMA-plant wound their hind-legs, and the ſultry winds of ſummer drive them violently in their courſe.

30 At length they form in their minds a fixed reſolution *of ſeeking ſome cool rivulet*, and the object of their ſettled purpoſe is nearly attained.

31 They alternately raiſe high clouds of duſt with an extended ſhade, as the ſmoke riſes from a pile of dry wood newly kindled and flaming;

32 When freſh ARFADGE-plants are mingled in the heap, and the north-wind plays with the blazing fire.

33 He paſſes on, but makes her run before him; for ſuch is his uſual courſe, when he fears that ſhe will linger behind.

34 They ruſh over the margin of the rivulet, they divide the waters of the full ſtream, whoſe banks are covered with the plants of KOLAAM,

35 Banks, which a grove of reeds, part erect and part laid proſtrate, overſhades or clothes as with a mantle.

36 Is this *the ſwiftneſs of* my camel? *No*; rather ſhe reſembles a wild-cow, whoſe calf has been devoured by ravenous beaſts, when ſhe had ſuffered him to graze apart, and relied for his protection on the leader of the herd;

37 A mother with flat noſtriis; who, as ſoon as ſhe miſſes her young one, ceaſes not to run haſtily round the vales between the ſand-hills, and to fill them with her mournful cries;

38 With cries for her white-haired young, who now lies rolled in duſt, after the dun wolves, hunters of the deſert, have divided his mangled limbs, and their feaſt has not been interrupted.

39 They met him in the moment of her neglect; they ſeized him with eagerneſs; for oh, how unerring are the arrows of death!

40 She paſſes the night in agony; while the rain falls in a continued ſhower, and drenches the tangled groves with a profuſe ſtream.

41 She ſhelters herſelf under the root of a tree, whoſe boughs are thick, apart from other trees, by the edge of a hill, whoſe fine ſands are ſhaken by her motion;

42 Yet the ſucceſſive drops fall on her ſtriped back, while the clouds of night veil the light of the ſtars.

43 Her white hair glimmers, when the darkneſs is juſt coming on, and ſparkles like the pearls of a merchant, when he ſcatters them from their ſtring.

44 At length, when the clouds are diſperſed, and the dawn appears, ſhe riſes early, and her hoofs glide on the ſlippery ground.

45 She grows impatient, and wild with

grief: ſhe lies frantick in the pool of SOAYID for ſeven whole days with their twin-ſiſters, *ſeven nights*;

46 And now ſhe is in total deſpair; her teats, which were full of milk, are grown flaccid and dry, though they are not worn by ſuckling and weaning her young.

47 She now hears the cry of the hunters; ſhe hears it, but ſees them not; ſhe trembles with fear; for ſhe knows that the hunters bring her deſtruction.

48 She ſits quivering, and imagines, that the cauſe of her dread will appear on one ſide and the other, before and behind her.

49 When the archers deſpair *of reaching her with their ſhafts*, they let ſlip their long-eared hounds, anſwering to their names, with bodies dry and thin.

50 They ruſh on; but ſhe brandiſhes againſt them her extended horns, both long and ſharp as javelins made by the ſkilful hand of SAMHAR,

51 Striving to repel them; for ſhe knows that, if her effort be vain, the deſtined moment of her death muſt ſoon approach:

52 Then ſhe drives *the dog* CASAAB to his fate: ſhe is ſtained with his blood; and SOKHAAM is left proſtrate on the field.

53 On a camel like this, when the flaſhes of the noon-tide vapour dance over the plain, and the ſultry miſt clothes the parched hills,

54 I accompliſh my bold deſign, from which I am not deterred by any fear of reprehenſion from the moſt cenſorious man.

55 Knoweſt thou not, O NAWARA, that I preſerve the knot of affection entire, or cut it in two, as the objects of it are conſtant or faithleſs?

56 That I would leave without reluctance a country not congenial to my diſpoſition, although death were inſtantly to overtake my ſoul?

57 Ah! thou knoweſt not how many ſerene nights, with ſweet ſport and mirthful revelry

58 I paſs in gay converſation; and often return to the flag of the wine-merchant, when he ſpreads it in the air, and ſells his wine at a high price:

59 I purchaſe the old liquor at a dear rate in dark leathern bottles long repoſited, or in caſks, black with pitch, whoſe ſeals I break, and then fill the cheerful goblet.

60 How often do I quaff pure wine in the morning, and draw towards me the fair lu-

ſhower flows down his neck; and his fur-
cingle is bathed in the ſcalding foam.

69 He lifts his head: he flies at liberty with
the looſe rein; and haſtens to his goal, as
a dove haſtens to the brook, when her
feveriſh thirſt rages.

70 There is a manſion (*the palace of* NOMAAN) filled with gueſts, unknown to each other, hoping for preſents and fearing reproof:

71 It is inhabited by men, like ſtrong-necked lions, who menace one another with malignant hate, like the demons of BADIYA, with feet firmly rivetted in the conflict.

72 I diſputed their falſe pretenſions, yet admitted their real merit, according to my judgement; nor could the nobleſt among them ſurpaſs me in renown.

73 Oft have I invited *a numerous company* to the death of a camel, bought for ſlaughter, to be divided by lot with arrows of equal dimenſions:

74 I invite them to draw lots for a camel without a foal, and for a camel with her young one, whoſe fleſh I diſtribute to all the neighbours.

75 The gueſt and the ſtranger, admitted to my board, ſeem to have alighted in the

tani [7], whoſe delicate fingers ſkilfully touch the ſtrings!

61 I riſe before the cock to take my morning draught, which I ſip again and again, when the ſleepers of the dawn awake.

62 On many a cold morning, when the freezing winds howl, and the hand of the north holds their reins, I turn aſide their blaſt *from the travellers, whom I receive in my tent.*

63 When I riſe early to defend my tribe, my arms are born by a ſwift horſe, whoſe girths reſemble my ſaſh adorned with gems.

64 I aſcend a duſty hill to explore the ſituation of the foe, and our duſt flying in clouds reaches the hoſtile ſtandard.

65 At length, when the ſun begins to ſink into darkneſs, and the veil of night conceals the ambuſcade and the ſtratagems of our enemy,

66 I deſcend into the vale; and my ſteed raiſes his neck like the ſmooth branch of a lofty palm, which he, who wiſhes to cut it, cannot reach:

67 I incite him to run like a fleet oſtrich, in his impetuous courſe, until, when he boils in his rage, and his bones are light,

68 His trappings are ſtrongly agitated; a

ſweet vale of TEBAALA luxuriant with vernal bloſſoms.

76 To the cords of my tent approaches every needy matron, worn with fatigue, like a camel doomed to die at her maſter's tomb, whoſe veſture is both ſcanty and ragged.

77 There they crown with meat, while the wintry winds contend with fierce blaſts, a diſh flowing like a rivulet, into which the famiſhed orphans eagerly plunge.

78 When the nations are aſſembled, ſome hero of our tribe, firm in debate, never fails by ſuperior powers to ſurmount the greateſt difficulty.

79 He diſtributes equal ſhares: he diſpenſes juſtice to the tribes: he is indignant, when their right is diminiſhed; and, to eſtabliſh their right, often relinquiſhes his own.

80 He acts with greatneſs of mind and with nobleneſs of heart: he ſheds the dew of his liberality on thoſe, who need his aſſiſtance: he ſcatters around his own gains, and precious ſpoils, the prizes of his valour.

81 He belongs to a tribe whoſe anceſtors have left them a perfect model; and every tribe, that deſcends from us, will have patterns of excellence, and objects of imitation.

82 If their ſuccour be aſked, they inſtantly

brace on their helmets, while their lances and breaſt-plates glitter like ſtars.

83 Their actions are not ſullied by the ruſt of time, or tarniſhed by diſgrace; for their virtues are unſhaken by any baſe deſires.

84 He hath raiſed for us a fabrick *of glory* with a lofty ſummit, to which all the aged and all the young men of our tribe aſpire.

85 Be content, therefore, with the diſpenſations of the Supreme Ruler; for He, who beſt knows our nature, has diſpenſed juſtice among us.

86 When peace has been eſtabliſhed by our tribe, we keep it inviolate; and He, who makes it, renders our proſperity complete.

87 Noble are the exertions of our heroes, when the tribe ſtruggle with hardſhips; they are our leaders in war, and in peace the deciders of our claims:

88 They are an enlivening ſpring to their indigent neighbours, and to the diſconſolate widows, whoſe year paſſes heavily away.

89 They are an illuſtrious race; although their enviers may be ſlow in commending them, and the malevolent cenſurer may incline to their foe.

THE

POEM

OF

ANTARA.

THE ARGUMENT.

THIS poem appears to have been a little older than that of ZOHAIR; for it must have been composed *during* the war of DAHIS, which the magnanimity of the two chiefs, extolled by ZOHAIR, *so nobly terminated.* ANTARA, the gallant *Absite*, of whom so much has already been said in the preliminary discourse, distinguished himself very early in the war by his valour in attacking the tribe of DHOBYAN, and boasts in this composition, that he had slain DEMDEM, the father of HOSEIN and of HAREM, whom WARD, the son of HABES, afterwards put to death. An old enmity subsisted, it seems, between our poet and those two young men, who, as ANTARA believed, had calumniated him without provocation; and his chief object in this poem was to blazon his own achievements and exploits, and to denounce implacable resentment against the calumniators, whom his menaces were likely to intimidate: yet so harsh an argument is tempered by a strain in some parts elegiack and amatory; for even this vengeful impetuous warriour found himself obliged to comply with the custom of the ARABIAN poets, *who had left*, as he complains, *little new imagery for their successors.*

He begins with a pathetick address to the bower of his beloved ABLA, and to the ruins of her deserted mansion: he bewails her sudden departure, the distance of her new abode, and the unhappy variance between their respective clans: he describes his passion and the beauties of his mistress with great energy: thence he passes to his own laborious course of life, contrasted with the voluptuous indolence of the fair, and gives a forcible description of his camel, whom he compares to a male ostrich hastening to visit the eggs, which the female, whose usual neglect of them is mentioned by naturalists, had left in a remote valley. He next expatiates on his various accomplishments and virtues; his mildness to those who treat him kindly, his fierceness to those who injure him; his disregard of wealth, his gaiety, liberality; and above all, his military prowess and spirit of enterprise, on which he triumphantly enlarges through the rest of the poem, except four couplets, in which he alludes obscurely to a certain love-adventure; and, after many animated descriptions of battles and single combats, he concludes with a wish, that he may live to slay the two sons of DEMDEM, and with a bitter exultation on the death of their father, whom *he had left a prey to the wild beasts and the vultures.*

The metre is *iambick*, like that of the poem immediately preceding.

THE

POEM

OF

ANTARA.

1 HAVE the bards, who preceded me, left any theme unſung? *What, therefore, ſhall be my ſubject? Love only muſt ſupply my lay.* Doſt thou then recollect, after long conſideration, the manſion of thy beloved?

2 O bower of ABLA, in the valley of JIWAA, give me tidings of my love! O bower of ABLA, may the morning riſe on thee with proſperity and health!

3 There I ſtopped my camel, large as a tower, the anguiſh of my paſſion having delayed the accompliſhment of my bold enterpriſe,

4 Whilſt ABLA was dwelling in JIWAA, and our tribe *were ſtationed* in HAZN, and SAMAAN, and MOTATHALLEM.

5 Hail, dear ruins, with whoſe poſſeſſors I had old engagements; more dreary and

more desolate *are you become*, after the departure *of my beloved* OMM ALHEITHAM.

6 She dwells in the land of my foes, like roaring lions: oh! how painful has been my search after thee, fair daughter of MAKHREM.

7 I felt myself attached to her at our first interview, although I had slain her countrymen in battle: I assure thee, by the life of thy father, that of my attachment there can be no doubt.

8 *Thou hast possessed thyself of my heart*; thou hast fixed thy abode in it (imagine not that I delude thee) and art settled there as a beloved and cherished inhabitant.

9 *Yet* how can I visit *my fair one*, whilst her family have their vernal mansion in ONEIZATAIN, and mine are stationed in GHAILEM?

10 Surely thou hast firmly resolved to depart from me, since the camels of thy tribe are bridled even in so dark a night.

11 Nothing so much alarms me *with a signal of her destined removal*, as my seeing the camels of burden, which belong to her tribe, grazing on KHIMKHIM-berries in the midst of their tents:

12 Among them *are* forty-two milch camels, dark as the plumes of a coal-black raven.

13 Then, ANTARA, ſhe pierced thee to the heart with her well-pointed teeth exquiſitely white, the kiſs of which is delicious, and the taſte raviſhingly ſweet:

14 From the mouth of this lovely damſel, when you kiſs her lips proceeds the fragrance of muſk, as from the vaſe of a perfumer;

15 Or like the ſcent of a blooming bower, whoſe plants the gentle rains have kept in continual verdure, which no filth has ſullied. and to which there has been no reſort:

16 Every morning-cloud, clear of hail, has drenched it with a plentiful ſhower, and has left all the little cavities in the earth both round and bright as coins of ſilver:

17 Profuſely and copiouſly it deſcends; and every evening the ſtream, which nothing intercepts, guſhes rapidly through it.

18 The flies remain in it with inceſſant buzzing, and their murmurs are like the ſong of a man exhilarated with wine:

19 heir ſound, when they ſtrike their ſlender legs againſt each other, is like the ſound of a flint, from which the ſparks are forced

by a man with one arm, intent upon his labour.

20 While thou, *fair* ABLA, reclineſt both evening and morning on the lap of a ſoft couch, I paſs whole nights on the back of a dark-coloured horſe well capariſoned.

21 My only cuſhion is the ſaddle of a charger with firm thick feet, ſtrong ſided, and large in the place of his girths.

22 Shall a camel of SHADEN bear me to thy tent, *a camel* far removed from her country, deſtitute of milk, and ſeparated from the herd?

23 She waves her tail in her playful mood, and proudly moves her body from ſide to ſide even at the end of her nightly excurſion: ſhe ſtrikes the hills with her quickly-moving and firmly-trampling hoofs.

24 Thus the bird without ears, between whoſe feet there is but a ſmall ſpace, *the ſwift oſtrich* beats the ground in his evening courſe:

25 The young oſtriches gather themſelves around him, as a multitude of black YEMENIAN camels aſſemble round their Abyſſinian *herdman*, who is unable to expreſs himſelf *in the language of Arabia*.

26 They follow him guided by the loftineſs

of his head, which reſembles the carriage of travelling damſels, raiſed on high, and covered like a tent:

27 His head, *though lofty*, is ſmall; when he is going to viſit the eggs, *which his female left* in DHULASHEIRA, he looks like an *Ethiop* with ſhort ears in a trailing garment of furred hides.

28 *My camel* drinks the water of DEHRADHAIN, but ſtarts aſide with diſdain from the *hoſtile* rivulets of DAILEM.

29 She turns her right ſide, as if ſhe were in fear of ſome large headed ſcreamer of the night,

30 Of a hideous wild cat fixed to her body, who, as often as ſhe bent herſelf towards him in her wrath, aſſailed her with his claws and his teeth.

31 I continue all day on the well-cemented tower of her back, ſtrongly raiſed, and firm as the pillars of him who pitches a tent:

32 *When ſhe reſts*, ſhe crouches on the ſoft bank of RIDAA, and groans through fatigue like the ſoft ſounding reed, which ſhe preſſes with her weight.

33 *Her ſweat* reſembles thick rob or tenacious pitch, which the kindled fire cauſes to bubble in the ſides of a cauldron;

of his head, which reſembles the carriage of travelling damſels, raiſed on high, and covered like a tent:

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33 *Her ſweat* reſembles thick rob or tenacious pitch, which the kindled fire cauſes to bubble in the ſides of a cauldron:

34 It guſhes from behind her ears, when ſhe boils with rage, exults in her ſtrength, and ſtruts in her pride, like the ſtallion of her herd, when his rivals aſſail him.

35 *O* ABLA, although thou droppeſt thy veil before me, yet know, that by my agility I have made captive many a knight clad in complete armour.

36 Beſtow on me the commendation, which thou knoweſt to be due; ſince my nature is gentle and mild, when my rights are not invaded;

37 But, when I am injured, my reſentment is firm, and bitter as coloquinteda to the taſte of the aggreſſor.

38 I quaff, when the noontide heat is abated, old wine purchaſed with bright and well-ſtamped coin;

39 I quaff it in a goblet of yellow glaſs variegated with white ſtreaks, whoſe companion is a glittering flaggon well ſecured by its lid from the blaſts of the north:

40 When I drink it, my wealth is diſſipated; but my fame remains abundant and unimpaired;

41 And, when I return to ſobriety, the dew of my liberality continues as freſh as before:

give due honour, therefore, to thoſe qualities, which thou knoweſt me to poſſeſs.

42 Many a conſort of a fair one, whoſe beauty required no ornaments, have I left proſtrate on the ground; and the life-blood has run founding from his veins, opened by my javelin like the mouth of a camel with a divided lip:

43 With a nimble and double-handed ſtroke I prevented his attack; and the ſtream, that guſhed from the penetrating wound, bore the colour of anemonies.

44 Go, aſk the warriours, O daughter of MALEC, if thou art ignorant of my valour, *aſk them* that, which thou knoweſt not;

45 *Aſk how* I act, when I am conſtantly fixed to the ſaddle of an elegant horſe, ſwimming in his courſe, whom my bold antagoniſts alternately wound;

46 Yet ſometimes he advances alone to the conflict, and ſometimes he ſtands collected in a multitudinous throng of heroes with ſtrong bows.

47 *Aſk*, and whoever has been witneſs to the combat, will inform thee, that I am impetuous in battle, but regardleſs of the ſpoils.

48 Many a warriour, clad in a ſuit of mail, at whoſe violent aſſault the boldeſt men

have trembled, who neither had ſaved himſelf by ſwift flight nor by abject ſubmiſſion,

49 Has this arm laid prone with a rapid blow from a well-ſtraitened javelin, firm between the knots:

50 Broad were the lips of the wound; and the noiſe of the ruſhing blood called forth the wolves, prowling in the night, and pinched with hunger:

51 With my ſwift lance did I pierce his coat of mail; and no warriour, however brave, is ſecure from its point.

52 I left him, like a ſacrificed victim, to the lions of the foreſt, who feaſted on him between the crown of his head and his wriſts.

53 Often have I burſt the interior folds of a well-wrought habergeon worn by a famed warriour appointed to maintain his poſt;

54 Whoſe hands were briſk in caſting lots, when winter demands ſuch recreation; a man, cenſured for his diſregard of wealth, and for cauſing the wine-merchant to ſtrike his flag, *by purchaſing all his ſtore.*

55 When he ſaw me deſcend from my ſteed, and ruſh towards him, he grinned with horror, but with no ſmile of joy.

My engagement with him laſted the

whole day, until his head and fingers, covered with clotted gore, appeared to be ſtained with the juice of IDHILIM.

57 Then I fixed him with my lance: I ſtruck him to the heart with an INDIAN cimeter, the blade of which was of a bright water, and rapid was the ſtroke it gave:

58 A warriour, whoſe armour ſeemed to be braced on a lofty tree; a chief, who, like a king, wore ſandals of leather ſtained with EGYPTIAN thorn; a hero without an equal.

59 O lovely heifer! how ſweet a prey was ſhe to a hunter permitted to chaſe her! To me ſhe was wholly denied: O would to heaven, that ſhe had not been forbidden me!

60 I ſent forth my handmaid, and ſaid to her, "Go, aſk tidings inquiſitively of my "beloved, and bring me intelligence."

61 She ſaid, "I have ſeen the hoſtile guards "negligent of their watch, and the wild "heifer may be ſmitten by any archer, "who deſires to ſhoot her."

62 Then ſhe turned towards me with the neck of a young roe, well-grown, of an exquiſite breed among the gazals of the wood, a roe with a milk-white face.

63 I have been informed of a man ungrateful for my kindneſs; but ingratitude turns the

mind of a benefactor from any more beneficence.

64 The inſtructions, which my valiant uncle gave me, I have diligently obſerved; at the time when the lips are drawn away from the bright teeth,

65 In the ſtruggle of the fight, into whoſe deepeſt gulphs the warriours plunge themſelves without complaint or murmur.

66 When my tribe have placed me as a ſhield between them and the hoſtile ſpears, I have not ignobly declined the danger, although the place, where I fixed my foot, was too narrow to admit a companion.

67 When I heard the din of MORRA raiſed in the field, and the ſons of RABEIA in the thick duſt,

68 * And the ſhouts of DHCHOL at the moment of aſſault, when they ruſh in troops to the conflict with all their ſharp-biting lions,

69 When even the mildeſt of the tribes ſaw the ſkirmiſh under their ſtandards (and Death *ſpreads havock* under the ſtandard of the mildeſt nation),

70 Then I knew with certainty, that, in ſo fierce a conteſt with them, many a heavy blow would make the perched birds of the brain fly quickly from every ſkull:

71 As ſoon as I beheld the legions of our enemies advancing, and animating one another to battle, I too ruſhed forward, and acted without reproach.

72 The troops called out ANTARA! while javelins, long as the cords of a well, were forcibly thruſt againſt the cheſt of my dark ſteed.

73 I ceaſed not to charge the foe with the neck and breaſt of my horſe, until he was mantled in blood.

74 My ſteed, bent aſide with the ſtroke of the lances in his forehead, complained to me with guſhing tears and tender ſobbing:

75 Had he known the art of diſcourſe, he would have addreſſed me in a plaintive ſtrain; and, had he poſſeſſed the faculty of ſpeech, he would have ſpoken to me diſtinctly.

76 In the midſt of the black duſt, the horſes were impetuouſly ruſhing with diſfigured countenances; every robuſt ſtallion and every ſtrong-limbed ſhort-haired mare.

77 Then my ſoul was healed, and all my anguiſh was diſperſed, by the cry of the warriours, ſaying, "Well done, ANTARA; "charge again!"

78 My camels too are obedient to my will,

as often as I desire to kindle the ardour of my heart, and press it on to some arduous enterprise.

79 Yet I fear lest death should seize me, before the adverse turn of war has overtaken the two sons of DEMDEM;

80 Men, who attacked my reputation, when I had given them no offence, and vowed, when I had never assailed them, to shed my blood;

81 Yes! they injured me—but I have left their father, like a victim, to be mangled by the lions of the wood, and by the eagles advanced in years.

THE

POEM

OF

AMRU.

HIRA, who, like other tyrants, wished *to make all men just but himself, and to leave all nations free but his own*, had attempted to enslave the powerful tribe of TAGLEB, and to appoint a prefect over them, but that the warlike possessors of the deserts and forests had openly disclaimed his authority, and employed their principal leader and poet to send him defiance, and magnify their own independent spirit.

Some ARABIAN writers assert, what there is abundant reason to believe, that the above-mentioned king was killed by the author of the following poem, who composed it, say they, on that occasion; but the king himself is personally addressed by the poet, *and warned against precipitation in deciding the contest;* and, where mention is made of *crowned heads left prostrate on the field*, no particular monarch seems to be intended, but the conjunction *copulative* has the force, as it often has in *Arabick*, of a *frequentative* particle.

Let us then, where certainty cannot be obtained, be satisfied with high probability, and suppose, with TABREIZI, that the two tribes of BECR and TAGLEB, having exhausted one another in a long war, to which the murder of COLEIB the *Taglebite* had given rise, agreed to terminate their ruinous quarrel, and to make the king of HIRA their umpire; that, on the day appointed, the tribes met before the palace or royal tent; and that AMRU, the son of CELTHUM, prince of

THE ARGUMENT.

THE discordant and inconsistent accounts of the commentators, who seem to have collected without examination every tradition that presented itself, have left us very much in the dark on the subject of the two following poems; but the common opinion, which appears to me the most probable, is, that they are, in fact, *political and adverse declamations*, which were delivered by AMRU and HARETH at the head of their respective clans, before AMRU the son of HINDA, king of HIRA in *Mesopotamia*, who had assumed the office of mediator between them after a most obstinate war, and had undertaken to hear a discussion of their several claims to pre-eminence, and to decide their cause with perfect impartiality. In some copies, indeed, as in those of NAHAS and of ZAUZENI, the two poems are separated; and in that of OBAIDALLA, the poem of HARETH is totally omitted; a remarkable fact, of which I have made some use to a different purpose in the preliminary dissertation. Were I to draw my opinion solely from the structure and general turn of AMRU's composition, I should conceive that the king of

the *Taglebites*, either pronounced his poem according to the custom of the *Arabs*, or stated his pretensions in a solemn speech, which he afterwards versified, that it might be more easily remembered by his tribe and their posterity.

The oration or poem, or whatever it may be called, is arrogant beyond all imagination, and contains hardly a colour of argument: the prince was, most probably, a vain young man, proud of his accomplishments, and elate with success in his wars; but his production could not fail of becoming extremely popular among his countrymen; and his own family, the descendants of JOSHAM the son of BECR, were so infatuated by it, that (as one of their own poets admits) *they could scarce ever desist from repeating it, and thought they had attained the summit of glory without any farther exertions of virtue.* He begins with a strain perfectly *Anacreontick*, the elegiack style of the former poems not being well adapted to his eager exultation and triumph; yet there is some mixture of complaint on the departure of his mistress, whose beauties he delineates with a boldness and energy highly characteristick of unpolished manners: the rest of his work consists of menaces, vaunts, and exaggerated applause of his own tribe for their generosity and prowess, the goodness of their horses, the beauty of their women, the extent of their possessions, and even the number of their ships; which boasts were so well found

ed, that, according to some authors, if MAHOMED had not been born, the *Taglebites* would have appropriated the dominion of all *Arabia*, and possibly would have erected a mighty state, both civil and maritime.

This poem is composed in *copious* verse, or metre of the *fourth* species, according to the following form:

" Amatores | puellarum | misellos
" Ocellorum | nitor multos | fefellit."

But the compound foot *amore furens* is used at pleasure instead of the first epitrite; as,

" Venusta puel | la, tarda venis | ad hortum,
" Parata lyra est, | paratus odor | rosarum."

THE

POEM

OF

AMRU.

1 HOLLA!—Awake, ſweet damſel, and bring our morning draught in thy capacious goblet; nor ſuffer the rich wines of ENDEREIN to be longer hoarded:

2 Bring the well-tempered wine, that ſeems to be tinctured with ſaffron; and, when it is diluted with water, overflows the cup.

3 This is the liquor, which diverts the anxious lover from his paſſion; and, as ſoon as he taſtes it, he is perfectly compoſed:

4 Hence thou ſeeſt the penurious churl, when the circling bowl paſſes him, grow regardleſs of his pelf:

5 * When its potent flames have ſeized the diſcreeteſt of our youths, thou wouldſt imagine him to be in a phrenſy.

6 Thou turneſt the goblet from us, O mother of AMRU; for the true courſe of the goblet is to the right hand:

7 He is not the leaſt amiable of thy three companions, O mother of AMRU, to whom thou haſt not preſented the morning bowl.

8 * How many a cup have I purchaſed in BALBEC! how many more in DAMASCUS and KASIREIN!

9 Surely our allotted hour of fate will overtake us; ſince we are deſtined to death, and death to us.

10 O ſtay awhile, before we ſeparate, thou lovely rider on camels; that we may relate to thee our ſorrows, and thou to us thy delights!

11 O ſtay—that we may inquire, whether thou haſt altered thy purpoſe of departing haſtily, or whether thou haſt wholly deceived thy too confident lover:

12 In the hateful day of battle, whilſt he ſtruggles amid wounds and blows, may the Ruler of the world refreſh thy ſight with coolneſs, and gratify it with every deſired object!

13 O AMRU, when thou viſiteſt thy fair one in ſecret, and when the eyes of lurking enemies are cloſed in reſt,

14 She diſplays two lovely arms, fair and full as the limbs of a long-necked ſnow-white young camel, that friſks in the vernal ſeaſon over the ſand-banks and green hillocks;

15 And two ſweet breaſts, ſmooth and white as veſſels of ivory, modeſtly defended from the hand of thoſe, who preſume to touch them:

16 She diſcovers her ſlender ſhape, tall and well-proportioned, and her ſides gracefully riſing with all their attendant charms;

17 * Her hips elegantly ſwelling, which the entrance of the tent is ſcarce large enough to admit, and her waiſt, the beauty of which drives me to madneſs;

18 * With two charming columns of jaſper or poliſhed marble, on which hang rings and trinkets making a ſtridulous ſound.

19 My youthful paſſion is rekindled, and my ardent deſire revives, when I ſee the travelling camels of my fair one driven along in the evening;

20 When the towns of YEMAMA appear in ſight, exalted above the plains, and ſhining like bright ſabres in the hands of thoſe, who have unſheathed them,

21 *When ſhe departs*, the grief of a ſhe-camel, who ſeeks her loſt foal, and returns deſpairing with piercing cries, equals not my anguiſh;

22 Nor that of a widow, with ſnowy locks, whoſe mourning never ceaſes for her nine children, of whom nothing remains, but what the tomb has concealed.

23 *Such is our fate!* This day and the morrow, and the morning after them, are pledges in the hand of deſtiny for events, of which we have no knowledge.

24 O ſon of HINDA, be not precipitate in giving judgment againſt us: hear us with patience, and we will give thee certain information,

25 That we lead our ſtandards to battle, *like camels to the pool*, of a white hue, and bring them back ſtained with blood, in which they have quenched their thirſt;

26 That our days of proſperity, in which we have refuſed to obey the commands of kings, have been long and brilliant.

27 Many a chief of his nation, on whom the regal diadem has been placed, the refuge of thoſe who implored his protection,

28 Have we left proſtrate on the field, while his horſes waited by his ſide, with one of

their hoofs bent, and with bridles richly adorned.

29 * Often have we fixed our manſions in DHU THALUH towards the diſtricts of SYRIA, and have kept at a diſtance thoſe who menaced us.

30 *We were ſo diſguiſed in our armour, that* the dogs of the tribe ſnarled at us; yet we ſtripped the branches from every thorny tree *(every armed warriour)* that oppoſed us.

31 When we roll the millſtone of war over a little clan, they are ground to flour in the firſt battle;

32 From the eaſtern ſide of NAJD the cloth of the mill is ſpread, and whatever we caſt into it ſoon becomes impalpable powder.

33 You alight on our hills as gueſts are received in their ſtation, and we haſten to give you a warm reception, leſt you ſhould complain of our backwardneſs:

34 We invite you to our board, and ſpeedily prepare for your entertainment a ſolid rock, which, before day-break, ſhall reduce you to duſt.

35 Surely hatred after hatred has been manifeſted by thee, *O hoſtile chief*, and thy ſecret rancour has been revealed:

36 But we have inherited glory, as the race of MAAD well knows; we have fought with valour till our fame has been illuſtrious:

37 When the falling pillars of our tents quiver over our furniture, we defend our neighbours from the impending ruin:

38 We diſperſe our gifts to our countrymen, but diſdain to ſhare their ſpoils; and the burdens, which we bear, we ſupport for their advantage.

39 When the troops of the foe are at a diſtance from us, we dart our javelins; and, when we cloſe in the combat, we ſtrike with ſharp ſabres;

40 Our dark javelins exquiſitely wrought of KHATHAIAN reeds, ſlender and delicate; our ſabres bright and piercing:

41 With theſe we cleave in pieces the heads of our enemies; we mow, we cut down their necks as with ſickles:

42 Then might you imagine the ſkulls of heroes on the plain, to be the bales of a camel thrown on rocky ground.

43 Inſtead of ſubmitting to them, we cruſh their heads; and their terror is ſuch, that they know not on which ſide the danger is to be feared,

Our cimeters, whoſe ſtrokes are furiouſly interchanged, are as little regarded by us, as twiſted ſaſhes in the hands of playful children.

45 Their armour and ours, ſtained reciprocally with our blood, ſeems to be died or painted with the juice of the crimſon ſyringa-flower.

46 At a time when the tribe is reluctant to charge the foe, apprehenſive of ſome probable diſaſter,

47 Then we lead on our troop, like a mountain with a pointed ſummit; we preſerve our reputation, and advance in the foremoſt ranks,

48 With youth, who conſider death as the completion of glory, and with aged heroes experienced in war;

49 We challenge all the clans together to contend with us, and we boldly preclude their ſons from approaching the manſion of our children.

50 On the day, when we are anxious to protect our families, we keep vigilant guard, clad in complete ſteel;

51 But on the day, when we have no ſuch anxiety for them, our legions aſſemble in full council,

52 Led by a chief among the deſcendants of JOSHAM the ſon of BECR, we bruiſe our adverſaries, both the weak and the ſtrong.

53 * Oh! the nations remember not the time, when we bowed the neck, or ever flagged in the conflict.

54 Oh! let no people be infatuated and violent againſt us; for we will requite their infatuation, which ſurpaſſes the folly of the moſt fooliſh.

55 On what pretence, O AMRU, ſon of HINDA, ſhould we be ſubject to the ſovereign, whom thou wouldſt place over us?

56 By what pretence, O AMRU, ſon of HINDA, doſt thou yield to our calumniators, and treat us with indignity?

57 Thou haſt menaced us: thou haſt thought to intimidate us; but gently, O king! ſay, when were we ever the vaſſals of thy mother!

58 Our javelins, O AMRU, diſdain to relax their vehemence before thee in aſſailing our foes:

59 Whenever a man uſes force to bend them, they ſtart back, and become inflexibly rigid,

60 So rigid, that, when they return to their former ſtate, they ring with a ſhrill noiſe, piercing the neck and forehead of him who touches them.

61 Haſt thou ever been informed, that JOSHAM, the ſon of BECR, in battles anciently fought, was at any time remiſs?

62 We have inherited the renown of ALKAMA, the ſon of SAIF, who by dint of valour obtained admiſſion for us into the caſtles of glory.

63 We are heirs to MOHALHIL, and to ZOHEIR the flower of his tribe: O of how noble a treaſure were they the preſervers!

64 From ATTAB alſo and from CELTHUM we have received the inheritance tranſmitted from their progenitors.

65 By DHU'LBORRA, of whoſe fame thou haſt heard the report, have we been protected; and through him we protect thoſe who ſeek our aid.

66 Before him the adventurous COLEIB ſprung from us: and what ſpecies of glory is there, which we have not attained?

67 When our antagoniſts twiſt againſt us the cords *of battle*, either we burſt the knot, or rend the necks of our opponents.

68 We ſhall be found the firmeſt of tribes

in keeping our defenſive alliance, and the moſt faithful in obſerving the bond of our treaties.

69 When the flames were kindled in the mountain, on the morning of an excurſion, we gave ſuccour more important than the aid of other allies.

70 To give immediate relief, we kept all our herds confined in DHU ORATHEI, until our milch-camels of a noble breed were forced to graze on withered herbs.

71 We protect with generoſity the man who ſubmits to us, but chaſtiſe with firmneſs him, by whom we are inſulted.

72 We reject the offers of thoſe who have diſpleaſed us, but accept the preſents of thoſe with whom we are ſatisfied.

73 We ſuccoured the right wing, when our troops engaged in combat, and our valiant brothers gave ſupport to the left.

74 They made a fierce attack againſt the legions which oppoſed them, and we not leſs fiercely aſſailed the ſquadrons by which we were oppoſed.

75 They returned with booty and with rich ſpoils, and the ſons of kings were among our captives.

76 To you, O deſcendants of BECR, to you

we addreſs ourſelves: have you not yet learned the truth concerning us?

77 Have you not experienced, with what impetuoſity our troops have attacked your troops, with what force they have darted their javelins?

78 We are armed with bright ſabres, and clad in habergeons made in YEMEN; our cimeters are part ſtrait, part bent.

79 We have coats of mail, that glitter like lightning; the plaits of which are ſeen in wrinkles above our belts:

80 When at any time our heroes put them off, you may ſee their ſkin blackened with the preſſure of the ſteel.

81 The plaits of our hawberks reſemble the ſurface of a pool, which the winds have ruffled in their courſe.

82 On the morning of attack, we are borne into the field on ſhort-haired ſteeds, which have been known to us from the time when we weaned them, and which we reſcued from our foes, after they had been taken.

83 *They ruſh to the fight, armed with breaſt-plates of ſteel; they leave it with their manes diſheveled and duſty, and the reins, tied in knots, lie on their necks.

84 We inherited this excellent breed from our virtuous anceſtors, and, on our death, they will be inherited by our ſons.

85 All the tribes of MAAD perfectly know, when their tents are pitched in the well-watered valleys,

86 That we ſupport the diſtreſſed in every barren year; and are bountiful to ſuch as ſolicit our bounty;

87 * That we defend the oppreſſed, when we think it juſt; and fix our abode in ARABIA, where we find it convenient;

88 That we give ſuccour to thoſe that are near us, when the bright cimeters make the eyes of our heroes wink.

89 We entertain ſtrangers at our board whenever we are able; but we hurl deſtruction on thoſe who approach us hoſtilely.

90 We are the tribe who drink water from the cleareſt brooks; whilſt other clans are forced to drink it foul and muddy.

91 Go, aſk the ſons of TAMAH and of DOMIA, how they have found us in the conflict!

92 Behind us come our lovely, our charming, damſels, whom we guard ſo vigilant-

ly, that they cannot be made captive, or even treated with diſreſpect;

93 Fair maidens deſcended from JOSHAM. the ſon of BECR, who compriſe every ſpecies of beauty, both in the opinion of men and in truth:

94 They have exacted a promiſe from their huſbands, that, when they engaged with the hoſtile legions, diſtinguiſhed by marks of valour,

95 They would bring back, as ſpoils, coats of mail and cimeters, and captives led chained in pairs.

96 * Thou mayſt behold us ſallying forth into the open plain, whilſt every other tribe ſeeks auxiliaries through fear of our proweſs.

97 When our damſels are on foot, they walk with graceful motions, and wave their bodies like thoſe of libertines heated with wine.

98 They feed with their fair hands our courſers of noble birth, and ſay to us, "You are no huſbands of ours, unleſs you "protect us from the foe."

99 Yes; if we defend not them, we retain no poſſeſſions of value after their loſs, nor do we think even life deſirable:

100 But nothing can afford our ſweet maids ſo pure a protection as the ſtrokes of our ſabres, which make mens' arms fly off like the claſhing wands of playful boys.

101 * We ſeem, when our drawn cimeters are diſplayed, to protect all mankind, as fathers protect their children.

102 * Our heroes roll the heads of their enemies, as the ſtrong well-made youths roll their balls in the ſmooth vale.

103 This world is ours, and all that appears on the face of it; and when we do attack, we attack with irreſiſtible force.

104 When a tyrant oppreſſes and inſults a nation, we diſdain to degrade ourſelves by ſubmitting to his will.

105 We have been called injurious, although we have injured no man; but, if they perſiſt in calumniating us, we will ſhow the vehemence of our anger.

106 As ſoon as a child of our tribe is weaned from his mother, the loftieſt chiefs of other clans bend the knee, and pay him homage.

107 We force our enemies to taſte the unmixed draught of death; and heavy is the overthrow of our adverſaries in battle.

108 We fill the earth with our tents, until it becomes too narrow to contain them; and cover the ſurface of the ocean with our ſhips.

THE

POEM

OF

HARETH.

THE ARGUMENT.

WHEN AMRU had finished his extravagant panegyrick on the tribe of TAGLEB, and had received the loud applause of his own party, HARETH arose; and pronounced the following poem, or speech in verse, which he delivered, according to some authors, without any meditation, but which, as others assert with greater appearance of probability, he had prepared and gotten by heart.

Although, if we believe ASMAI, the poet was considerably above a hundred years old at this time, yet he is said to have poured forth his couplets with such boiling ardour, that, without perceiving it, *he cut his hand with the string of his bow, on which*, after the manner of the *Arabian* orators, *he leaned, while he was speaking*.

Whatever was his age, the wisdom and art of his composition are finely contrasted with the youthful imprudence of his adversary, who must have exasperated the king, instead of conciliating his good will, and seems even to have menaced the very man, from whom he was asking a favourable judgement. HARETH, on the contrary, begins with complimenting the

queen, whose name was ASOMA, and who heard him behind the tapistry: he appears also to have introduced another of his favourites, HINDA, merely because that was the name of the king's mother; and he celebrates the monarch himself as a model of justice, valour, and magnanimity. The description of his camel, which he interweaves according to custom, is very short; and, he opens the defence of his tribe with coolness and moderation; but as he proceeds, his indignation seems to be kindled, and the rest of his harangue consists of sharp expostulations, and bitter sarcasms, not without much sound reasoning, and a number of allusions to facts, which cannot but be imperfectly known to us, though they must have been fresh in the memory of his hearers. The general scope of his argument is, that no blame was justly imputable to the sons of BECR for the many calamities which the TAGLEBITES had endured, and which had been principally occasioned by their own supineness and indiscretion. This oration, or poem, or whatever it may be denominated, had its full effect on the mind of the royal umpire, who decided the cause in favour of the BECRITES, and lost his life for a decision apparently just. He must have remarked the fiery spirit of the poet AMRU from the style of his eloquence, as CÆSAR first discovered the impetuous vehemence of BRUTUS's temper from his speech, delivered at *Nice*,

in favour of king *Deiotarus*; but neither the *Arabian* nor the *Roman* tyrant were sufficiently on their guard against men, whom they had irritated even to fury.

This poem is composed in *light* verse, or metre of the *eleventh* class, consisting of epitrites, ionick feet, and pæons, variously intermixed, as in this form:

" Amarylli, | dulci lyrâ | modulare
" Molle carmen | sub arbore | fusa sacrâ."

Sometimes a molossus ends the distich, as,

" Dulce carmen | sub arbore | fusa sacrâ
" Modulare, | dum sylvulæ | respondent."

The close of a couplet in this measure has often the cadence of a *Latin* or *Greek* hexameter: thus, v. 20.

Tis-háli kháilin khilála dbáca rogáo.

That is, literally,

Hinnitûs modulantur equi, fremitûsque cameli.

THE

POEM

OF

HARETH.

1 DOTH fair ASOMA give us notice of her departure? Oh, why are ſojourners ſo frequently weary of their ſojourning!

2 *She is reſolved to depart* after our mutual vows among the ſandy hillocks of SHAMMA, and in the nearer ſtation of KHALSA;

3 *Vows, repeated in* MOHAYAT, SIFAH, and AGLAI, in DHU FITAK, ADHIB and WAFA,

4 *Vows, renewed* in the bowers of KATHA, and the dales of SHOREIB, in the Two Valleys, and in the plains of AYLA.

5 I ſee no remains of the troth which ſhe plighted in thoſe ſtations; and I waſte the day in tears, frantick with grief: but oh! what part of my happineſs will tears reſtore?

6 Yet, O HARETH, *a new paſſion invites thee*; for HINDA is before thy eyes, and the fire, which ſhe kindles at night in the hills, will direct thee to her abode:

7 She kindles it with abundance of wood between the hilly ſtations of AKEIK and SHAKHSEIN, and it blazes like the ſplendour of the ſun.

8 I have been contemplating her fire from a diſtance on the hill, whence our excurſions are made; but oh! the ſcorching heat, and the calamities of war, prevent me from approaching her.

9 But I ſeek aſſiſtance in diſpelling my care, when the ſojourner of the tent haſtily leaves his abode *through fear of ſome impending calamity*,

10 On a camel ſwift as an oſtrich, the mother of many young ones, the long-necked inhabitant of the deſert,

11 Who hears a ſoft ſound, and dreads the approach of the hunter, in the afternoon juſt before the duſk of evening:

12 Then mayſt thou ſee behind her, from the quick motion of her legs, and the force with which ſhe ſtrikes the earth, a cloud of duſt thin as the goſſamer;

13 And the traces of her hoofs, which are

ſuch as to be ſoon effaced by the winds blowing over the ſandy plain.

14 With her I diſport myſelf in the ſultry noon, whilſt every ſon of valour is like a blind camel devoted to death.

15 Yet misfortunes and evil tidings have brought on us affairs, which give us affliction and anguiſh;

16 For our brethren, the family of ARAKEM, *the dragon-eyed*, have tranſgreſſed the bounds of juſtice againſt us, and have been vehement in their invectives:

17 They have confounded the blameleſs among us with the guilty, and the moſt perfect innocence has not eſcaped their cenſure.

18 They have inſiſted, that all, who pitch their tents in the deſert, are our aſſociates, and that we are involved in their offences.

19 They aſſembled their forces at night, and, as ſoon as the dawn appeared, there was nothing heard among them but a tumultuous noiſe

20 Of thoſe who called, and thoſe who anſwered; the neighing of horſes, and, among the reſt, the lowing of camels.

21 O thou, who adorneſt thy flowery

ſpeeches concerning us before AMRU, can this falſehood be long undetected?

22 Imagine not that thy inſtigation will animate him againſt us, or humiliate us; ſince long before thee our enemies have openly calumniated us,

23 Yet we continued advancing ourſelves in defiance of their hate, with laudable ſelf-ſufficiency and exalted reputation.

24 Before this day the eyes of nations have been dazzled by our glory, and have been moved by envious indignation and obſtinate reſentment.

25 Fortune ſeemed to raiſe for us a dark rock, with a pointed ſummit, diſpelling the clouds,

26 Thick and firm, ſecured from calamity, not to be weakened by any diſaſter however grievous and violent.

27 * Intruſt to our wiſdom every momentous affair, from which you deſire to be extricated, and by which the aſſemblies of chiefs are made unhappy.

28 * If you inquire concerning our wars between MILAHÁ and DHAKIB, you will find on their plains many an unavenged, and many an avenged, corſe:

29 * Or, if you examine diligently the queſtions, in which all tribes are deeply intereſted, you will ſee the difference between your offences and our innocence:

30 * But if you decline *this fair diſcuſſion*, we ſhall turn from you with reſentment, concealing hatred in our boſoms as the mote is concealed in the cloſed eye-lids.

31 * Reject, if you pleaſe, the terms which we offer; but of whom have you heard, that ſurpaſſes us in glory?

32 * You have perfectly known us on the days, when the warriours have aſſailed one another with rapacious violence, when every tribe has raiſed a tumultuous din;

33 * When we brought up our camels from the palm-groves of BAHREIN, and drove them by rapid marches, till we reached the plain of HISA.

34 Then we advanced againſt the ſons of TAMEIM, and, when the ſacred month required a ceſſation of our war, we carried away the daughters of their tribe for our handmaids.

35 *In oppoſition to us*, neither could the valiant man keep his ground on the level field, nor did precipitate flight avail the faint-hearted.

36 No; the coward, who ran haſtily from the plain, was not ſaved by the ſummit of rocks or the roughneſs of craggy paths.

37 By theſe exertions we maintained our pre-eminence over the tribes, until MONDIR, ſon of the beautiful MAISEMA, obtained the dominion:

38 He was a prince, who bore witneſs to our valour on the day of HAYARAIN, when the calamity of war was, in truth, a calamity:

39 A prince who ſubjected nations; whoſe equal in magnanimity could not be found among them.

40 Deſiſt then from vaunting and from hoſtility: you have, indeed, pretended ignorance of our claims, but from that pretended ignorance will proceed your wo.

41 Remember well the oaths taken in DHU'LMEJAAZ, the covenants and vows of amity, which were made there of old.

42 Beware of injuſtice and violence; nor let your intemperate paſſions impel you to violate your contracts written on tablets.

43 Know, that we and you, on the day when we made our treaty, were equally bound by our reſpective engagements.

44 Are we reſponſible for the crimes of

CANDA? Shall their conquering chief have the ſpoils, and ſhall repriſals be made upon us?

45 Are we reſponſible for the exceſſes of HANEIFA, and for all the conflicts, which the duſty plain has ſeen accumulated?

46 Muſt we anſwer for the offences of the ſons of ATEIK? No: whoever has broken his covenant, we are innocent of their war.

47 Doth the guilt of IBAAD hang on our heads, as the burden is ſuſpended on the centre of the camel's girths?

48 Has the blame due to KODHAA fallen upon us? or, rather, are we not ſecure from a ſingle drop of their faults?

49 Are we reſponſible for the crimes of IYAAD, as it was ſaid to the tribe of THASM, "Your brethren are rebels?"

50 Thoſe, who raiſed the diſſenſion, belong not to us, neither KAIS, nor JONDAL, nor HADDA.

51 Vain pretexts! Unjuſt aſperſions! *That we ſhould ſuffer for others*, as the roe is ſacrificed in the place of the ſheep!

52 Fourſcore warriours, indeed, advanced from TAMEIM, and their hands carried lances, whoſe points were Fate;

53 Yet, they profaned not the hallowed places of the ſons of RIZAAH on the hills of NITAA, when they called on them for mercy:

54 They left them, however, wounded on the plain, and returned with captive herds and flocks ſo numerous, that the drivers of them were deafened with their cries.

55 The vanquiſhed tribe came afterwards to implore reſtitution, but not a ſingle beaſt, either black or of a bright hue, was reſtored to them:

56 So they retired with heart-breaking afflictions, nor could any ſtream of water quench their ardent rage:

57 After this, a troop of horſemen, led by the impetuous GHALLAAK, aſſailed them without remorſe or pity:

58 Full many a ſon of TAGLEB has been ſmitten, whoſe blood has flowed unrevenged, while the black duſt covered his corſe.

59 Are your cares comparable to thoſe of our tribe, when MONDIR waged war againſt them? Are we, *like you*, become ſubject to the ſon of HINDA?

60 When he fixed his abode in the lofty turrets of MAISUNA, and ſojourned in the nearer ſtation of KHALTHA,

61 From every tribe there flocked around him a company of robbers, impetuous as eagles:

62 He led them on, and ſupplied them with dates and with water: ſo the will of GOD was accompliſhed, and afflicted men doomed to affliction.

63 Then you invited them to attack you by your want of circumſpection, and the vain ſecurity of your intemperate joy impelled them to be hoſtile.

64 They ſurpriſed you not, indeed, by a ſudden aſſault; but *they advanced, and* the ſultry vapour of noon, *through which you ſaw them,* increaſed their magnitude.

65 O thou inveterate and glozing calumniator, who inveigheſt againſt us before king AMRU, will there be no end of thy unjuſt invectives?

66 Between AMRU and us many acts of amity have paſſed, and from all of them, no doubt, has benefit ariſen.

67 He is a juſt prince, and the moſt accompliſhed that walks the earth: all praiſe is below his merit:

68 A prince deſcended from IREM! A warriour, like him, ought ever to be encircled with troops of genii, for he protects his

domain, and refuſes to puniſh even his opponents:

69 A monarch, who knows us by three infallible ſigns, by each of which our excellence is decided:

70 *The firſt is* the conſpicuous token of our valour, when all ARABIA come forth in the rocky vales, each tribe of MAAD under their banner,

71 And aſſembled, in complete armour, round the warlike KAIS, that valiant prince of YEMEN, who ſtood *firm and brilliant* like a white cliff.

72 Then came a legion of high-born youths, whom nothing could reſtrain but our long and glittering ſpears;

73 But we repelled them with ſtrokes, *which made their blood guſh from their ſides*, as the water ſtreams from the mouth of a bottle which contains it.

74 We drove them for refuge to the craggy hills of THAHLAAN; we thruſt them before us, till the muſcles of their thighs were breeched in gore.

75 We did with them a deed, the name of which GOD only knows; and no revenge could be taken for the blood of men who fought their own fate.

76 Next advanced HOJAR, ſon of OMMI KATHAAM, with an army of PERSIANS, clad in diſcoloured braſs,

77 A lion in the conflict, of a ruddy hue, trampling on his prey; but a vernal ſeaſon of beneficence in every barren year:

78 Yet we ſmote them on the foreheads with the edges of our cimeters, which quivered in their fleth like buckets drawn from a deep well encircled with ſtone.

79 *Secondly*, we broke the chains of AMRIOLKAIS, after his long impriſonment and anguiſh.

80 We forcibly revenged the death of MONDIR on the king of GASSAAN, that his blood might not flow in vain.

81 We redeemed our captives with nine kings of illuſtrious race, whoſe ſpoils were exceedingly precious.

82 With the horſes, with the dark horſes, of the ſons of AUS came whole ſquadrons, fierce as eagles with crooked beaks:

83 We ſcarce had paſſed through the cloud of duſt, when they turned their backs; and then how dreadfully blazed the fire of our vengeance!

84 *Laſtly*, we gave birth to AMRU the ſon of OMM AYAAS, for not long ago were

the bridal gifts prefented to us *as kinf-men:*

85 May our faithful admonition reach all
our kindred tribes, extended as wide as our
confanguinity, in plains beyond plains!

وَجِيدٍ كَجِيدِ الرِّيمِ لَيْسَ بِفَاحِشٍ
إِذَا هِيَ نَصَّتْهُ وَلَا بِمُعَطَّلِ

الجيد العنق والظبي الابيض الخالص البياض شبه
بعنق الظبية ونصته رفعته والمعطل الذي لا
حلي عليه ومثله لعصل وقوله ليس بفاحش اي
ليس بكريه المنظر واذا ظرف لقوله ليس بفاحش

وَفَرْعٍ يَزِينُ الْمَتْنَ أَسْوَدَ فَاحِمٍ
أَثِيثٍ كَقِنْوِ النَّخْلَةِ الْمُتَعَثْكِلِ

الفرع الشعر التام والمتن والمتنة ما عن يمين
الصلب وشماله من العصب واللحم والفاحم الشديد
السواد واثيث كثير اصل النبات والقنود والقنو والقنا
العذق وهو الشمراخ والمتعثكل الذي قد دخل بعضه
في بعض لكثرته من العثكال والعثكول وهو الشمراخ
وقيل المتعثكل هو المتدلي النازل الى تحت قال

غَدَائِرُهَا مُسْتَشْزِرَاتٌ إِلَى الْعُلَى
تَضِلُّ الْعِقَاصُ فِي مُثَنًّى وَمُرْسَلِ

الغدائر الذوائب واحدها غديرة ومستشزرات مرفوعات
واصل الشز والفتل على غير جهة لكثرتها وقوله الى
العلا الى ما فوقها والعقاص جمع عقصة وهو ما جمع من
الشعر فقيل تحت الذوائب وهي مشطة معروفة يرسلونها
فيها بعض الشعر ويثنون بعضه فالذي فتل بعضه

وَجِيدٍ كَجِيدِ الرِّئْمِ لَيْسَ بِفَاحِشٍ
إِذَا هِيَ نَصَّتْ وَلَا بِمُعَطَّلِ

الجيد العنق والتلبي الابيض الخالص البياض شبه
بعنق الظبية ونصته بعنقه والمعطل الذي لا
حلي عليه ومثله معطل وقوله ليس بفاحش اي
ليس كريه المنظر واذا طال لقوله ليس بفاحش
وَفَرْعٍ يَزِينُ الْمَتْنَ أَسْوَدَ فَاحِمٍ
أَثِيثٍ كَقِنْوِ النَّخْلَةِ الْمُتَعَثْكِلِ

الفرع الشعر التام والمتن والمتنة ما عن يمين
الصلب وشماله من العصب واللحم والفاحم الشديد
السواد واثيث كثير اصل الثاث والقنو والقنو والثنا
العذق وهو الشمراخ والمتعثكل الذي قد دخل بعضه
في بعض لكثرته من العثكال والسكول وهو الشمراخ
وفيه المتعثكل هو المتدلي النازل الى تحت قال
غدائرها مستشزرات الى العلى
تضل العقاص في مثنى ومرسل

الغدائر الذوائب واحدها غديرة ومستشزرات مرفوعات
واصل الشزر الفتل على غير جهة لكثرتها وقوله الى
العلا الى ما فوقها والعقاص جمع عقصة وهو ما جمع من
الشعر فقتل تحت الذوائب وهي شطة معروفة يرسلونها
فيها بعض الشعر ويثنون بعضه فالذي فتل بعضه

ORIGINALS.

KÁLA
AMRIOLKAISI
ALCENDIYYO.

1

kifá nebci min dhicraí hhabeíbin′ wamenzili
bifikth′i álliwaí baína áldahhúli fahhaúmeli

2

fatúdh′ihha fálmikráh′i lam yâfo reſmohá
limá naſijat-há min jenúbin′ waſhemáli

3

wokúfán′ bihá s′ahhbeí âlayyi mathíyyahom
yekúlúna lá tahlic áſyan′ watehhammali

4

wa′inna ſhifáyi âbrah′on′ moharákah′on′
fahal înda reſmin′ dáriſin′ min moâwwali

5

cadábica min ómni álhhowaírithi kablahá
wajáratihá ómmi álrabábi bimáſali

6

ídhá kámatá tadh′awwaâ álmiſco minhomá
naſeíma ál ſebá jaát birayyá álkaranfoli

7

fafádh'at domúô álâíni minneí s'ababah'an'
âlái álnahhri hhattái balla demâeí mihhmeli

8

álá rubba yaúmin' leca minhonna s'álahhin'
welá fiyyamá yaúmon' bidárati juljuli

9

wayaúma âkarto lilâdháraí mathíyyateí
fayá âjabá min cúrihá álmotahhammali

10

fadh"alla álâdháraí yertameína bilahhmihá
waſhahhmin' cahodábi áldimekſi álmofettali

11

wayaúma dakhalta álkhidra khidra ônaízah'in'
fakálat leca álwaíláto ínnaca murjali

12

tekúlo wakad mála álgabeíto biná maâán'
âkarta baêíreí yá ámri álkaíſi fánzeli

13

fakolto lehá ſeíreí waárkheí zimámaho
walá tobâdeíneí ân jenáci álmoâllali

14

famithlici hhoblaí kad thárakto wamurdh'iin'
faálhaítohá ân dheí temáyima mohhwili

15

ídhá má becaí min khalfihá ínsáraft leho
biſhikkin watahhteí ſhikkohá lam yohhawwali

16

wayaúmán' âlaí dh"ahri álcatheíbi taâdhdharat
âlayyi waálat hhilfah'an' lam tohḥallali

17

áfáthíma mahlán bâdh'a hadhá áltedallali
waín conti kad ázmâti s'ormaeí fájmili

18

waïn teco kad ſaátci minneí khaleíkah'on'
faſolleí thiyábeí min thiyábici tenſali

19

ágarraci minneí ánna hhubbaci kátileí
waïnnaci mahmá támerí álkalba yafâli

20

wamá dharafat âínáci íllá litadh'ribeí
biſahmaíci feí áâſhári kalbin' mokattali

21

wabaídhah'o khidrin lá yorámo khibáwohá
temattâto min lehwin' bihá ghaíra môjali

22

tejáwazto áhhráſán' ílaíhá wamâſherán'
âlayyi hhirás'án' laú yoſirruna maktalei

23

ídhá má álthurayyá feí álſemáï taârradh'at
taârradh'a áthnáï álwiſháhhi álmofas's'ali

24

fajeíto wakad nadh'dh'at linaúmin' thiyábahá
ledaí álſitri íllá libſati álmotafadh'ali

25

fakálat yemaína állahi má leca hheílah'on'
wamá ín áraí ânca álgawáyah'a tanjaleí

26

fakomto bihá ámſheí tajorro waraáná
âlaí áthraíná ádhyála mirthín morajjali

27

falemmá ájazná ſáhhah'a álhayyi wántahheí
biná bath'no khabtin' dheí kifáfin' âkankali

28

hasarto bifaúdaí ráſihá fatamáyalat
â!ayyi hadh'eíma álcaih-hhi rayyá álmokhalkhaii

29

mohafhafahon' baídh'áo ghaíro mofádh'ah'iu
teráeíbohá maskúlah'on' cálſajanjali

30

cabicri álmokánáh'i álbayádh'i bis'ofrah'in'
gadháha nemeíro álmáï gaíra mohhallali

31

tas'uddo watobdeí ân áſeílin' watetakeí
binádh'irah'i'n min wahhſhi wejraha moth'fili

32

wajeídin cajeídi álreími laíſa bifáhhiſhin'
ídhá heia nas's'at-ho welá bimoâth'th'ali

33

wafarîn' yazeíno álmatria áſwada fáhhimin
átheíthin' cakinwi álnakhlah'i álmotaâthcili

34

gadáyirohá moſtaſhzirah'on' ílaí álôlaí
tadh illo álîkás'o feí mothannyan' wamurſali

35

wacaſh-hhin' latheífin' cáljadeíli mokhas's'arin
waſákin' caánbúbi álſakiyyi álmodhallali

36

wafodh'-hheí fateíto álmiſci faúka firaſhihá
nauúmo áldh'ohhaí lam tantathik ân táfadh'dh'oli

37

watâthú birakhs'in' gaíri ſhathnin' caï"nnaho
áſáreíô dh"abyin' áú meſáweíco ís-hhili

38

tadh"iyo áłdh'eláma biálîſhái caï"nnahá
menárah'o momſaí ráhibin' motabattili

39

ílaí mithlihá yernú álhhaleímo s'ababah'an'
ídhá má áſbacarrat baína dirîn' wamijwali

40

taſallat âmáyáto álrijáli ân áls'ibái
waiaíſa fawâdeí ân hawáci bimunſali

41

ílá rubba khas'min' feíci álwaí radadtoho
nas'eíhhin' âlaí tâdhálihí gaíri mútali

42

walaílin' camaúji álbahhri árkhaí ſodúlaho
âlayyi biánwáî álhomúmi liyabtaleí

43

fakolto leho lemmá tamath'th'ai bis'olbihi
waárdafa áâjázán' wanáa bicalcali

44

álá áyyohá állaílo áltháweílo álá ánjaleí
bis'obhhin' wamá álás'báhho minca biámthali

45

fayá leca min laílin' caï'nna nojúmaho
biámrafin' cittánin' ílaí s'ommi jandali

46

wakad ágtadeí wálth'aíro feí wocanátihá
bimonjirdin' kaída áláwábidi haícali

47

micarrin' mifarrin' mokbilin' modbirin' maâán
cajolmúdi s'akhrin' hhath'th'aho álfaílo min âli

48

comaítin' yazillo állibdo án hhádhi matnihi
camá zallati áls'afwáo biálmotanazzili

49

âlaí áldhabli jayyáfhin' caï'nna áhtizámoho
ídhá jáfha feíhi hhamyoho galyo mirjali

5°

mifahhin' idhá má álfábihhato âlaí álwanaí
átharna álgibárán biálcadeídi álmoraccali.

51

yezillo álgolámo álkhiffo ân s'ahawátihi
wayolweí biáthwábi álâneífi álmothakkali

52

dereírin' cakhadhrúfi álwaleídi ámarraho
tetáboô caffaíhi bikhaíth'in' mowas s'ali

53

leho áyth'alá dh"abyin' waſáká noâmah"ir
waírkháo ſirhhánin' watakreíbo tutfali

54

dh'aleíîn' ídhá áſtadbartaho ſadda farjaho
bidh'áfin' fowaíka álardh'i laíſa biáâzali

55

caï"nna ſeráta ho ledaí álbaíti káyimán'
medáca ârúſin' áú s'aláyata hhandh"ali

56

caï"nna dimáo álhádiyáti binahhrihi
ôs'árah'o hhinnáïn' biſhaíbin' morajjali

57

faâinna ſená ſirbo'n caï"nna niâájaho
âdhárai" duwárin' feí meláïn' modhayyali

58

faádbarna káljazî álmofas'sali baínahi
bijeídin' miâmmin' feí álâſheirah'i makhwali

59

faálhhakaná biálhádiyáti wadúnaho
jawáhhiroha feí s'arrah"in' lam tazayyali

60

faâádaí îdáan' baína thúrin' wanâjatin'
dirácán' walam yondh'ahh bimáïn' fayogſali

61

fadh″alla thóháto állahhmi min baíni mundh ijín′
dh′afeífi fhiwáïn′ áú kadeírin′ moâjjali

62

waruhhná yecádo álthárfo yaks′oro dúnaho
metaí má tarakkaí álâáino feíhi tafah-hali

63

fabáta âlaíhi ferjoho walijámoho
wabáta biâáinaí káyimán′ gaíro murfali

64

ás′áhha teraí barkán′ óreíca wameidh′aho
calamî ályadeíni feí hhabbiyyin′ mocallali

65

yodh iyya fenáho áú mes′ábeíhho ráhibin′
áhána álfeleítha biáldhobáli álmofattali

66

kaâdto leho was′ohhbateí baína dh′arijin′
wabaína álàdhaíbi bôda má motaámmali

67

âlaí kathanin′ biálfhaími áymena s′aúbihi
waáyferoho âlaí álfitári fayadhbuli

68

faádh′-hhaí yafohho álmáo hhaúla cotaífih ir
yacabbo âlaí áládhkáni daúhha álcanahbuli

69

wamarra âlaí álkanáni min nefayánihi
faánzala minho álôs′ma min culli menzili

70

watáimáa lam yatroc bihá jidhâ nakhlah'in'
welá ójomán íllá mafheídán' bijendali

71

caínna thebeírán' feí âráneíni wablihi
cabeíro ónáfin' feí bijádi mozammali

72

caï'nna dhuraí ráfo álmojaímiri godwah'an'
mina álfaíli wálgoththáï filcahó migzali

73

waálkaí bisahhráï álgibaíthi baâáâho
nozúla ályemáneí dheí álîyábi álmohhammali

74

caï'nna mecáciyya áljiwáï godayyah'an'
s'obihhna foláfán' min rahheíki mofalfali

75

caï'nna álfibáâ feíhi gharkaí âfhiyyah'an'
biárjáyihi álkis'waí ánábeífho óns'oli

KÁLA THARAFAHÓŃ

ALBECRIYYO.

1

likhaúlah'a áth'lálon' biborkah'a thahmedi
telúhho cabákeí álwaſhmi feí dh"áhiri ályedi

2

wokúfán' bihá s'ahhbeí âlayyi math'iyyihom
yekúlúna lá tahlic áſyan' watejalledi

3

caï'nna hhodúja álmáleciyyah'i gudwah'an'
khaláyá ſefeínin' biálnawás'afi min dedi

4

âdhúliyah'in' áú min ſefeíni íbni yáminin'
yejúro bihá álmelláhho th'úrán' wayahtedi

5

yaſhokka hhabába álmáï hhaízúmohá bihá
camá kaſama áltorba álmofáwilo biályedi

6

wafeí álhhayyi áhhwaí yanfodho álmerda
ſhádinon'
medh'áhiro femth'aí lúlúïn' wazabarjedi

7

khadhúlin′ toráêi rebrebán′ bikhameílah″in′
tonáwilo áth′ráfa álbereíri watertedi

8

watabſimo ân álmaí caï″nna monawwerán
takhallala hharra álreṁli d̂ís′on′ leho nedi

9

ſakat-ho íyáh′o álſhemſi íllá lothátihi
áſiffa walam tacadmi âlaíhi biáthmedi

10

wawejhin′ caï″nna álſhemſa hhallat ridáahá
âlaíhi nikeí állaúni lam yatakhaddedi

11

waï″nneí leámdh′eí álhomma înda áhhtidh′árihi
biâújáï mirkálin′ terúhho watagtedi

12

ámúnin′ cálwáhhi álárâni neſátohá
âlaí láhhibin′ caï″nnaho dh″ahra borjedi

13

tobárcí îtákán′ nájiyátin′ waátbaât
wadh″eífán′ wadh″eífán′ faúka maúrin′ moâbbedi

14

terábbaîta álkoffaíni biálſhúli tertaêí
hhadáyika maúleí áláſirrah′i ághyedi

15

tereíô ílaí s′úti álmoheíbi watetakeí
bidneí khos′alin′ rúâáta áclafi mulbedi

16

caï'nna jonáhhaí madh'rajiyyi tecanafá
khafáfeíhi ſhuccá feí álâſeíbi bimaſredi

17

ſath'úrán' bihi khalfa álzemeíli watáratán'
âlaí khaſhafin' cálſhinna záwin' mojaddedi

18

lehá fakhadáni ácmola álnahhdh'o feíhomá
caï'nnahomá bábá meneífin' momarredi

19

wathávyyi mehhálin' cálhhoniyyi khalufoho
waájronah'in' lozzat bidáyin' monadh'dh'edi

20

caï'nna cináfaí dh'álah'in' yacnofánihá
waáth'ra kiſſiyyán' tahhta s'olbin' mowayyedi

21

lehá mirfakáni áftilláni caï'nnamá
temorro biſelmaí dálijin' motaſhaddedi

22

cikanth'arih'a álrúmiyyi ákſama rabbohá
letoctanafá hhattaí toſháda bikermedi

23

s'ohábiyyah'ī álâthnúna mújedah'o álkeraí
baêídah'o wakhdi álrijli mawwárah'o ályedi

24

ómirrat yedáhá fatlo ſhezrin' waájnihhat
lehá âdh'odáhá feí ſakeífin' moſannedi

25

jenúhhon' difákon' ândelon' thomma ófrigat
lehá citafáhá feí maâáliyo mos'aââdi

26

caï'nna ôlúbi álnisî feí daáyátihá
mawárida min khalkáï feí dh"ahri kerdedi

27

tolákeí waáhhyánán' tebeíno caï'nnahá
benáyiko gorrin' feí kameífin mokaddedi

28

waátlaô nehádh'on' ídhá s'aâdat bihi
cafucáni bús'iyyin' bidejlah'a mos"îdi

29

wajumjumah"in' mithla álâláh"i caï'nnamá
waâaí álmoltakeí minhá ílaí jarfi mabredi

30

wakhaddon' cakirth'áfi álfhámiyyi wamifhfarin'
cafebti ályemáneí kaddoho lam yojaddedi

31

waâínáni cálmaáwwitaíni áftacannatá
bicahfeí hhijájin' s'akhrah"in kalti maúridi

32

th'ahhúráno âwári álkadhaí fateráhomá
camachhúlataí madhûúrah"in' ómma ferkedi

33

was'ádikatá famâa áltawájjifo lilforaí
lihájfin' khaffiyyin' áú lis'aútin' monaddedi

34

mowallalatáni târifo álitka feíhomá
caſámiâtaí ſháhin´ bihhaúmeli mofredi

35

waárwaô nebbádh´in´ áhhadhdhon´ molemlemon
camirdáti s´akhrin´ feí s´afeíhhin´ mos´ammedi

36

waín ſheíta ſámaí wáſith´a álcúri ráſohá
waâáánat bidh´abâíhá nejáa álkhafaídedi

37

waín ſheíta lam torkil waín ſheíto árkalat
makháfah´a melwiyyin´ mina álkaddi mohhs´edi

38

waâlamon´ makhrútin´ mina álánſi márinon
átcikon´ metaí torjam bihi álárdh´o tazdedi

39

álaí mithlihá ámdhaí ídhá kála s´áhhibeí
álá laítaneí áfdeíca minhá waáftedeí

40

wajáſhat ílaíhi álnaffo khaúfán´ wakhálaho
mos ábán´ walaú ámſai álaí gaíri mers´edi

41

ídhá álkaúmi kálúá men fatyan´ khilto ínnaneí
óneíto falam ácſel walam átabelledi

42

áhhalto âlaíhá biálkath´eíi faájdhamat
wakad khabba álo álámâzi álmotawakkedi

43

fadhálat camá dhálat waleídah'o me̤liſin'
toreí rabbohá ádhyála ſahhlin momaddedi

44

waleſto bihhelláli áltiláî mekháfah'an'
waíecın metaí yeſterfidi álkaúmo árfedi

45

waín tabigneí feí hhalkah'i álkaúmi telkaneí
waín tektanis'ncí feí álhhawáneiti tes'th'edi

46

metaí tátineí ós'bihhca cáſán rawiyyah'an'
waín conta ânhá gániyán' fágna wázdedi

47

waín yaltika álhhayyo áljameíô tolákineí
ílaí dhirẇah'i álbaíti álrafeíî álmos'ammedi

48

nedámáeí beídh'on' cálnojúmi wakaínah'on'
terúhho âlaíná baína bordin wamojſedi

49

rahheíbon' kith'ábo áljaíbi minha rakeikoho
bijaſſi álnedámá badh'dh'ah'o álmotajarredi

50

ídhá nahhno kulná áſmaĉínă ánbarat lená
âlaí raſſihá math'rúkah'an' lam toſhaddedi

51*52

wamá zála tiſhrábeí álkhomúra waladhdhateí
wabaíêí waínfákeí th'areífeí wamultedeí

53

ílaí án telıhámatneí álâfheírah'o cullohá
wa'ófridto ífráda álbaêíri álmoâbbedi

54

ráyato beneí gabráa lá yencirúnaneí
walá áhli hadháca álth'iráfi álmomaddedi

55

álá áyyohodhá álláyimeí áhhdh'ora álwagaí
waán áfh-hadi álladhdháti hal ánta mukhledi

56

faín conta lá tefth'eíâ dafâ meniyyateí
fadâneí óbádirho bimá melecat yedi

57

falaúlá theláthon' honna min êífhâh'i álfataí
wajaddica lam áhhfal metaí káma ôwwädeí

58

faminhonna febkeí álâádhiláto bifhurbeh'in'
comeítin' metaí má taglo biálmáï tezbedi

59

wacarreí ídhá nádeí álmodh'áfo mohhannibán'
cafeídi álgadh'á nebbahtoho álmotawarredi

60

wataks'eíri yaúma áldojni wáldojno môjibon'
bibehnecah'in' tahhta álth'iráfi álmoâmmedi

61

caïnna álboraína wáldemáleíja ôllikat
âlai ôfhorin' áú khirwaîn' lam yokhadh'dh'edi

62

fadherneí árawweí hámeteí feí hhayátihá
mekháfah'a fhirbin' feí álhhayáh'i mos'arredi

63

careímon' yorawweí naffaho feí hhayátihi
fetâlamo ín mutná gadán' áyyoná áls'adeí

64

áraí kabra nehhámin' bekheílin' bimálihi
cakabri gawiyyin' feí álbith'áleh'i muffedi

65

teraí jathwataíni min turábin' âlaíhomá
s'efáyihho s'ommin' min s'afeíhhín' monadh'dh'edi

66

áraí álmaúta yâtámo álciráma wayas'th'afeí
âkeílah'a máli álfáhhifhi álmotafhaddedi

67

áraí áldehra canzán' nákis'án' culla laílah'in'
wamá tankos'o áláyyámo wáldehro yanfodi

68

leâmroca ínna álmaúta má ákhth'á álfataí
leca álth'iwwalo álmurkhaí wathonyáho biályedi

69

famá leí ránneí wábna âmmieí málicán'
metaí ádno minho yaná ânneí wayabôdi

70

yelúmo' wamá ádreí âláma yelúmoneí
camá lámaneí feí álhhayyi kertho ábno áâbedi

71

waáyáſaneí min culli khaírin' th'alabtohc
caï nna wadh'ânáho ílaí remſi mulhhedi

72

âlaí gaíri dhenbin' kultoho gaíra ínnaneí
naſhadto falam ágfal hhamúlah'a mâbedi

73

wakarrabto biálkorbaí wajaddica ínnaneí
metaí yeco ámron' lilneceíbah'i áſh-hedi

74

waï'n ódâ liljollaí ácun min hhomátihá
waï'n yática áláâdáo biáljehdi ájhedi

75

waïn yakdhífúá biálkadhî îrdh'ica áſkihom
bicáſi hhiyádh'i álmaúti kabla áltahaddodí

76

bilá hhadathin' áhhdathtoho wacamohhdithin'
hijáeí wakadhfcí biálſhicáh'i wamuth'redeí

77

falaú caná maúláya-ímrán' huwa gaíroho
lcfarraja carbcí áú leándh'araneí gadeí

78

waleçinna maúláya ímron' huwa kháníkeí
âlaí álſhccri wáltiſáli áú áná muftedi

79

wadh'olmo dhaweï' álkorbaí áſháddo mad-
h'ádh'atan'
âlaí álmera min wakî álhhiſámi álmohennedi

80

fadherneí wakholkeí ínnaneí leca ſháciron'
walaú hhalla baíti náyián' ìnda dh'argedi

81

falaú ſháa rabbeí conto kaíſa íbna khálidin'
walaú ſháa rabbei conto âmru íbna merthedi

82

faólfeíta dhá málin' catheírin' waâádaneí
benúna cirámin' fádah'on' limaſawwedi

83

áná álrajolo áldh'arbi álladheí târifúnaho
kháſháſhon' caráſi álhhayyah'i álmotawakkidi

84

faálaíto lá yanfacco caſh-hheí beth'ánah'an
liâdhbi rakeíki álſhafrataini mohennedi

85

hhiſámon' ídhá má kumta muntas'irán' bihi
cafaí álûúdo minho álbeda laíſa bimàdh'edi

86*

ákheí thikah'in' lá yanthineí ân dh'areíbah'in'
ídhá keíla mahlán' kála hhájizoho kadeí

87

ídhá ábtadara álkaúmo álſóláha wajadtaneí
meneíâán ídhá ballat bikáyimah'in' yedi

88

waberco hojúdin' kad áthárat mekháfateí
nawádiyahá ámſheí biâdh'bin' mojarredi

89

famarrat cohá'on' dháto khaífin' jelálah'an'
âkeílah o fhaíkhin' cálwabeíli yelendedi

90

yekúlo wakad tarra álwadh"eifi wafákahá
áleſta terai án kad áteíto bimaúyidi

91

wakála álá má dhá terúna bifháribin'
fhedeídin' âlaíná nefyoho motaâmmedi

92

takálúá dherúho ínnamá nefôhá leho
waíllá tereddúá kás'iya álburci yezdedi

93

fadh'halla álámáo yemtelilna hhuwárahá
wayafâí âlaíná biálfadeífi álmofarhedi

94

faï'n mutto ťániêéíneí bimá áná áhloho
wafhakkeí âlayyi áljaíba yá bneh'a mâbedi

95

walá tajâleíneí caímraí laífa ḥammoho
cihammeí walá yogneí gináyeí wamafh-hedi

96

bathiyan' âṇi áljollaí fereíîn ílaí álkhaná
dheleílin' biájmáî álrijáli moleh-hedi

97

falaú conto waglán' feí álrijáli ledh'arraneí
âdáwah'i dheí álás'hhábi wálmotawahhedi

98

walacin nafaí ânneí álrijála jerátaeí
âlaíhim waíkdámeí wasʹidkeí wamahhtedi

99

liâmrica má ámreí álayyi bigummahʺinʹ
niháreí walá laíleí âlayyi biſermedi

100

wayaúma hhabaſto álnaffa înda áâtirácihá
hhifádhʺánʹ âlaí âúrátihi wáltheddodi

101

âlaí maúthʺininʹ yekhſhaí álfetaí îndaho álradaíʹ
metaí tâtaric minho álferáyisʹo tarêdi

102

waásʹfara madhʹbúhhinʹ nedhʺarto hhawáraho
âlaí álnári wáſtaúdâṭoho caffa mujmedi

103

ſetobdeí leca áláyyámo má conto jáhilánʹ
wayáteíca biálákhhbári men lam tozawwedi

KÁLA ZOHAÍROŃ

ALMÁZENIYYO

1

ámin ómmi áúfeí dimnah'on' lam tecellami
bihhaúmánáti álderráji fálmotathellami

2

diyáron' lehá biálrakmateíni caínnahá
merájeiô waſhmin' feí nawáſhiri mîſami

3

bihá álêíno wálárámo yomſheína khilfah'an'
wa'th'láohá yanhadh'na min culli mejthami

4

wakafto bihá mın bâdi îſhreína hhijah'an'
faláyán' ârafto áldára bâda tawah-homi

5

áthâfeía ſofâán feí moârraſi morjilin'
wanúyán' cajedh'mi álhhaúdh'i lam yatathallami

6

falemmá ârafto áldára kolto lirabîhá
álá nâm s'ebáhhán' áyyohá álrabâ wáſſlami

7

tebas'ś'er khaleílei ḥal teraí min dh"ÂáyinIn'
tahhammalna biáḷôlyái min faúki jorthami

8

jaâlna álkinána ân yemeínin' wahhaznaho
wacam biálkináni min mohhillin wamohhrimi

9

waâalaína ánmálán' îtákán' wacalIah'on'
wiráda álhhawáſheí laúnoha laúno ândami

10

dh"eherna mina álſaúbáni thomma jazánaho
âlaí culli kaíniyyin' kaſheíbin wamofámi

11

wawaracna feí álſaúbáni yâlúna matnaho
âlaíhinna dulla álnáîmi álmotanâîmi

12

caï'nna fotáto álîhni feí culli menzili
nazalna bihi hhabbo álfená lam yohhath'th'ami

13

bacarna becúrán' waáſtakherna biſohhrah'in'
fahonna wawádeí álraffi cályaddi lilfami

14

falemmá waradna álmáa zurk á jomámah'an'
wadh'âna îsiyya álhhadh'iri álmotakhayyimi

15

wafeíhinna molhiyan' lillath'eífi wamendh"eron
áneikon' liâíni álnádh"iri álmotawaffimi

16

faâeí ſáîyán' gáidh"o bno murrah'a bâdamá
tabazzala má baína álâſheírah'i biáldemi

17

faákſamto biálbáiti álladhí th'áfa hhaúlaho
rijálon' benúho min koraíſhin' wajorhami

18

yameínán' linâma álſayyadáni wajidtomá
âlaí culli hhálin' min ſahheílin wamobrami

19

tedárectomà âbſán' wadhobyána bâdamá
tefánúá wadakkûá baínahom îth'ra minſhami

20

wakad kultomá án nodrica álſalma wáſiâán'
bimálin' wamârúfin' mina álkaúli neſlami

21

faás bahhtomá minhá âlaí khaíri maúth"inin
baêídaína minhá min ôkúkin' wamáthami

22

âdh"eímaína feí âlyá maâddin' hodeítomá
wamin yaſtabihh cenzán' mina álmajdi yôdh"ami

23

waás bahha yohhdeí feíhomo min tiládicom
magánimo ſhatteí min ífálin' mozannami

24

toâffaí álcolúmo biálmáeíni faás bahhat
yonajjimohá men laíſa feíhá bimojrimi

25

yonajjimohá kaúmon′ likaúmin′ garámah an
walam yohareíkúá baínahom milá mihhjami

26

álá ábligi áláhhláfa ânneí rifálah an
wadhobyána hal ákfamtomo culli mokfamı

27

felá tectomna állaha má feí nofúficom
liyakhfaí wamahmá yoctima állaho yâlami

28

yowakhkher fayúdhâ feí citábin′ fayoddokher
liyaúmi alhhifábin′ áú yaâjjal fayonkami

29

wamá álhharbo íllá má âlimtom wadhoktomúá
wamá húa ânhá biálhhadeíthi álmorajjami

30

mataí tebâthúhá tebâthúhá dhameímahan′
watadh′rí ídhá ádh′raítomúhá fatodh′rami

31

fatâriccomo ârca álrahhá bithifáliha
watolkihh cifháfán′ thomma tontij fatotyami

32

fatontij lecom gilmana áfháma cullahom
caáhhmera âádin thomma tordh′î fatofth′ami

33

fatogill lecom má lá togillo liáhlihá
koryán biálîráki min kafeízin′ wadirhemi

34

lehhayyin′ hhelálin′ yâs″imo álnáſi ámrahom
ídhá th′arakat íhhdaí álliyáli bimôdh″ami

35

cirámoṅ′ falá dhú áldh″igni yodricho teblaho
ledaíhim walá áljáneí âlaíhim bimoſlemi

36

raûúá má raûúá min dh″amyihim thomma
áűradúá
gimárán′ toferraí biálſeláhhi wabiáldemi

37

fakadh′dh″úa menáyá baínihim thomma ás′derúá
ílaí caláin′ moſtúbílin′ motawakhkhami

38

leâmri lenîma álhhayya jerra âlaíhomo
bimá lá yuwáteíhim hhos′aíno íbno dh′emdh′emi

39

wacána tháwaí ciſh-hhán′ âlaí moſtacinnah″in′
felá húa ábdáhá walam yatakaddami

40

wakála ſaákdheí hhájati thomma átaki
âdúyyi biálfin′ min warayyi molajjami

41

faſhadda walam yofzô boyútán′ catheírah an
ledaí hhaíto álkat rahhlahá ómmo kâſhami

42

ladaí áſadin ſháceí álſiláhha mokádhifin′
leho libadon ádh″fároho lam tokallami

43

jerriyyin′ mataí yodh″lam yoâákib bidh″olmihi
ſereíâán′ waíllá yobda biáldh″olmi yadh″lami

44

leâmraca má jarrat âlaíhim rimáhhohom
demo íbno neheícin′ áú kateíli álmothallami

45

walá ſháracat feí álhharbi feí demi naúfelin
walá wahabin′ minhá walá íbni álmojadhdhami

46

wacullán′ árához ás′bahhúá yâkilúnaho
s′ahheíhháni málin′ th′áliâátin′ mokharremi

47

wamen yâs′i álth′ráfa álzijáji faínnoho
moth′eiô álâwáleí roccibat culla lahzemi

48

wamen yúfa lá yodhmo wamen yahdi kalbaho
ílaí moth′maeíni álbirri lá yatajamjami

49

wamen ħába áſbába álmenáya yanalaho
waláú ráma ín yermaí álſemaí biſollami

50

wamen yeco dhá fadh″lin′ fayabkhal bifadh″lihi
âlaí kaúmihi yoſtagna ânho wayodhmami

51

wamen lá yazal yeſtarhhili álnáſa naffaho
walá yâfihá yaúmán′ mina áldhulli yandami

52

wamen yagtarib yahhſib âduwwán′ s′adeíkaho
wamen lá yocarrim naffaho lá yacorrami

53

wamen lá yadhud ân hhaúdh″ihi biſiláhhihi
yohaddem wamen lá yadh″limi álnáſa yodh″lami

54

wamen lá yos′ánî feí ómúrin′ catheírah″in′
yodh′arras biányábin′ wayúth′á biminſami

55

wamen yejâli álmârúſa men dúni îrdh″ihi
yafirho wamen lá yattakeí álſhatma yoſhtami

56

ſaímto tecáleífa álhhayáti wamen yaîſh
themáneína hhaúlán′ lá ábán′ leca yeſámi

57

ráyato álmenáyá khabth′a âſhwáa men tos′ib
tomit-ho wamen tahhdh″eí yoâmmar fayahrami

58

wamahmá yecun înda ámriyin′ min khaleikah″in′
waín khálahá takhfeí âlaí álnáſi tôlami

59

waáâlamo má feí ályaúmi wálámſi kablaho
walecinnan′ei ân îlmi má feí gadin′ âmi

KÁLA

I.EBEÍDON

ÁḶAÁMERIYYO.

1

âfati áldiyáro mahhallohá famokámohá
biminyan′ ṭábada gaúlohá farijámohá

2

famodáfiô álrayáni ôrriya reſmohá
ḳhalakán′ camá dh′amiṇa álwahhiyyo filámohá

3

deminon′ tejerramo bâda âhdi áneíſahá
hhajajon′ khalaúna hheláloha wahharámohá

4

rozikat meṛábeíâ álnojúmi was′ábahá
wadko álrawáîdi júdohá farihámohá

5

min culli fáriyah″in′ wagádin′ modjinin′
waâſhiyyah″in′ motajáwibin′ írzámohá

6

faâlá forúâ áláyhokáni waáthfalat
þiáljelhataíṇi dh″ibáwohá waniâámohá

7

wálâáino ſácinah'on' âlaí áth'láyihá
ûúdhán' taájjila biálfadh'áï bihámoha

8

wajalá álſoyúlo âni álth'olúli caï'nnahá
zuburon' tojiddo motúnihá áklámohá

9

áú rajô wáſhimah'in' áſiffa núúrohá
cifafán' taârradh'a faúkahonna wiſhámohá

10

ſawakafto áſálohá wacaífa ſowáloná
s'ommán' khawálida má yabeíno celámohá

11

ôriyat wacána bihá áljomeíô faábcarúá
minhá wagúdira núyohá wathomámoha

12

ſhákatca dh"âno álhhayyi yaúma tchhammalúá
fatacennafúá koth'onán' tas'irro khiyámohá

13

m̃in cuili mahhfúſin' ycdh'illo âs'iyycho
zaújon' âlaíhi cillah'on' wakirámohá

14

zujalán' caï'nna niâája túdh'ihha faúkahá
wadh"abáa wejrah'a ôth'th'afán' árámohá

15

hhoſizat wazáyalahá álſerábo caï'nnaha
ą́jzáô beíſhah'a áthlohá waridh'ámohá

16

bel má tadhaccaro min nawári wakad badat
watakath'th'aât áſbábohá warimámohá

17

moriyyah'on' khollat bifaída wajáwarat
áhla álhhijázi faáína minca merámohá

18

bimiſháriki áljebelaíni áú bimohhajjerin'
fatadh ammanat-há ferdah'on farokhámohá

19

faſawáîkon' ín áymenat famodh"annah'on'
minhá wihháfo álkihri áú th'ilkhámohá

20

faákth'â lobánah'a men taârradh'a was'loho
waliſherri wás'ili khullah'in' s'arrámohá

21

wáhhbo álmojámila biáljezeíli was'ormoho
bákin' idhá dh"aliât wazága kawámohá

22

bithaleíhhin' ásfárin' taracna bakiyyah'an'
minhá faáhhnaka s'olbohá waſenámohá

23

fa-ídhá tagálai lahhmohá watahhaſſerat
watakath'thaât bâda álciláli hhidámohá

24

falehá hibábon' feí álzimámi caï'nnahá
s'ahhbáa ráhha maá álneſeími jihámohá

25

áú molmiîn′ wafikat liáhhkabi láhhaho
th′ardo álfohhúli wadh′arbohá wacidámohá

26

yâlú bihá hhadaba álácámi mofahh-hhajáń
kad rábaho îs′yánohá wawihhámohá

27

biáhhizzah′i álthalbúni yerbâo faúkahá
kafro álmerákibi khaúfohá árámohá

28

hhattaí ídhá falakhá jumádaí fittah′in′
jazán′ fath ála s′iyámohá wakiyámohá

29

waramaí dábirahá álfafá watahayyajat
reíhho álmos′áyifi faúmohá wafahámohá

3o

rajaâá biámrihomá ílaí dheí mirrah′in′
hhas′adin′ wanajhho s′areímah′in′ íbrámohá

31

fatanázaâá fabith′án′ yoth′eíro dh′iláloho
cadukháni mafhâlah′in′ yofhibbo dh′irámohá

32

mafhmúlah′in′ golithat binebáti ârfajin′
cadukháni nárin′ fáth′iîn′ áfnámohá

33

famadh′aí wakaddamahá wacánat âádah′an′
minho ídhá heía ârradat íkdámohá

34

fatawaſſath'á ârdh'a álfariyyi was'addaâá
masjúrah'an' motajáwirán' kullámohá

35

mahhfúfah'an' waſth'a ályaráî yodh"illoho
minho mos'arraô gábah'in' wakiyámohá

36

áfatilca ám wahhſhiyyah'on' maſbúâh'on'
khadhalat waádiyah'o áls'iwári kiwámohá

37

khans'ao dh'ayyaâti álfereíri falam yazal
ârdh'o álſhakáyiki th'aúfohá wabogámohá

38

lemoâfferin' kahdin' tenázaâ ſhilwoho
gabſon' cawáſibo má yemunno th'aâámohá

39

s'adafna minhá girrah'an' fás'abnahá
ínna álmenáyá lá tath'eíſho ſihámohá

40

bátat waáſbala wácifon' min deímah"in
torwaí álkhamáyila dáyimán tasjámohá

41

tejáfo ás'lán' kális'án' motanabbidhán'
biôjúbi ínkáin' yemeílo hayámohá

42

yâlú th'areíkah'a matnahá motawátiron'
feí laílah"in' cafara álnojúma gamámohá

43

watadh'iyya feí wajhi áldh'alámi moneírah'an'
cajománah'i álbahhriyyi falla nidh"ámoha

44

hhattaí ídhá ánhhafara áldh"elámo waásfarat
bacarat tazillo âni áltharaí ázlámoha

45

âlahat taballada feí nihái s'oâáyadin'
febâán' towámán' cámilán' áyyámohá

46

hhattaí ídhá yayifat waás-hhaka hhálikon'
lam yoblihi írdh'áôhá wafithámohá

47

wataſammaât ruz álâneífi faráâhá
ân dh'ahri gaíbin' wáláneífo fakámohá

48

fagadat cullá álfarjaíni tahhfibo ánnaho
maúlaí álmokhháfah'i khalfohá waámámohá

49

hhattaí ídhá yaífo álromáh'o waárfalúa
godh ofán' dawájino káfilán' áâs'ámohá

50

falahhikna wáâtacarat lehá medrayyah'on'
cálfamhariyyah'i hhoddohá watemámohá

51

litadhúdahonna waáykanat ín lam tadhud
án kad ájamma maâ álhhatúfi hhamámohá

52
fatakas'ś'adat minhá ciſába fadh'arrajat
bicron wagúdira feí álmicarri ſijámohá

53
fabitilca ídh rakaſa állawámiô biáldh'ohhaí
wájtába árdiyah'a álſerábi ícámohá

54
ákdh'i állobánah'a lá ófarrith'o reíbah'an'
áú án yalúma bihhájah''in' lawwámohá

55
áwalam tecun tadreí nawáro beínnani
wás'sálo îkdi hhabáyilin' jadhdhámohá

56
tarráco ámcinah''in' ídhá lam árdhahá
áú yertabith' bâdha álnofúſi hh̀imámohá

57
bel ánti lá tadreína cam min laílah''in'
thalikin' ledheídhin' lahwohá wanidámohá

58
kad bitto ſámirahá wagáyah'a tájirin'
wáfaíta ídh rofaât waâzza modámohá

59
ógleí álſibáa beculli ádcana' âátikin'
áú júnah''ín' kodihhat wafodh'dh'a khitámohá

60
bis'abúhhin' s''áfiyah''in' wajadhbi careínahin'
bimowatterin' tátáloho íbhámohá

61

b'carto hhájatahá áldojája bifohhrah'in'
liyálla minhá hheína hobba niyámohá

62

wagad'hi reíhhin' kad wazâto wakorrah'in'
ídh ás'bahhat biyadi áls'himáli zimámohá

63

walekad hhamaíto álhhayya tahhmila fhiccati
foroth'on' wifháhhi ídh gadaúto lijámohá

64

faâlúto murtakabán' âlaí dheí habwah'in'
khorajin' ílaí áâlámihinna katámohá

65

hhataí ídhá álkat yadán' feí cáfirin'
waájánno âúráto álthogúri dh"alámohá

66

ás-halto wántas'abat cajidhî maneífah'in'
jerdáa yahhs'oro dúnahá jorrámohá

67

raffâtohá th'arda álniâámi wafaúkaho
hhataí ídhá fakhinat wakhaffa îdh ámohá

68

kalikat rihhálatohá waáfbala nahhrohá
wábtalla min zabdi álhhameími hhizámohá

69

tarkaí watath'âno feî álînáni watantihhaí
wirda álhhamámah'i ídhá jadda hhamámohá

70

wacatheírah'on' gurbáwohá majhúlah'on'
torjaí nawáfilohá wayokhfhaí dhámohá

71

golbin' tafhaddara biáldokhúli caïnnahá
jinno álbadiyyi rawáfiyán' ákdámohá

72

áncarto báth'ilahá wabúto bihhakkihá
yaúmán' walam yafkhar âlayyi cirámohá

73

wajezúro íyfári'n daâúto lihhatfihá
bimagálikin' motafhábihin áâlámohá

74

ádûú bihinna liâákirin' áú mothfilin'
bodhilat lijeíráni áljameiî lihhámohá

75

fáldh'aífo wáljáro álgareibo cáï'nnamá
habath'á tabálah'a mokhs'ibán' áhdh'ámohá

76

táweí ílaí áláth'nábi culli radhiyyah'in'
mithlo álbaliyyah'i kális'in áhdamohá

77

wayocallalúna ídhá álriyáhho tenáwahhat
kholoján' tomeddo fhawáriâán' áytámohá

78

ínná ídhá áltakati álmojámió lam yazal
minná lizázo âdh"eímah'in' jafhámohá

79

wamokaſſimin' yôth'eí álâſheírah'o hhakk̄ahá
wamogadhmirin' lihhokúkihá hadh'ámohá

80

fadhl̄án' wadhú caremin' yoêíno âlaí álnadaí
ſamhhon' caſúbo ragáyibin' gannámohá

81

min mâſharin' ſannat lehom ábáwohom
waliculli kaúmin' ſonnah'on waímámohá

82

ín yafzaûúá yolkaí álmogáfira îndahom
wálſinno yalmað cálcawácibi lámohá

83

lá yath'baûúna walá yebúro faâálohom
ín lá tameílo maâ álhawaí áhhlámohá

84

fabenúá lená baítán' rafeíâán' ſemcohσ
faſamaí ílaíhi cohlohá wagolámohá

85

fáknâ bimá kaſama álmeleíco faínnamá
kaſama álkhaláyika baínaná âlámohá

86

waï"dhá álámánah'o koſſimat feí mâſhari'n
áúfaí biáâdh"ami hhadh"dh"iná kaſſ̄amohá

87

fahom álſoâáto ídhá álâſheírah'o áfdh"aât
wahom fawáriſohá wahom hhoccámohá

88

wahom rabeíôn' lilmojáwiri feíhomo
walmormiláti ídhá tath'áwala âámohá

89

wahom álâſheírah'o ín yobath'th'aí hháſidon'
áú án yameílo'mâa álâdwi liyámohá

KÁLA
ANTARAHON

ALABSIYYO.

1

hal gádera álſhoârâo min motaraddimi
ám hal ârafta áldári bâda tawah-homi

2

yá dára âblah'a biáljawáï tecellamei
waîmmei s'ebáhhán' dára âblah'a wáſſlimi

3

fawakafto feíhá nákiteí wacaï'nnahá
fadanon' liákdh'eí hhájah'a álmotalawwimi

4

watahhillo âblah'a biáljawáï waáhlohá
biálhhazni fáls'ammáni fálmotathallomi

5

hhoyyeíta min th'alalin' tekádema-âhdoho
ákwaí waákfara bâda ómmi álhaíthami

6

hhallat biárdh'i álzáyireína faás'bahhat
âſirán' álaí th'ollábici íbnah'a makhrami

7

ôlliktohá âradh'án' waáktolo kaúmahá
zâmán' leâmra ábeíca laíſa bimozîmi

8

walekad nazalti felá tadh"unneí gaíroho
minneí bimenzilah'i álmohhabbi álmocremi

9

caífa álmezáro wakad terabbaô áhlohá
biôneízataíni waáhloná biálgailami

10

ín conti ázmâti álfiráka faï"nnamá
zummat rocábicomo bilaílin' modh"limi

11

má ráâneí íllá hhomúlah'o áhlihá
waſath'a áldiyári taſuffo hhabba álkhimkhimi

12

feíhá áthnitáni waárbaûúna hhalúbah'an'
ſúdán' cakháfiyah'i álgorábi álás-hhami

13

'idh teſtabeíca bidheí gorúbin' wádh'ihhin
âdhbin' mokabbalaho ledheídho álmath'âmi

14

wacaï"nna fárah'a tájirin' bikaſeímah'in
ſabakạt âwáridh'ohá ílaíca min álfami

15

áú raúdh'ah'in' ínfán' tadh'ammana nebtahá
gaíthon kaleílo áldimni laíſa bimâlami

16

jádat âlaíhi cullo becrinʹ hhurrahʺin
fataracna cullo karárahʺinʹ cáldirhemi

17

ſahh-hhánʹ watiſcábánʹ faculli âſhiyyahʺinʹ
yajreí âlaíha álmáo lam yatʹasarrami

18

wakhalá áldhobába bihá falaíſa bibárihhinʹ
garidánʹ cafìli álſháribi álmotarannimi

19

haziján yahhocco dhiráâho bidhiráîhi
kadhha álmocibbi álaí álzenádi álajdhami

20

tomſeí watoʹsbihho faúka dhʺahri hhaſhiyyahʹinʹ
waábeíto faúka ſoráhʹa ád-hama moljami

21

wahhaſhiyyateí ſarjinʹ álaí âbli álſhawaí
nehdinʹ meráciloho nebeílo álmahhzemi

22

hal tabloginneí dárahá ſhadaniyyahʹonʹ
loônat bimahhrúmi álſherábi masʹorrami

23

khathʹthʹárahʹonʹ gibba álſoraí zayyáfahʹonʹ
tathʹiſo álácáma biwakhdi khuffiʹn maíthami

24

wacaïʺnnamá tathʹiſo álácáma âſhiyyahʹanʹ
bikareíbi baína álminſamaíni mosʹallami

25

táweí leho kolos'o álniáâmi camá áwat
hhizakon' yemániyah'on' liáâjami th'imth'imi

26

yatabâna kullah'a ráſihi wacaï'nnaho
hharijon' âlaí nâſhin' lehonna mokhayyami

27

s'âlin' yaûúdo bidheí álâſheírah'i baídh'aho
cálâbdi dheí álferwi álthaweíli álás'lami

28

ſharibat bimái áldohhradh'aíni fás'bahhat
zaúráa tenforo ân hhiyádh'i áldaílemi

29

wacaï'nnamá yenáya bijánibi diffahá
álwahhſheí min hazaji álîſhiyyi muwawwimi

30

hirron' janeíbon' cullamá âthifat leho
gadh'baí áttakáhá biályadaíni wabiálfami

31

ábkaí lehá th'úla álzemáni mokermadán'
ſanadán' wamithla daâáyimi álmotakhayyimi

32

baracat âlaí máï álridáî caï'nnamá
baracat âlaí kas'aḅin' ájaſhſha mohadh'dh'ami

33

wacána rabbán' áú cahheílán' môkadán'
ḥhaſhſha álwofúda bihi jawánibi komkomi

34

yenbáô min dhifraí gadh'úbin jeſrahin'
zayyáfah'in' mithla áifateíki álmocdami

35

ín togdafeí dúneí álkináî faï'nnaneí
th'ibbon' biákhdhi álfáriſi álmoſtalyimi

36

áthaneí âlayyi bimá âlimti faï'nnaneí
ſahlon' mokhálafateí ídhá lam ŏdh''lami

37

faïdhá dh''olimto faïnna dh''olmeí báſilon'
mirron' modhákatoho cath'âmi álâlkami

38

walekad ſharibto min álmodámah'i bâda má
racada álhawájiro biálmiſhúfi álmâlami

39

bizojájah'in' s'afráa dháh'i áſirrah'in'
korinat biás'fari feí álſhimáli mofaddami

40

faï'dhá ſharibto faï'nnaneí moſtahlicon
máleí waîrdheí wáſiron' lam yoclami

41

waï'dhá s'ahhaúto femá ókas's'iro ân nadai
wacamá álimti ſhemáyileí watecerromi

42

wahhalcílo gániyah'in' taracto mojaddalán'
temcú fereís'atoho caſhidki álâálami

43

ſabakât yedáya leho biâájili thânah'in'
waraſhâſhi náfidah'in' calaúni álândami

44

hallá ſálati álkhaílo yá bnata málicin'
ín conti jáhilah'an' bimá lam tâlami

45

ídh lá ázálo âlaí rihhálah'i ſábihhin'
nehdin' taâáworoho álcomáh'o mocellami

46

thúrán' yojarrado lilth'iâáni watárah'an'
yáweí ílaí hhas'adi álkiſſeí âramrami

47

yokhbirco min ſhahida álwakeíâh'a ínnaneí
ágſhaí álwagaí waáiffo înda álmagnami

48

wamodajjajin' cariha álcomáh'o nizálaho
lá momniîn harabán' walá moſtaflimi

49

jádat yedáya leho biâájili th'ânah'in'
bimothkafin' s'idki álcaûúbi mokawwami

50

birahheíbah'i álfargaíni yahdeí jerſohá
biállaíli môtaſſa áldhiyábi áldh'orrami

51

faſhacecto biálromhhi álás'ammi thiyábaho
laíſa álcareímo âlaí álkaná bimohhrami

52
fataracto ho jazra álsibáî yanoshnaho
má baína kullah'a rásihi wálmîs'ami

53
wamashacci sábigah''in' hatacto forújahá
biálsaífi ân hhámeí álhhakeíkah'i môlami

54
rabidhin' yedáho biálkidáhhi ídhá shatá
hatáco gáyáti áltejári molawwami

55
lemmá raáneí kad nazalto óreídoho
ábdaí nawájidhoho ligaíri tebassomi

56
fathânatoho biálromhhi thomma âlaútoho
bimohendah''in' s'áfeí álhhadeídah'i mikhdhami

57
âhdeí bihi medda álnehári ca''nnamá
khodh'iba álbenáno waráshoho biálîdh''lami

58
bath'alin' ca''nna thiyábaho feí sarhhihi
yohhdhaí niâálo álsebti laísa yatawámi

59
yá shább'o má kanas''in' limen hhallat leho
hhorimat âlayyi walaítohá lam tohhrami

60
fabaâth-to járiyateí fakolto lehá ídh-habeí
fatajassaseí ákhbárahá leí wáâlimi

61

kálat raíto mina áláâádeí girrah'an'
wálſháh'o momcinah'on limen hú murtami

62

wacaï'nnamá áltafatat bijeídi jidáyah'in'
raſháïn mina álgizláni hhurrin' árthami

63

nobbeíto âmrán' gaíra ſhácira nîmateí
wálcofro mukhbathah'on' linefsi álmonîmi

64

walekad hhafidh'to was'áh'a âmmeí biáldh''ihhaí
ídh taklis'o álſheftáno ân wadh'-hhi álfami

65

feí hhaúmah''i álhharbi állateí lá taſhtaceí
gamrátihá álábth'álo íllá tagamgomi

66

ídh yatakúna beí áláſinnah'a lam âkhim
ânhá walecinneí tad háyika mokdameí

67

lemá famâto nidáa morrah'a kad âlá
wábnaí rabeíâh'a feí álgibári áláktami

68* 69

wamohhallamon yaſûúna tahhta liwáyihim
wálmaúto tahhta liwáî áli mohhallami

70

áyaknat án fayacúna înda likáyihim
dh'arbon' yath'eiro âni álfirákhi áljoththami

71

lemá ráyato álkaúma ákbala jamôhom
yatadhámeruna cararto gáiro modhammami

72

yadûúúna ântara wálrimáhhi caï'nnahá
áſhth'áno beírin' feí lobáni álád-hami

73

má zilto ármeíhim bigorrah'i nahhrihi
walibánihi hhataí teſerbala biáldemi

74

wázawwara min wakî álkaná bilibánihi
waſhacaí ílayyi biâbrah'in' watahhamhhomi

75

laú cána yadreí má álmohháwarah'o áſhtacaí
walecána laú âlima álceláma mocellomi

76

wálkhaílo taktahhimo álkhibára âwábiſán'
min baíni ſhaídh"amah'in' waájrada ſhaídh"ami

77

walekad ſhafaí kalbeí waádh-haba ſokmohá
keílo álfawáriſi waíca ântarah'o ákdimi

78

dhululon rucábeí hhaítho ſheíto moſháyiêí
lobbeí wááhhfozoho biámrin' mobrami

79

walekad khaſheíto bián ámúto walam tacun
lilhharbi dáyirah'on' âlaí íbneí dh'emd'hemi

80

álſhátimeí îrdh'eí walam áſhitmohá
wálnádhiraína ídhá lám álkahomá demi

81

ín yafâlá falekad taracto ábáhomá
jezrá álſibáî waculli niſrin' kaſhâmi

KALA

AMRUON

ALTAGLEBIYYO.

1

álá hibbeí besʹahhnica fásʹbihheína
welá tobkeí khomúra álándereína

2

mosẖâsẖâahʹonʹ caïnna álhhosʹsʹa feiha
ídhá má álmáo khálathʹaho sẖahheína

3

tejúro bedheí állobánahʹi ân hawáho
ídhá mą dhákahá hhattaí yeleína

4

teraí állahhza álsẖahheíhha ídhá ámarrat
âlaíhi lemálihi feíhá meheína

5* 6

madadti álcúsa ânná ómma âmrúin
wacána álcáso mojráhá ályemeína

7

wamá sẖherro altheláthohʹi ómma âmrúinʹ
besʹahhibici álladhí lá tosʹbihheína

8* 9
waïnná ſaúfa todriconá álmenáyá
mokaddarah'an' lená wamokaddereína

10
kifeí kabla ál tafarroki yá dh"âeína
nekhabberaci ályekeína watokhbireíná

11
kifeí neſálaci hal áhhdathti s'ormán'
lewaſhci álbaíni ám khonti álámeína

12
biyúmi careíhah'in dh'arbán' wath'ânán'
âkerra behi mawáleíci álôyúná

13
toreíci ídhá dakhalti âlaí khaláin'
wakad áminat ôyúno álcáſhihhein'á

14
dhiráêí âíth'alin' ádmái becrin'
terabbaâti álájáriâ wálmitúná

15
wathadyán' mithla hhokki álâáji rakhs'án'
hhas'ánán' min ácoffi állámiſeína

16
wamatnaí lednah'in' th'álat walánat
rawádifohá tenúo bimá waleína

17* 18* 19
tadhacrato álsïbaí wáſhtakto lemma
ráyato hhomúlahá ós'olán' hhodein'á

20

waáâradh'ati ályemámah'o wáſhmakharrat
caáſyáfin' biáídí mosliteína

21

femá wajidat cawajdeí ómma ſakbin'
ádh'allattaho ferajjaâti álhhaneína

22

welá ſhamth'áa lam yatroc ſhekáhá
lehá min tiſâh'in' íllá janeína

23

waï'nna gaddán' waï'nna ályaúma rahnon'
wabâda gadin' bimá lá tâlameína

24

ábá hindin' felá tâjal âlaína
waándh'irná nokhabbirca ályakeína

25

beï'nná núrido álráyáti beídh'an'
wanos'dirohonna hhomrán' kad raweína

26

waáyyámin' lená gorrin' th'iwálin'
âſaína álmelca fẹihá án nadeína

27

waſayyidi mâſherin' kad tawwajúho
bitáji álmolci yahhmeí álmohhjireína

28

terecná álkhaíla âákifah'on' âlaíhim
mokalladah'on' áînnatahá s'ofúna

29* 30

wakad harrat cilábo álhhaí minná
waſhadhaboná katádah'a men yaleína

31

metaí nenkol ílaí kaúmin' rohháná
yecúnúá feí állikáï lehá th'ahheína

32

yecúno thikálohá ſharkiyyo najdin'
walahwatohá kodh'áâh'a ájmâeína

33

nezeltom menzila áládh'yáfi minná
faâjjalná álkiraí án teſhtomúná

34

kareinácom faâjjalná kirácom
kobaíla áls'obhhi mirdáh'an' th'ohhúná

35

waï'nna áldh'igna bâda áldh'igni yafſhúá
âlaíca wayokhrijo aldáï áldafeína

36

warithna álmajda kad âlimat maâddon'
noth'áîno dúnaho hhattaí yabeína

37

wanahhno ídhá îmádo álhhayyi kharrat
âlaí álâhhfádhi namnâa men yaleína

38

nodáfiô ânhomo álâádáî kidmán'
wanahhmilo ânhomo má hhammalúná

39

noth'áîno má terákhai álnáſo ânná
wanedh'ribo biálſoyúfi ídhá gaſheíná

40

biſomrin' min kaná álkhatth'ái lodnin'
dhawábila áú bibeídh'in' yâtaleíná

41

naſhokko behá rúúſa álkaúmi ſhikka
wanakhtalibo álrakába fayakhtaleíñá

42

tekhála jemájima álábth'ála feíhá
woſúkan' biálámáîzi yertameína

43

nahhirro rúúſahom feí gaíri birrin'
femá yadrúna má dhá yattakúná

44

caï'nna ſoyúfaná feiñá wafeíhim
makháreíkon' biáídí láîbeiná

45

caï'nna thiyábaná minná waminhom
khodh'ibna biárjawánin' áú th'oleíñá

46

ídhá má âyya biáláſnáfi hhayyon'
mina álhaúli álmoſhabbahi án yecún'a

47

nas'abná mithla rahwah'a dháta hhaddin'
moháfadh'ah'an' waconná álſábikeína

48

bifityánin' yerúna álkatla majdán'
wafheíbin' feí álhhorúbi mojarrabeíná

49

hhodayyá álnáfi cullihimi jameîián'
mokáraâh'an' beneíhim ân beneíná

50

faámmá yaúma khafhyataná âlaíhim
fatos'bihho gárah'an' motalabbabeíná

51

waámmá yaúma lá nekhfheí âlaíhim
fatos'bihho feí mejálifiná thobeíná

52

biráfi min benní jofhami íbni becrin'
nedokki bihá álfohúlah'a wálkhozúná

53* 54

ílá lá yejhalan áhhadon' âlaíná
fanajhalo faúka jehli áljáhileíná

55

biáyyi mefheíah'in' âmrúa íbna hindin'
totheíô biná álwifháh'a watazdereíná

56

biáyyi mefheíah'in' âmrúa íbna hindin'
necúno likeílicom feiná kath'eíná

57

teheddadaná waáúâdaná rúwaídán
metaí conná liómmica moktaweíná

58

faïnna kenátaná yá âmrú áâyat
âłaí álâádáï kablaca án teleíná

59

ídhá gadh'dh'a álthikáfi bihá íſhmázat
wawallat-hom âſhúzanah'an' zobúná

60

áſhúzanah'an' ídhá ánkalabat árannat
tadokko kaſá álmothakkafi waáljabeína

61

fahal hhoddíthta feí jaſhami íbni becrin'
binaks'in' feí khothúbi áláwwaleína

62

warithna majda âlkamah'a íbni ſaífin'
ábáhha lená hhos'úna álmajdi deína

63

warithto mohalhalán' waálkhaíra minho
zohaírán' nîma dhikhri áldhákhireína

64

waâttábán' waceltháimán' jameíân'
bihim nilná torátho áláwwaleína

65

wadhá álborrahi álladheí hhodithta ânho
bihi nohhmaí wanahhmeí álmoljaeína

66

waminná kablaho álſáêí colaíbon'
faáyyi álmajdi íllá kad waleína

67

metaí nâkid kareinataná bihhablin'
najodhdho álwas'la áú nakiſi álkareína

68

wanújado nahhno ámnâhom dhimárán'
waáúfáhom ídhá âkadúá yameína

69

wanahhno gadáh'a áúkada feí khezárin
rafadná faúka rifdi álráfideína

70

wanahhno álhhabiſúna bedhei áráthei
taſoffo áljollah'o álkhúro áldereína

71

wanahhno álhhácimúna ídhá óthîná
wanahhno álâázimúna ídhá ôs'eín'á

72

wanahhno áltáricúna limá ſakhith'ná
wanahhno álákhidúna limá radh'eína

73

wacunná álaymeneína ídhá áltakeiná
wacána álayſereína benúa ábeína

74

fas'álúá s'aûlah'an' feímen yaléihim
was'olná s'aúlah'an' feímen yaléína

75

faábúá biálnihábi wabi'lfebáyá
wai'bnái álnolúci mos'affad.ína

76

ílaícom yá beneí becrin' ílaícom
álammá târifúá minná ályakeína

77

álammá tâlemúá minná wamincom
catáyibi yath'âinna wayertameína

78

âlaína álbeídh'o waályalabo ályemáneí
waáfyáfin' yakomna wayanhhaneína

79

âlaína cullo fábigah'in' dilás'in'
teraí faúka álnejádi lehá godh'úná

80

ídhá wodh'îâat ân álábth'áli yaúmán'
ráyata lehá jolúda álkaúmi jaúná

81

faï'nna motúnahonna motúna gadrin'
tos'affikohá álreíáhho ídhá jareína

82

watahhmiloná gadáh'o alraúî jordon'
ôrifna lená nekáyidho álteleína

83* 84

warithnáhonna ân íbdáï' s'idkin'
wanaúrothihá ídhá mutná beneína

85

wakad âlima álkabáyilo min moâddin'
ídhá kobabon' biábthahhihá beneína

86

beï˝nná âlâás˝imúna beculli cihhlin˝
waï˝nná álbádhilúna limojtedeína

87* 88

waï˝nná álmániûna limá yaleína
ídhá má álbeídh˝i dhábalati áljofún˝á

89

waï˝nná álmonîmúna ídhá kadirná
waï˝nná álmohlicúna ídhá áteína

90

waï˝nná álſháribúna álmáa s˝afwan˝
wayaſhrebo gaíraná âcaran˝ wath˝eína

91

álá áblig beneí álth˝amáhhi ânná
wadômiyyan˝ facaífa âraftomúná

92

âlaí áthárina beidh˝on˝ cirámon˝
nohhádhiro án tofárika áú tehúná

93

dh˝aâáyino min beneí jaſhaṃi bni becrin˝
khalath˝na bimaífemin˝ hhaſabán˝ wadeína

94

ákhadhna âlaí boûúlatihonna âhdan˝
ídhá lákúá fawáriſa môlameína

95

liyaſtalibanna ábdánán˝ wabeídh˝án˝
waáſraí feí álhhadeídi mokarraneína

96* 97
ídhá má rohhná yamſheína álhuwaíná
camá ádh'th'arabat motúno álſháribeína

98
yakitna jiyadaná wayakolna leſtom
boûúlataná ídhá lam temnaûúná

99
ídhá lam nahhmihinna felá bekeína
liſhayan' bâdahonna welá hhoyeína

100
wemá manaâ áldh"aâáina mithla dh'arbin'
teraí minho álſawáîdo cálkileína

101* 102* 103
lená áldunyá wamen ádh'-hhai âlaíhá
waneb'thiſho hheína neb'thiſho kádireína

104
ídhá má álmolco ſáma álnáſa khasfán'
ábaína án nekirra áldh'olla feína

105
noſammaí dh"alimeína wemá dh"alamná
walecinná ſenabdá dh'alimeína

106
ídhá balaga álfith'ámo lená s'abiyyon'
tekhirro leho áljabábero ſajideína

107* 108
meláná álbarra hhattaí dh'áka ânna
wad"hahra álbahhri nemláwoho ſefeína

KÁLA

HHÁRETHON

ALYASHCORIYYO.

1

áádhanatná bibaínihá áfomáo
robba tháwin′ yomello minho álthawáo

2

bâda âhdin′ lehá biborkah′a ſhemáï
faádnaí diyárahá álkhalth′áo

3

fálmohhayyáh′o fáls′ifáhho fáglaí
dheí fith′ákin faâádhibon fálwafáo

4

fariyádh′o álkhathá faáúdiyah′o álſhircíbi
fálſhôbatáni fáláyláo

5

lá áraí men âhidto feihá faï′bci
ályaúma dilhán′ wamá yeruddo álbocáo

6

wabiâínaíca áúkadat hindon′ álnára
ás′eilán′ telwei bihá álâlyáo

7

áúkadat-há baína álâkeíki faſhakh'saíni
biûúdin' camá yalúhho áldh'iyáo

8

fatanawwarto nárahá min baêídin
bikhezázin' haíháto minca áls'iláo

9

gaíra ínneí kad áftaêino âlaí álhommi
ídhá khaffa biálthawiyyi álnejáo

10

bizofúfin' caï'nnahá hiklah'on' ómmo
riyálin dawiyyah'on' fakfáo

11

ánafat nebáton waafzaâhá álkennás'o
âs'rán wakad danaí álímfáo

12

fataraí khalfahá min álrajî
wálwakî meneínán' caï'nnaho íhbáo

13

wath'írákán' min khalfihinna th'irákon'
fákith'áton telweí behá áls'ahhráo

14

átalah-há bihá álhawájiro ídh cullo
íbno ónthaí beliyyah'on âmyáo

15

waátáná mina álhhawádithi ánbáo
wakhath'bon nônai behi wanofáo

16

ínna íkhwánona álárákemi yaglúna
âlaíná feí keílihim íhhfáo

17

yakhlith'úna álberiyya minná bedheí áldhanbi
walá yanfaô álkhaliyyo álkhaláo

18

zaâmúá ínna cullo men dh'araba álêíra
mowálin lená waï"nná álwaláo

19

ájmaûúá ámrahom bilaílin' falammá
ás'bahhúá ás'bahhat lehom dhaúdh'áo

20

min monádin' wamin mojeíbin' wamin
tis-háli khaílin' khilála dháca rogáo

21

áyyohá álmánth'iko álmorakkiſho ânná
înda âmrúin' wahal ledháca bekáo

22

lá takhilná âlaí giratica ínná
kablo má kad waſhaí biná álâádáo

23

fabekeíná âlaí álſhenáah'i tenmeíná
jodûdon wagarrah'on kâſáo

24

kabla má ályaúma bayyadh'at biôyúni
álnáſi feíhá taâyyath'o waï"báo

25

wacaï˝nna álmenúna terdeí biná
árâna júnin΄ yenjábo ânho álâmáo

26

mocfahirrán âlaí álhhawádithi má terthúho
lildehri mowyidon΄ s΄ammáo

27—33* 34

thomma milná ílaí tameímin΄ faáhhramná
wafeíná benáto morrin΄ ímáo

35

lá yakeímo álâzeízo biálbeledi álfahli
walá yanfaô álkhaliyyo álnejáo

36

laifa yanjeí mowáyadon΄ min΄ hhezárin
ráfa th΄údin΄ wahhurrah΄ǫn rajlao

37

famelecná bidhelica álnáfo hhattaí
maleca álmondhiro íbno mái álfamáo

38

wahú álrabbo wálfheheído âlaí yaúmi
álhhayáraíni wálbeláo beláo

39

melico ádh˽laô álberiyyah΄i má yújado
feíhá limá ledaíhi cofáo

40

fátrocúá álth΄eíkha wáltaâddeí waï˝mmá
teteâáfhúá fafeí áltâáfheí áldáo

41

wádh'corúá khalfa dheí álmejázi wamá
kaddama feíhi álôhúdo wálcofláo

42

hhadhara áljúra wáltaâddeí walen
tenkadh'o má feí álmohárikí álíhwáo

43

áâlimúá ínná wáiyyácomo feímá
áſhtarathná yaúma ákhtalofná ſawáo

44

áâlaíná jonáhho condah'a án
yâtaıni gáziyyohom waminná áljázáo

45

ám âlaíná jerá hhaneífah'a áú má
jamaât min mahhárıbin' gabráo

46

ám janáyá beni âteíkin' famen
yâdhoro faï nná min hharbihim boráo

47

ám âlaíná jeraí álîbádo camá neíth á
bijúzi álmohhammili áláábáo

48

ám álaíná jeraí kodh'áâl'a
ám laíſa âlaíná feímá janúá índáo

49

ám âlaíná jeraí íyádin' camá
keíla lith'aſmin' ókhúwacomo alíbáo

50

laíſa minná álmodh'arriyúna walá kaíſin'
walá jondalon' walá álhhaddáo

51

ânanán' báthilán' wadh'olmán' camá
yâtoro feí hhojrah'a álrabeídh'i áldh''ibáo

52

wathemánúna min tameímin' bíáydihim
rimáhhon s'odúrohinna álkadh'áo

53

lam yahhillúá beneí rizáhhin' biborkáa
nith'áín' lehom âlaíná doâáo

54

terecúhom molajjabeína waábúá
binehábin' yas'immo minho álhhidáo

55

thomma jáúá yeſterjiûna
falam terjâ lehom ſhámah'on' walá zahráo

56

thomma fá:á minhom b:káſimah'i áldh''ehri
walá yabrodo álgaleíla álmáo

57

thomma kha:lon' min bâdi dháca mâa álgalláki
lá ráfah'on' walá íbkáo

58

má ás'áb:á min taglebiyyin' famath'lúlon'
âla:hi ídhá tawalleí alófao

59

catecáleʻfi kaúmaná ídhá gazá
álmondhiro hal nahhno líbni hindinʻ roâáo

60

ídhá hhalla alâlyáo kobbahʻa maíſúná
fáadneí diyárahá álkhalthʻáo

61

fataáwwat lehom karádhʻibahʻonʻ min
culli hhayyin caïʻnnahom ílkáo

62

fahadáhom biáláſwadaíni waámro
állahi balgonʻ yaſhkeí bihi áláſhkiyáo

63

ídh temenúhomo áfránʻ faſákat-hom
ílaícom ámniyyahʻon íſhráo

64

lam yogrúcomo gorúránʻ walacin
yerfaô álálo jemôhom wáldhʻohháo

65

áyyohá álſháneío álmoballigo ânná
índá âmrúinʻ wahal lidháca íntehéo

66

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POEMS,

CONSISTING CHIEFLY OF

TRANSLATIONS

FROM

THE ASIATICK LANGUAGES.

——Juvat integros accedere fontes,
Atque haurire, juvatque novos decerpere flores. LUCR.

TO

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

THE COUNTESS SPENCER,

THESE EASTERN PIECES,

AND, PARTICULARLY,

THE POEM OF

SOLIMA,

ARE MOST RESPECTFULLY

INSCRIBED

BY HER LADYSHIP'S

MOST OBLIGED

AND FAITHFUL SERVANT,

THE AUTHOR.

THE PREFACE.

THE reader will probably expect, that, before I preſent him with the following miſcellany, I ſhould give ſome account of the pieces contained in it; and ſhould prove the authenticity of thoſe *Eaſtern* originals, from which I profeſs to have tranſlated them: indeed, ſo many productions, invented in *France*, have been offered to the publick as genuine tranſlations from the languages of *Aſia*, that I ſhould have wiſhed, for my own ſake, to clear my publication from the ſlighteſt ſuſpicion of impoſture; but there is a circumſtance peculiarly hard in the preſent caſe; namely, that, were I to produce the *originals* themſelves, it would be impoſſible to perſuade ſome men, that even *they* were not forged for the purpoſe, like the pretended language of *Formoſa*. I ſhall, however, attempt in this ſhort preface to ſatisfy the reader's expectations.

The firſt poem in the collection, called

Solima, is not a regular tranſlation from the *Arabick* language; but moſt of the figures, ſentiments, and deſcriptions in it, were really taken from the poets of *Arabia:* for when I was reading ſome of their verſes on benevolence and hoſpitality, which they juſtly conſider as their moſt amiable virtues, I ſelected thoſe paſſages, that ſeemed moſt likely to run into our meaſure, and connected them in ſuch a manner as to form one continued piece, which I ſuppoſe to be written in praiſe of an *Arabian* princeſs, who had built a *caravanſera* with pleaſant gardens for the refreſhment of travellers and pilgrims; an act of munificence not uncommon in *Aſia*. I ſhall trouble the reader with only one of the original paſſages, from which he may form a tolerable judgement of the reſt:

Kad alama e'ddhaifo wa'l mojtedune
Idha aghbara ofkon wahabbat ſhemalan,
Wakhalat an auladiha elmordhiato,
Wa lam tar ainon lemoznin belalan,
Beenca conto 'errabîo el moghitho
Leman yâtarica, waconto themalan,
Waconto' nebara behi ſhemſoho,
Waconto dagiyyi' lleili fihi belalan.

that is;* *the ſtranger and the pilgrim well know, when the ſky is dark, and the north-wind*

* See this paſſage verſified, *Solima*, line 71. &c.

rages, when the mothers leave their ſucking infants, when no moiſture can be ſeen in the clouds, that thou art bountiful to them as the ſpring, that thou art their chief ſupport, that thou art a ſun to them by day, and a moon in the cloudy night.

The hint of the next poem, or *The Palace of Fortune*, was taken from an *Indian* tale, tranſlated a few years ago from the *Perſian* by a very ingenious gentleman in the ſervice of the *India-Company*; but I have added ſeveral deſcriptions, and epiſodes from other *Eaſtern* writers, have given a different moral to the whole piece, and have made ſome other alterations in it, which may be ſeen by any one, who will take the pains to compare it with the ſtory of *Roſhana*, in the ſecond volume of the tales of *Inatulla*.

I have taken a ſtill greater liberty with the moral allegory, which, in imitation of the *Perſian* poet *Nezámi*, I have entitled *The Seven Fountains*; the general ſubject of it was borrowed from a ſtory in a collection of tales by *Ebn Arabſhah*, a native of *Damaſcus*, who flouriſhed in the fifteenth century, and wrote ſeveral other works in a very poliſhed ſtyle, the moſt celebrated of which is *An hiſtory of the life of Tamerlane*: but I have ingrafted upon the principal allegory an epiſode from the *Arabian*

tales of * *a thousand and one nights*, a copy of which work in *Arabick* was procured for me by a learned friend at *Aleppo*.

The ſong, which follows, was firſt printed at the end of a *Perſian* grammar; but, for the ſatisfaction of thoſe who may have any doubt of its being genuine, it ſeemed proper to ſet down the original of it in *Roman* characters at the bottom of the page. The ode of *Petrarch* was added, that the reader might compare the manner of the *Aſiatick* poets with that of the *Italians*, many of whom have written in the true ſpirit of the *Eaſterns:* ſome of the *Perſian* ſongs have a ſtriking reſemblance to the ſonnets of *Petrarch*; and even the form of thoſe little amatory poems was, I believe, brought into *Europe* by the *Arabians*; one would almoſt imagine the following lines to be tranſlated from the *Perſian*,

Aura, che quelle chiome bionde e creſpe
Circondi, e movi, e ſe' moſſa da loro
Soavemente, e ſpargi quel dolce oro,
E poi 'l raccogli, e'n bei nodi l'increſpe.

ſince there is ſcarce a page in the works of *Hafez* and *Jami*, in which the ſame image, of *the*

* See the ſtory of Prince *Agib*, or the *third Calandar* in the *Arabian tales*, Night 57. &c.

breeze playing with the treſſes of a beautiful girl, is not agreeably and variouſly expreſſed.

The elegy on the death of *Laura* was inſerted with the ſame view of forming a compariſon between the *Oriental* and the *Italian* poetry: the deſcription of the fountain of *Valchiuſa*, or *Vallis Clauſa*, which was cloſe to *Petrarch*'s houſe, was added to the elegy in the year 1769, and was compoſed on the very ſpot, which I could not forbear viſiting, when I paſſed by *Avignon*.

The *Turkiſh* Ode on the Spring was ſelected from many others in the ſame language, written by *Meſihi*, a poet of great repute at *Conſtantinople*, who lived in the reign of *Soliman the Second*, or *the Lawgiver:* it is not unlike the *Vigil of Venus*, which has been aſcribed to *Catullus*; the meaſure of it is nearly the ſame with that of the *Latin* poem; and it has, like that, a lively burden at the end of every ſtanza: the works of *Meſihi* are preſerved in the archives of the *Royal Society*.

It will be needleſs, I hope, to apologize for the *Paſtoral*, and the poem upon *Cheſs*, which were done as early as at the age of ſixteen or ſeventeen years, and were ſaved from the fire, in preference to a great many others, becauſe they ſeemed more correctly verſified than the reſt.

It muſt not be ſuppoſed, from my zeal for the literature of *Aſia*, that I mean to place it in competition with the beautiful productions of the *Greeks* and *Romans*; for I am convinced, that whatever changes we make in our opinions, we always return to the writings of the ancients, as to the ſtandard of true taſte.

If the novelty of the following poems ſhould recommend them to the favour of the reader, it may, probably, be agreeable to him to know, that there are many others of equal or ſuperior merit, which have never appeared in any language of *Europe*; and I am perſuaded that a writer, acquainted with the originals, might imitate them very happily in his native tongue, and that the publick would not be diſpleaſed to ſee the genuine compoſitions of *Arabia* and *Perſia* in an *Engliſh* dreſs. The heroic poem of *Ferduſi* might be verſified as eaſily as the *Iliad*, and I ſee no reaſon why *the delivery of Perſia by Cyrus* ſhould not be a ſubject as intereſting to us, as *the anger of Achilles*, or *the wandering of Ulyſſes*. The Odes of *Hafez*, and of *Meſihi*, would ſuit our lyrick meaſures as well as thoſe aſcribed to *Anacreon*; and the ſeven *Arabick* elegies, that were hung up in the temple of *Mecca*, and of which there are ſeveral fine copies at *Oxford*, would, no doubt, be highly acceptable to the lovers of antiquity, and

the admirers of native genius: but when I propoſe a tranſlation of theſe *Oriental* pieces, as a work likely to meet with ſucceſs, I only mean to invite my readers, who have leiſure and induſtry, to the ſtudy of the languages, in which they are written, and am very far from inſinuating that I have the remoteſt deſign of performing any part of the taſk myſelf; for, to ſay the truth, I ſhould not have ſuffered even the following trifles to ſee the light, if I were not very deſirous of recommending to the learned world a ſpecies of literature, which abounds with ſo many new expreſſions, new images, and new inventions.

SOLIMA,

AN ARABIAN ECLOGUE,

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1768.

YE maids of Aden, hear a loftier tale
Than e'er was sung in meadow, bower, or dale.
The smiles of Abelah, and Maia's eyes,
Where beauty plays; and love in slumber lies;
The fragrant hyacinths of Azza's hair,
That wanton with the laughing summer-air;
Love-tinctur'd cheeks, whence roses seek their bloom,
And lips, from which the Zephyr steals perfume;
Invite no more the wild, unpolish'd lay,
But fly like dreams before the morning ray.
Then farewel, love! and farewel, youthful fires!
A nobler warmth my kindled breast inspires.
Far bolder notes the listening wood shall fill:
Flow smooth, ye rivulets; and, ye gales, be still.

See yon fair groves that o'er Amana rise,
And with their spicy breath embalm the skies;
Where every breeze sheds incense o'er the vales,
And every shrub the scent of musk exhales!

See through yon opening glade a glittering scene,
Lawns ever gay, and meadows ever green!
Then ask the groves, and ask the vocal bowers,
Who deck'd their spiry tops with blooming flowers,
Taught the blue stream o'er sandy vales to flow,
And the brown wild with liveliest hues to glow?
* Fair Solima! the hills and dales will sing;
Fair Solima! the distant echoes ring.
But not with idle shows of vain delight,
To charm the soul, or to beguile the sight;
At noon on banks of pleasure to repose,
Where bloom intwin'd the lily, pink, and rose;
Not in proud piles to heap the nightly feast,
Till morn with pearls has deck'd the glowing east;—
Ah! not for this she taught those bowers to rise,
And bade all Eden spring before our eyes:
Far other thoughts her heavenly mind employ,
(Hence, empty pride! and hence, delusive joy!)
To cheer with sweet repast the fainting guest;
To lull the weary on the couch of rest;
To warm the traveller numb'd with winter's cold;
The young to cherish, to support the old;
The sad to comfort, and the weak protect;
The poor to shelter, and the lost direct:—
These are her cares, and this her glorious task;
Can heaven a nobler give, or mortals ask?

* It was not easy in this part of the translation to avoid a turn similar to that of Pope in the known description of the Man of Ross.

Come to these groves, and these life-breathing glades,
Ye friendless orphans, and ye dowerless maids!
With eager haste your mournful mansions leave,
Ye weak, that tremble; and, ye sick, that grieve;
Here shall soft tents, o'er flowery lawns display'd,
At night defend you, and at noon o'ershade;
Here rosy health the sweets of life will shower,
And new delights beguile each varied hour.
Mourns there a widow, bath'd in streaming tears?
Stoops there a sire beneath the weight of years?
Weeps there a maid, in pining sadness left,
Of tender parents, and of hope, bereft?
To Solima their sorrows they bewail;
To Solima they pour their plaintive tale.
She hears; and, radiant as the star of day,
Through the thick forest gains her easy way:
She asks what cares the joyless train oppress,
What sickness wastes them, or what wants distress;
And, as they mourn, she steals a tender sigh,
Whilst all her soul sits melting in her eye:
Then with a smile the healing balm bestows,
And sheds a tear of pity o'er their woes,
Which, as it drops, some soft-eyed angel bears
Transform'd to pearl, and in his bosom wears.

When, chill'd with fear, the trembling pilgrim roves
Through pathless deserts, and through tangled groves,
Where mantling darkness spreads her dragon wing,
And birds of death their fatal dirges sing,

While vapours pale a dreadful glimmering cast,
And thrilling horrour howls in every blast;
She cheers his gloom with streams of bursting light,
By day a sun, a beaming moon by night;
Darts through the quivering shades her heavenly ray,
And spreads with rising flowers his solitary way.

Ye heavens, for this in showers of sweetness shed
Your mildest influence o'er her favour'd head!
Long may her name, which distant climes shall praise,
Live in our notes, and blossom in our lays!
And, like an odorous plant, whose blushing flower
Paints every dale, and sweetens every bower,
Borne to the skies in clouds of soft perfume
For ever flourish, and for ever bloom!
These grateful songs, ye maids and youths, renew,
While fresh-blown violets drink the pearly dew;
O'er Azib's banks while love-lorn damsels rove,
And gales of fragrance breathe from Hager's grove.

So sung the youth, whose sweetly-warbled strains
Fair Mena heard, and Saba's spicy plains.
Sooth'd with his lay, the ravish'd air was calm,
The winds scarce whisper'd o'er the waving palm;
The camels bounded o'er the flowery lawn,
Like the swift ostrich, or the sportful fawn;
Their silken bands the listening rose-buds rent,
And twin'd their blossoms round his vocal tent:
He sung, till on the bank the moonlight slept,
And closing flowers beneath the night-dew wept;

Then ceas'd, and slumber'd in the lap of rest
Till the shrill lark had left his low-built nest.
Now hastes the swain to tune his rapturous tales
In other meadows, and in other vales.

THE

PALACE OF FORTUNE,

AN INDIAN TALE.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1769.

MILD was the vernal gale, and calm the day,
When Maïa near a crystal fountain lay,
Young Maia, fairest of the blue-eyed maids,
That rov'd at noon in Tibet's musky shades;
But, haply, wandering through the fields of air,
Some fiend had whisper'd—Maia, thou art fair!
Hence swelling pride had fill'd her simple breast,
And rising passions robb'd her mind of rest;
In courts and glittering towers she wish'd to dwell,
And scorn'd her labouring parent's lowly cell.
And now, as gazing o'er the glassy stream,
She saw her blooming cheek's reflected beam,
Her tresses brighter than the morning sky,
And the mild radiance of her sparkling eye,
Low sighs and trickling tears by turns she stole,
And thus discharg'd the anguish of her soul:
" Why glow those cheeks, if unadmir'd they glow?
" Why flow those tresses, if unprais'd they flow?

" Why dart those eyes their liquid ray serene,
" Unfelt their influence, and their light unseen?
" Ye heavens! was that love-breathing bosom made
" To warm dull groves, and cheer the lonely glade?
" Ah, no: those blushes, that enchanting face,
" Some tap'stried hall, or gilded bower, might grace;
" Might deck the scenes, where love and pleasure reign,
" And fire with amorous flames the youthful train."

While thus she spoke, a sudden blaze of light
Shot through the clouds, and struck her dazzled sight.
She rais'd her head, astonish'd, to the skies,
And veil'd with trembling hands her aching eyes;
When through the yielding air she saw from far
A goddess gliding in a golden car,
That soon descended on the flowery lawn,
By two fair yokes of starry peacocks drawn:
A thousand nymphs with many a sprightly glance
Form'd round the radiant wheels an airy dance,
Celestial shapes! in fluid light array'd;
Like twinkling stars their beamy sandals play'd;
Their lucid mantles glitter'd in the sun,
(Webs half so bright the silkworm never spun)
Transparent robes, that bore the rainbow's hue,
And finer than the nets of pearly dew
That morning spreads o'er every opening flower,
When sportive summer decks his bridal bower.
The queen herself, too fair for mortal sight,
Sat in the centre of encircling light.

Soon with soft touch she rais'd the trembling maid,
And by her side in silent slumber laid:
Straight the gay birds display'd their spangled train,
And flew refulgent through th' aerial plain;
The fairy band their shining pinions spread,
And, as they rose, fresh gales of sweetness shed;
Fann'd with their flowing skirts, the sky was mild;
And heaven's blue fields with brighter radiance smil'd.
  Now in a garden deck'd with verdant bowers
The glittering car descends on bending flowers:
The goddess still with looks divinely fair
Surveys the sleeping object of her care;
Then o'er her cheek her magick finger lays,
Soft as the gale that o'er a violet plays,
And thus in sounds, that favour'd mortals hear,
She gently whispers in her ravish'd ear:
  " Awake, sweet maid, and view this charming scene
" For ever beauteous, and for ever green;
" Here living rills of purest nectar flow
" O'er meads that with unfading flowerets glow;
" Here amorous gales their scented wings display,
" Mov'd by the breath of ever-blooming May;
" Here in the lap of pleasure shalt thou rest,
" Our lov'd companion, and our honour'd guest."
  The damsel hears the heavenly notes distil,
Like melting snow, or like a vernal rill.
She lifts her head, and, on her arm reclin'd,
Drinks the sweet accents in her grateful mind:

On all around she turns her roving eyes,
And views the splendid scene with glad surprize;
Fresh lawns, and sunny banks, and roseate bowers,
Hills white with flocks, and meadows gemm'd with flowers;
Cool shades, a sure defence from summer's ray,
And silver brooks, where wanton damsels play,
Which with soft notes their dimpled crystal roll'd
O'er colour'd shells and sands of native gold;
A rising fountain play'd from every stream,
Smil'd as it rose, and cast a transient gleam,
Then, gently falling in a vocal shower,
Bath'd every shrub, and sprinkled every flower,
That on the banks, like many a lovely bride,
View'd in the liquid glass their blushing pride;
Whilst on each branch, with purple blossoms hung,
The sportful birds their joyous descant sung.

While Maia, thus entranc'd in sweet delight,
With each gay object fed her eager sight,
The goddess mildly caught her willing hand,
And led her trembling o'er the flowery land,
Soon she beheld, where through an opening glade
A spacious lake its clear expanse display'd;
In mazy curls the flowing jasper wav'd
O'er its smooth bed with polish'd agate pav'd;
And on a rock of ice, by magick rais'd,
High in the midst a gorgeous palace blaz'd;
The sunbeams on the gilded portals glanc'd,
Play'd on the spires, and on the turrets danc'd;

To four bright gates four ivory bridges led,
With pearls illumin'd, and with roses spread:
And now, more radiant than the morning sun,
Her easy way the gliding goddess won;
Still by her hand she held the fearful maid,
And, as she pass'd, the fairies homage paid:
They enter'd straight the sumptuous palace-hall,
Where silken tapestry emblaz'd the wall,
Refulgent tissue, of an heavenly woof;
And gems unnumber'd sparkled on the roof,
On whose blue arch the flaming diamonds play'd,
As on a sky with living stars inlay'd;
Of precious diadems a regal store,
With globes and sceptres, strew'd the porphyry floor;
Rich vests of eastern kings around were spread,
And glittering zones a starry lustre shed:
But Maia most admir'd the pearly strings,
Gay bracelets, golden chains, and sparkling rings.
High in the centre of the palace shone,
Suspended in mid-air, an opal throne:
To this the queen ascends with royal pride,
And sets the favour'd damsel by her side.
Around the throne in mystick order stand
The fairy train, and wait her high command;
When thus she speaks: (the maid attentive sips
Each word that flows, like nectar, from her lips.)
" Favourite of heaven, my much-lov'd Maia, know,
" From me all joys, all earthly blessings, flow:

" Me suppliant men imperial Fortune call,
" The mighty empress of yon rolling ball:
(She rais'd her finger, and the wondering maid
At distance hung the dusky globe survey'd,
Saw the round earth with foaming oceans vein'd,
And labouring clouds on mountain-tops sustain'd.)
" To me has fate the pleasing task assign'd
" To rule the various thoughts of humankind;
" To catch each rising wish, each ardent prayer,
" And some to grant, and some to waste in air.
" Know farther; as I rang'd the crystal sky,
" I saw thee near the murmuring fountain lie;
" Mark'd the rough storm that gather'd in thy breast,
" And knew what care thy joyless soul opprest.
" Straight I resolved to bring thee quick relief,
" Ease every weight, and soften every grief;
" If in this court contented thou canst live,
" And taste the joys these happy gardens give:
" But fill thy mind with vain desires no more,
" And view without a wish yon shining store:
" Soon shall a numerous train before me bend,
" And kneeling votaries my shrine attend;
" Warn'd by their empty vanities beware,
" And scorn the folly of each human prayer."
She said; and straight a damsel of her train
With tender fingers touch'd a golden chain.
Now a soft bell delighted Maia hears,
That sweetly trembles on her listening ears;

Through the calm air the melting numbers float,
And wanton echo lengthens every note.
Soon through the dome a mingled hum arose,
Like the swift stream that o'er a valley flows;
Now louder still it grew, and still more loud,
As distant thunder breaks the bursting cloud:
Through the four portals rush'd a various throng,
That like a wintry torrent pour'd along:
A croud of every tongue, and every hue,
Toward the bright throne with eager rapture flew
* A lovely stripling stepp'd before the rest
With hasty pace, and tow'rd the goddess prest;
His mien was graceful, and his looks were mild,
And in his eye celestial sweetness smil'd:
Youth's purple glow, and beauty's rosy beam,
O'er his smooth cheeks diffus'd a lively gleam;
The floating ringlets of his musky hair
Wav'd on the bosom of the wanton air:
With modest grace the goddess he addrest,
And thoughtless thus preferr'd his fond request.

" Queen of the world, whose wide-extended sway,
" Gay youth, firm manhood, and cold age obey,
" Grant me, while life's fresh blooming roses smile,
" The day with varied pleasures to beguile;
" Let me on beds of dewy flowers recline,
" And quaff with glowing lips the sparkling wine;

* Pleasure.

" Grant me to feed on beauty's rifled charms,
" And clasp a willing damsel in my arms;
" Her bosom fairer than a hill of snow,
" And gently bounding like a playful roe;
" Her lips more fragrant than the summer air,
" And sweet as Scythian musk her hyacinthine hair;
" Let new delights each dancing hour employ,
" Sport follow sport, and joy succeed to joy."
The goddess grants the simple youth's request,
And mildly thus accosts her lovely guest:
" On that smooth mirror, full of magick light,
" Awhile, dear Maia, fix thy wandering sight."
She looks; and in th' enchanted crystal sees
A bower o'er-canopied with tufted trees:
The wanton stripling lies beneath the shade,
And by his side reclines a blooming maid;
O'er her fair limbs a silken mantle flows,
Through which her youthful beauty softly glows,
And part conceal'd, and part disclos'd to sight,
Through the thin texture casts a ruddy light,
As the ripe clusters of the mantling vine
Beneath the verdant foliage faintly shine,
And, fearing to be view'd by envious day,
Their glowing tints unwillingly display.
The youth, while joy sits sparkling in his eyes,
Pants on her neck, and on her bosom dies;
From her smooth cheek nectareous dew he sips,
And all his soul comes breathing to his lips.

But Maia turns her modest eyes away,
And blushes to behold their amorous play.
She looks again, and sees with sad surprize
On the clear glass far different scenes arise:
The bower, which late outshone the rosy morn,
O'erhung with weeds she saw, and rough with thorn;
With stings of asps the leafless plants were wreath'd,
And curling adders gales of venom breath'd:
Low sat the stripling on the faded ground,
And in a mournful knot his arms were bound;
His eyes, that shot before a sunny beam,
Now scarcely shed a saddening, dying gleam;
Faint as a glimmering taper's wasted light,
Or a dull ray that streaks the cloudy night:
His crystal vase was on the pavement roll'd,
And from the bank was fall'n his cup of gold;
From which th' envenom'd dregs of deadly hue
Flow'd on the ground in streams of baleful dew,
And, slowly stealing through the wither'd bower,
Poison'd each plant, and blasted every flower:
Fled were his slaves, and fled his yielding fair,
And each gay phantom was dissolv'd in air;
Whilst in their place was left a ruthless train,
Despair, and grief, remorse, and raging pain.
Aside the damsel turns her weeping eyes,
And sad reflections in her bosom rise;
To whom thus mildly speaks the radiant queen:
" Take sage example from this moral scene;

" See, how vain pleasures sting the lips they kiss,
" How asps are hid beneath the bowers of bliss!
" Whilst ever fair the flower of temperance blows,
" Unchang'd her leaf, and without thorn her rose;
" Smiling she darts her glittering branch on high,
" And spreads her fragrant blossoms to the sky."
* Next tow'rd the throne she saw a knight advance;
Erect he stood, and shook a quivering lance;
A fiery dragon on his helmet shone;
And on his buckler beam'd a golden sun;
O'er his broad bosom blaz'd his jointed mail
With many a gem, and many a shining scale;
He trod the sounding floor with princely mien,
And thus with haughty words address'd the queen:
" Let falling kings beneath my javelin bleed,
" And bind my temples with a victor's meed;
" Let every realm that feels the solar ray,
" Shrink at my frown, and own my regal sway:
" Let Ind's rich banks declare my deathless fame,
" And trembling Ganges dread my potent name."
The queen consented to the warriour's pray'r,
And his bright banners floated in the air:
He bade his darts in steely tempests fly,
Flames burst the clouds, and thunder shake the sky;
Death aim'd his lance, earth trembled at his nod,
And crimson conquest glow'd where'er he trod.

* Glory.

And now the damsel, fix'd in deep amaze,
Th' enchanted glass with eager look surveys:
She sees the hero in his dusky tent,
His guards retir'd, his glimmering taper spent;
His spear, vain instrument of dying praise,
On the rich floor with idle state he lays;
His gory falchion near his pillow stood,
And stain'd the ground with drops of purple blood;
A busy page his nodding helm unlac'd,
And on the couch his scaly hauberk plac'd.
Now on the bed his weary limbs he throws,
Bath'd in the balmy dew of soft repose:
In dreams he rushes o'er the gloomy field,
He sees new armies fly, new heroes yield;
Warm with the vigorous conflict he appears,
And ev'n in slumber seems to move the spheres.
But lo! the faithless page, with stealing tread,
Advances to the champion's naked head;
With his sharp dagger wounds his bleeding breast,
And steeps his eyelids in eternal rest:
Then cries (and waves the steel that drops with gore),
"The tyrant dies; oppression is no more."
* Now came an aged sire with trembling pace;
Sunk were his eyes, and pale his ghastly face;
A ragged weed of dusky hue he wore,
And on his back a ponderous coffer bore.

* Riches.

The queen with faltering speech he thus addrest :
" O, fill with gold thy true adorer's chest !"
" Behold, said she, and wav'd her powerful hand,
" Where yon rich hills in glittering order stand :
" There load thy coffer with the golden store;
" Then bear it full away, and ask no more."
With eager steps he took his hasty way,
Where the bright coin in heaps unnumber'd lay;
There hung enamour'd o'er the gleaming spoil,
Scoop'd the gay dross, and bent beneath the toil.
But bitter was his anguish, to behold
The coffer widen, and its sides unfold :
And every time he heap'd the darling ore,
His greedy chest grew larger than before:
Till, spent with pain, and falling o'er his hoard,-
With his sharp steel his maddening breast he gor'd :
On the lov'd heap he cast his closing eye,
Contented on a golden couch to die.
A stripling, with the fair adventure pleas'd,
Stepp'd forward, and the massy coffer seiz'd;
But with surprize he saw the stores decay,
And all the long-sought treasures melt away :
In winding streams the liquid metal roll'd,
And through the palace ran a flood of gold.
* Next to the shrine advanc'd a reverend sage,
Whose beard was hoary with the frost of age;

* Knowledge.

His few gray locks a sable fillet bound,
And his dark mantle flow'd along the ground:
Grave was his port, yet show'd a bold neglect,
And fill'd the young beholder with respect;
Time's envious hand had plough'd his wrinkled face,
Yet on those wrinkles sat superiour grace;
Still full of fire appear'd his vivid eye,
Darted quick beams, and seem'd to pierce the sky.
At length, with gentle voice and look serene,
He wav'd his hand, and thus address'd the queen:

" Twice forty winters tip my beard with snow,
" And age's chilling gusts around me blow:
" In early youth, by contemplation led,
" With high pursuits my flatter'd thoughts were fed;
" To nature first my labours were confin'd,
" And all her charms were open'd to my mind,
" Each flower that glisten'd in the morning dew,
" And every shrub that in the forest grew:
" From earth to heaven I cast my wondering eyes,
" Saw suns unnumber'd sparkle in the skies,
" Mark'd the just progress of each rolling sphere,
" Describ'd the seasons, and reform'd the year.
" At length sublimer studies I began,
" And fix'd my level'd telescope on man;
" Knew all his powers, and all his passions trac'd,
" What virtue rais'd him, and what vice debas'd:
" But when I saw his knowledge so confin'd,
" So vain his wishes, and so weak his mind,

" His soul, a bright obscurity at best,
" And rough with tempests his afflicted breast,
" His life, a flower, ere evening sure to fade,
" His highest joys, the shadow of a shade;
" To thy fair court I took my weary way,
" Bewail my folly, and heaven's laws obey,
" Confess my feeble mind for prayers unfit,
" And to my Maker's will my soul submit:
" Great empress of yon orb that rolls below,
" On me the last best gift of heaven bestow."
He spoke: a sudden cloud his senses stole,
And thickening darkness swam o'er all his soul;
His vital spark her earthly cell forsook,
And into air her fleeting progress took.
Now from the throng a deafening sound was heard,
And all at once their various prayers preferr'd;
The goddess, wearied with the noisy croud,
Thrice wav'd her silver wand, and spoke aloud:
" Our ears no more with vain petitions tire,
" But take unheard whate'er you first desire."
She said: each wish'd, and what he wish'd obtain'd;
And wild confusion in the palace reign'd.
But Maia, now grown senseless with delight,
Cast on an emerald ring her roving sight;
And, ere she could survey the rest with care,
Wish'd on her hand the precious gem to wear.
Sudden the palace vanish'd from her sight,
And the gay fabrick melted into night;

But, in its place, she view'd with weeping eyes
Huge rocks around her, and sharp cliffs arise:
She sat deserted on the naked shore,
Saw the curl'd waves, and heard the tempest roar;
Whilst on her finger shone the fatal ring,
A weak defence from hunger's pointed sting,
From sad remorse, from comfortless despair,
And all the painful family of care!
Frantick with grief her rosy cheek she tore,
And rent her locks, her darling charge no more:
But when the night his raven wing had spread,
And hung with sable every mountain's head,
Her tender limbs were numb'd with biting cold,
And round her feet the curling billows roll'd;
With trembling arms a rifted crag she grasp'd,
And the rough rock with hard embraces clasp'd.

While thus she stood, and made a piercing moan,
By chance her emerald touch'd the rugged stone;
That moment gleam'd from heaven a golden ray,
And taught the gloom to counterfeit the day:
A winged youth, for mortal eyes too fair,
Shot like a meteor through the dusky air;
His heavenly charms o'ercame her dazzled sight,
And drown'd her senses in a flood of light;
His sunny plumes descending he display'd,
And softly thus address'd the mournful maid:

"Say, thou, who dost yon wondrous ring possess,
"What cares disturb thee, or what wants oppress;

" To faithful ears disclose thy secret grief,
" And hope (so heaven ordains) a quick relief."
The maid replied, " Ah, sacred genius, bear
" A hopeless damsel from this land of care;
" Waft me to softer climes and lovelier plains,
" Where nature smiles, and spring eternal reigns."
She spoke; and swifter than the glance of thought
To a fair isle his sleeping charge he brought.
Now morning breath'd: the scented air was mild,
Each meadow blossom'd, and each valley smil'd;
On every shrub the pearly dewdrops hung,
On every branch a feather'd warbler sung;
The cheerful spring her flowery chaplets wove,
And incense-breathing gales perfum'd the grove.
The damsel rose; and, lost in glad surprize,
Cast round the gay expanse her opening eyes,
That shone with pleasure like a starry beam,
Or moonlike sparkling on a silver stream.
She thought some nymph must haunt that lovely scene,
Some woodland goddess, or some fairy queen;
At least she hop'd in some sequester'd vale
To hear the shepherd tell his amorous tale:
Led by these flattering hopes from glade to glade,
From lawn to lawn with hasty steps she stray'd;
But not a nymph by stream or fountain stood,
And not a fairy glided through the wood;
No damsel wanton'd o'er the dewy flowers,
No shepherd sung beneath the rosy bowers:

On every side she saw vast mountains rise,
That thrust their daring foreheads in the skies;
The rocks of polish'd alabaster seem'd,
And in the sun their lofty summits gleam'd.
She call'd aloud, but not a voice replied,
Save echo babbling from the mountain's side.

By this had night o'ercast the gloomy scene,
And twinkling stars emblaz'd the blue serene,
Yet on she wander'd till with grief opprest
She fell; and, falling, smote her snowy breast:
Now to the heavens her guilty head she rears,
And pours her bursting sorrow into tears;
Then plaintive speaks, " Ah! fond mistaken maid,
" How was thy mind by gilded hopes betray'd!
" Why didst thou wish for bowers and flowery hills,
" For smiling meadows, and for purling rills;
" Since on those hills no youth or damsel roves,
" No shepherd haunts the solitary groves?
" Ye meads that glow with intermingled dyes,
" Ye flowering palms that from yon hillocks rise,
" Ye quivering brooks that softly murmur by,
" Ye panting gales that on the branches die;
" Ah! why has Nature through her gay domain
" Display'd your beauties, yet display'd in vain?
" In vain, ye flowers, you boast your vernal bloom,
" And waste in barren air your fresh perfume.
" Ah! leave, ye wanton birds, yon lonely spray;
" Unheard you warble, and unseen you play:

" Yet stay till fate has fix'd my early doom,
" And strow with leaves a hapless damsel's tomb.
" Some grot or grassy bank shall be my bier,
" My maiden herse unwater'd with a tear."
Thus while she mourns, o'erwhelm'd in deep despair,
She rends her silken robes, and golden hair:
Her fatal ring, the cause of all her woes,
On a hard rock with maddening rage she throws;
The gem, rebounding from the stone, displays
Its verdant hue, and sheds refreshing rays:
Sudden descends the genius of the ring,
And drops celestial fragrance from his wing;
Then speaks, " Who calls me from the realms of day?
" Ask, and I grant; command, and I obey."
She drank his melting words with ravish'd ears,
And stopp'd the gushing current of her tears;
Then kiss'd his skirts, that like a ruby glow'd,
And said, " O bear me to my sire's abode."
Straight o'er her eyes a shady veil arose,
And all her soul was lull'd in still repose.
By this with flowers the rosy-finger'd dawn
Had spread each dewy hill and verdurous lawn;
She wak'd, and saw a new-built tomb that stood
In the dark bosom of a solemn wood,
While these sad sounds her trembling ears invade:
" Beneath yon marble sleeps thy father's shade."
She sigh'd, she wept; she struck her pensive breast,
And bade his urn in peaceful slumber rest.

And now in silence o'er the gloomy land
She saw advance a slowly-winding band;
Their cheeks were veil'd, their robes of mournful hue
Flow'd o'er the lawn, and swept the pearly dew;
O'er the fresh turf they sprinkled sweet perfume,
And strow'd with flowers the venerable tomb.
A graceful matron walk'd before the train,
And tun'd in notes of wo the funeral strain:
When from her face her silken veil she drew,
The watchful maid her aged mother knew.
O'erpowered with bursting joy she runs to meet
The mourning dame, and falls before her feet.
The matron with surprize her daughter rears,
Hangs on her neck, and mingles tears with tears.
Now o'er the tomb their hallow'd rites they pay,
And form with lamps an artificial day:
Erelong the damsel reach'd her native vale,
And told with joyful heart her moral tale;
Resign'd to heaven, and lost to all beside,
She liv'd contented, and contented died.

THE

SEVEN FOUNTAINS,

AN EASTERN ALLEGORY.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1767.

DECK'D with fresh garlands, like a rural bride,
And with the crimson streamer's waving pride,
A wanton bark was floating o'er the main,
And seem'd with scorn to view the azure plain:
Smooth were the waves; and scarce a whispering gale
Fann'd with his gentle plumes the silken sail.
High on the burnish'd deck, a gilded throne
With orient pearls and beaming diamonds shone;
On which reclin'd a youth of graceful mien,
His sandals purple, and his mantle green;
His locks in ringlets o'er his shoulders roll'd,
And on his cheek appear'd the downy gold.
Around him stood a train of smiling boys,
Sporting with idle cheer and mirthful toys;
*Ten comely striplings, girt with spangled wings,
Blew piercing flutes, or touch'd the quivering strings;

* The follies of youth.

Ten more, in cadence to the sprightly strain,
Wak'd with their golden oars the slumbering main:
The waters yielded to their guiltless blows,
And the green billows sparkled as they rose.
Long time the barge had danc'd along the deep,
And on its glassy bosom seem'd to sleep;
* But now a glittering isle arose in view,
Bounded with hillocks of a verdant hue:
Fresh groves and roseate bowers appear'd above
(Fit haunts, be sure, of pleasure and of love),
And higher still a thousand blazing spires
Seem'd with gilt tops to threat the heavenly fires.
Now each fair stripling plied his labouring oar,
And straight the pinnace struck the sandy shore.
The youth arose, and, leaping on the strand,
Took his lone way along the silver sand;
While the light bark, and all the airy crew,
Sunk like a mist beneath the briny dew.
With eager steps the young adventurer stray'd
Through many a grove, and many a winding glade:
At length he heard the chime of tuneful strings,
That sweetly floated on the Zephyr's wings;
† And soon a band of damsels blithe and fair,
With flowing mantles and dishevel'd hair,
Rush'd with quick pace along the solemn wood,
Where rapt in wonder and delight he stood:

* The world.

† The follies and vanities of the world.

In loose transparent robes they were array'd,
Which half their beauties hid, and half display'd.
A lovely nymph approach'd him with a smile,
And said, " O, welcome to this blissful isle !
" For thou art he, whom ancient bards foretold,
" Doom'd in our clime to bring an age of gold:
" Hail, sacred king! and from thy subject's hand,
" Accept the robes and sceptre of thé land."
" Sweet maid, said he, fair learning's heavenly beam
" O'er my young mind ne'er shed her favouring gleam;
" Nor has my arm e'er hurl'd the fatal lance,
" While desperate legions o'er the plain advance.
" How should a simple youth, unfit to bear
" The steely mail, that splendid mantle wear!"
" Ah! said the damsel, from this happy shore,
" We banish wisdom, and her idle lore;
" No clarions here the strains of battle sing,
" With notes of mirth our joyful valleys ring.
" Peace to the brave! o'er us the beauteous reign,
" And ever-charming pleasures form our train."
This said, a diadem, inlay'd with pearls,
She plac'd respectful on his golden curls;
Another o'er his graceful shoulder threw
A silken mantle of the rose's hue,
Which, clasp'd with studs of gold, behind him flow'd,
And through the folds his glowing bosom show'd.
Then in a car, by snow-white coursers drawn,
They led him o'er the dew-besprinkled lawn,

Through groves of joy and arbours of delight,
With all that could allure his ravish'd sight;
Green hillocks, meads, and rosy grots, he view'd,
And verdurous plains with winding streams bedew'd.
On every bank, and under every shade,
A thousand youths, a thousand damsels play'd;
Some wantonly were tripping in a ring
On the soft border of a gushing spring;
While some, reclining in the shady vales,
Told to their smiling loves their amorous tales:
But when the sportful train beheld from far
The nymphs returning with the stately car,
O'er the smooth plain with hasty steps they came,
And hail'd their youthful king with loud acclaim;
With flowers of every tint the paths they strow'd,
And cast their chaplets on the hallow'd road.

At last they reach'd the bosom of a wood,
Where on a hill a radiant palace stood;
A sumptuous dome, by hands immortal made,
Which on its walls and on its gates display'd
The gems that in the rocks of Tibet glow,
The pearls that in the shells of Ormus grow.
And now a numerous train advance to meet
The youth, descending from his regal seat;
Whom to a rich and spacious hall they led,
With silken carpets delicately spread:
There on a throne, with gems unnumber'd grac'd,
Their lovely king six blooming damsels plac'd *,

* The pleasures of the senses

And, meekly kneeling, to his modest hand
They gave the glittering sceptre of command;
Then on six smaller thrones they sat reclin'd,
And watch'd the rising transports of his mind:
When thus the youth a blushing nymph address'd,
And, as he spoke, her hand with rapture press'd:

" Say, gentle damsel, may I ask unblam'd,
" How this gay isle, and splendid seats are nam'd?
" And you, fair queens of beauty and of grace,
" Are you of earthly or celestial race?
" To me the world's bright treasures were unknown,
" Where late I wander'd, pensive and alone;
" And, slowly winding on my native shore,
" Saw the vast ocean roll, but saw no more;
" Till from the waves with many a charming song,
" A barge arose, and gayly mov'd along:
" The jolly rowers reach'd the yielding sands,
" Allur'd my steps, and wav'd their shining hands:
" I went, saluted by the vocal train,
" And the swift pinnace cleav'd the waves again;
" When on this island struck the gilded prow,
" I landed full of joy: the rest you know.
" Short is the story of my tender years:
" Now speak, sweet nymph, and charm my listening ears."
" These are the groves, for ever deck'd with flowers,
" The maid replied, and these the fragrant bowers,
" Where Love and Pleasure hold their airy court,
" The seat of bliss, of sprightliness, and sport;

" And we, dear youth, are nymphs of heavenly line;
" Our souls immortal, as our forms divine:
" For Maia, fill'd with Zephyr's warm embrace,
" In caves and forests cover'd her disgrace;
" At last she rested on this peaceful shore,
" Where in yon grot a lovely boy she bore,'
" Whom fresh and wild and frolick from his birth
" She nurs'd in myrtle bowers, and call'd him Mirth.
" He on a summer's morning chanc'd to rove
" Through the green labyrinth of some shady grove,
" Where, by a dimpled rivulet's verdant side,
" A rising bank, with woodbine edg'd, he spied:
" There, veil'd with flowerets of a thousand hues,
" A nymph lay bath'd in slumber's balmy dews;
" (This maid by some, for some our race defame,
" Was Folly call'd, but Pleasure was her name:)
" Her mantle, like the sky in April, blue,
" Hung on a blossom'd branch that near her grew;
" For, long disporting in the silver stream,
" She shunn'd the blazing day-star's sultry beam;
" And, ere she could conceal her naked charms,
" Sleep caught her trembling in his downy arms:
" Borne on the wings of Love, he flew, and press'd
" Her breathing bosom to his eager breast.
" At his wild theft the rosy morning blush'd,
" The rivulet smil'd, and all the woods were hush'd.
" Of these fair parents on this blissful coast
" (Parents like Mirth and Pleasure who can boast?)

" I with five sisters, on one happy morn,
" All fair alike, behold us now, were born.
" When they to brighter rêgions took their way,
" By Love invited to the realms of day,
" To us they gave this large, this gay domain,
" And said, departing, Here let Beauty reign.
" Then reign, fair prince, in thee all beauties shine,
" And, ah! we know thee of no mortal line."
She said; the king with rapid ardour glow'd,
And the swift poison through his bosom flow'd:
But while she spoke he cast his eyes around
To view the dazzling roof, and spangled ground;
Then, turning with amaze from side to side,
Seven golden doors, that richly shone, he spied,
And said, " Fair nymph (but let me not be bold),
" What mean those doors that blaze with burnish'd gold?"
" To six gay bowers, the maid replied, they lead,
" Where Spring eternal crowns the glowing mead;
" Six fountains there, that glitter as they play,
" Rise to the sun with many a colour'd ray."
" But the seventh door, said he, what beauties grace?"
" O, 'tis a cave, a dark and joyless place,
" A scene of nameless deeds, and magick spells,
" Where day ne'er shines, and pleasure never dwells:
" Think not of that. But come, my royal friend,
" And see what joys thy favour'd steps attend."
She spoke, and pointed to the nearest door:
Swift he descends; the damsel flies before;

She turns the lock; it opens at command;
The maid and stripling enter hand in hand.
The wondering youth beheld an opening glade,
Where in the midst a crystal fountain play'd *;
The silver sands, that on its bottom grew,
Were strown with pearls and gems of varied hue;
The diamond sparkled like the star of day,
And the soft topaz shed a golden ray;
Clear amethysts combin'd their purple gleam
With the mild emerald's sight-refreshing beam;
The sapphire smil'd like yon blue plain above,
And rubies spread the blushing tint of love.
" These are the waters of eternal light,
" The damsel said, the stream of heavenly sight;
" See, in this cup (she spoke, and stoop'd to fill
" A vase of jasper with the sacred rill),
" See, how the living waters bound and shine,
" Which this well-polish'd gem can scarce confine!"
From her soft hand the lucid urn he took,
And quaff'd the nectar with a tender look:
Straight from his eyes a cloud of darkness flew,
And all the scene was open'd to his view;
Not all the groves, where ancient bards have told,
Of vegetable gems, and blooming gold;
Not all the bowers which oft in flowery lays
And solemn tales Arabian poets praise:

* Sight.

Though streams of honey flow'd through every mead,
Though balm and amber dropp'd from every reed;
Held half the sweets that Nature's ample hand
Had pour'd luxuriant o'er this wondrous land.
All flowerets here their mingled rays diffuse,
The rainbow's tints to these were vulgar hues;
All birds that in the stream their pinion dip,
Or from the brink the liquid crystal sip,
Or show their beauties to the sunny skies,
Here wav'd their plumes that shone with varying dyes;
But chiefly he, that o'er the verdant plain
Spreads the gay eyes which grace his spangled train;
And he, who, proudly sailing, loves to show
His mantling wings and neck of downy snow;
Nor absent he, who learns the human sound,
With wavy gold and moving emeralds crown'd;
Whose head and breast with polish'd sapphires glow,
And on whose wing the gems of Indus grow.
The monarch view'd their beauties o'er and o'er,
He was all eye, and look'd from every pore.
But now the damsel calls him from his trance;
And o'er the lawn delighted they advance:
They pass the hall adorn'd with royal state,
And enter now with joy the second gate *.

A soothing sound he heard (but tasted first
The gushing stream that from the valley burst),

* Hearing.

And in the shade beheld a youthful quire
That touch'd with flying hands the trembling lyre:
Melodious notes, drawn out with magick art,
Caught with sweet extasy his ravish'd heart;
An hundred nymphs their charming descants play'd,
And melting voices died along the glade;
The tuneful stream that murmur'd as it rose,
The birds that on the trees bewail'd their woes,
The boughs, made vocal by the whispering gale,
Join'd their soft strain, and warbled through the vale.
The concert ends: and now the stripling hears
A tender voice that strikes his wondering ears;
A beauteous bird, in our rude climes unknown,
That on a leafy arbour sits alone,
Strains his sweet throat, and waves his purple wings,
And thus in human accents softly sings:

" Rise, lovely pair, a sweeter bower invites
" Your eager steps, a bower of new delights;
" Ah! crop the flowers of pleasure while they blow,
" Ere winter hides them in a veil of snow.
" Youth, like a thin anemone, displays
" His silken leaf, and in a morn decays.
" See, gentle youth, a lily-bosom'd bride!
" See, nymph, a blooming stripling by thy side!
" Then haste, and bathe your souls in soft delights,
" A sweeter bow'r your wandering steps invites."

He ceas'd; the slender branch, from which he flew,
Bent its fair head, and sprinkled pearly dew.

The damsel smil'd; the blushing youth was pleas'd,
And by her willing hand his charmer seiz'd:
The lovely nymph, who sigh'd for sweeter joy,
To the third gate * conducts the amorous boy;
She turns the key; her cheeks like roses bloom,
And on the lock her fingers drop perfume.

His ravish'd sense a scene of pleasure meets,
A maze of joy, a paradise of sweets;
But first his lips had touch'd th' alluring stream,
That through the grove display'd a silver gleam.
Through jasmine bowers, and violet-scented vales,
On silken pinions flew the wanton gales,
Arabian odours on the plants they left,
And whisper'd to the woods their spicy theft;
Beneath the shrubs, that spread a trembling shade,
The musky roes, and fragrant civets, play'd.
As when at eve an Eastern merchant roves
From Hadramut to Aden's spikenard groves,
Where some rich caravan not long before
Has pass'd, with cassia fraught, and balmy store,
Charm'd with the scent that hills and vales diffuse,
His grateful journey gayly he pursues;
Thus pleas'd, the monarch fed his eager soul,
And from each breeze a cloud of fragrance stole:
Soon the fourth door † he pass'd with eager haste,
And the fourth stream was nectar to his taste.

* Smell. † Taste.

Before his eyes, on agate columns rear'd,
On high a purple canopy appear'd;
And under it in stately form was plac'd
A table with a thousand vases grac'd;
Laden with all the dainties that are found
In air, in seas, or on the fruitful ground.
Here the fair youth reclin'd with decent pride,
His wanton nymph was seated by his side:
All that could please the taste the happy pair
Cull'd from the loaded board with curious care;
O'er their enchanted heads a mantling vine
His curling tendrils wove with amorous twine;
From the green stalks the glowing clusters hung
Like rubies on a thread of emeralds strung;
With these were other fruits of every hue,
The pale, the red, the golden, and the blue.
An hundred smiling pages stood around,
Their shining brows with wreaths of myrtle bound:
They, in transparent cups of agate, bore
Of sweetly-sparkling wines a precious store;
The stripling sipp'd and revel'd, till the sun
Down heaven's blue vault his daily course had run;
Then rose, and, follow'd by the gentle maid,
Op'd the fifth door *: a stream before them play'd.
The king, impatient for the cooling draught,
In a full cup the mystic nectar quaff'd;

* Touch.

Then with a smile (he knew no higher bliss)
From her sweet lip he stole a balmy kiss:
On the smooth bank of violets they reclin'd;
And, whilst a chaplet for his brow she twin'd,
With his soft cheek her softer cheek he press'd,
His pliant arms were folded round her breast.
She smil'd, soft lightning darted from her eyes,
And from his fragrant seat she bade him rise;
Then, while a brighter blush her face o'erspread,
To the sixth gate * her willing guest she led.
The golden lock she softly turn'd around;
The moving hinges gave a pleasing sound:
The boy delighted ran with eager haste,
And to his lips the living fountain plac'd;
The magick water pierc'd his kindled brain,
And a strange venom shot from vein to vein.
Whatever charms he saw in other bowers,
Were here combin'd, fruits, musick, odours, flowers;
A couch besides, with softest silk o'erlaid;
And, sweeter still, a lovely yielding maid,
Who now more charming seem'd, and not so coy,
And in her arms infolds the blushing boy:
They sport and wanton, till, with sleep oppress'd,
Like two fresh rose-buds on one stalk, they rest.
When morning spread around her purple flame,
To the sweet couch the five fair sisters came;

* The sensual pleasures united.

They hail'd the bridegroom with a cheerful voice,
And bade him make with speed a second choice.
Hard task to choose, when all alike were fair!
Now this, now that, engag'd his anxious care:
Then to the first who spoke his hand he lent;
The rest retir'd, and whisper'd as they went.
The prince enamour'd view'd his second bride;
They left the bower, and wander'd side by side,
With her he charm'd his ears, with her his sight;
With her he pass'd the day, with her the night.
Thus all by turns the sprightly stranger led,
And all by turns partook his nuptial bed;
Hours, days, and months, in pleasure flow'd away;
All laugh'd, all sweetly sung, and all were gay.

So had he wanton'd threescore days and seven,
More blest, he thought, than any son of heaven:
Till on a morn, with sighs and streaming tears,
The train of nymphs before his bed appears;
And thus the youngest of the sisters speaks,
Whilst a sad shower runs trickling down her cheeks:

" A custom which we cannot, dare not fail
" (Such are the laws that in our isle prevail),
" Compels us, prince, to leave thee here alone,
" Till thrice the sun his rising front has shown:
" Our parents, whom, alas! we must obey,
" Expect us at a splendid feast to-day;
" What joy to us can all their splendour give?
" With thee, with only thee, we wish to live.

" Yet may we hope, these gardens will afford
" Some pleasing solace to our absent lord?
" Six golden keys, that ope yon blissful gates,
" Where joy, eternal joy, thy steps awaits,
" Accept: the seventh (but that you heard before)
" Leads to a cave, where ravening monsters roar;
" A sullen, dire, inhospitable cell,
" Where deathful spirits and magicians dwell.
" Farewel, dear youth; how will our bosoms burn
" For the sweet moment of our blest return!"
The king, who wept, yet knew his tears were vain,
Took the seven keys, and kiss'd the parting train.
A glittering car, which bounding coursers drew,
They mounted straight, and through the forest flew.
The youth, unknowing how to pass the day,
Review'd the bowers, and heard the fountains play;
By hands unseen whate'er he wish'd was brought;
And pleasures rose obedient to his thought.
Yet all the sweets, that ravish'd him before,
Were tedious now, and charm'd his soul no more:
Less lovely still, and still less gay they grew;
He sigh'd, he wish'd, and long'd for something new:
Back to the hall he turn'd his weary feet,
And sat repining on his royal seat.
Now on the seventh bright gate he casts his eyes,
And in his bosom rose a bold surmise:
" The nymph, said he, was sure dispos'd to jest,
" Who talk'd of dungeons in a place so blest:

" What harm to open, if it be a cell
" Where deathful spirits and magicians dwell?
" If dark or foul, I need not pass the door;
" If new or strange, my soul desires no more."
He said, and rose; then took the golden keys,
And op'd the door: the hinges mov'd with ease.
Before his eyes appear'd a sullen gloom,
Thick, hideous, wild; a cavern, or a tomb.
Yet as he longer gaz'd, he saw afar
A light that sparkled like a shooting star.
He paus'd: at last, by some kind angel led,
He enter'd, and advanc'd with cautious tread.
Still as he walk'd, the light appear'd more clear;
Hope sooth'd him then, and scarcely left a fear.
At length an aged sire surpriz'd he saw,
Who fill'd his bosom with a sacred awe *:
A book he held, which, as reclin'd he lay,
He read, assisted by a taper's ray;
His beard, more white than snow on winter's breast,
Hung to the zone that bound his sable vest;
A pleasing calmness on his brow was seen,
Mild was his look, majestick was his mien.
Soon as the youth approach'd the reverend sage,
He rais'd his head, and clos'd the serious page;
Then spoke: " O son, what chance has turn'd thy feet
" To this dull solitude, and lone retreat?"

* Religion.

To whom the youth: " First, holy father, tell,
" What force detains thee in this gloomy cell?
" This isle, this palace, and those balmy bowers,
" Where six sweet fountains fall on living flowers,
" Are mine; a train of damsels chose me king,
" And through my kingdom smiles perpetual spring.
" For some important cause to me unknown,
" This day they left me joyless and alone;
" But, ere three morns with roses strow the skies,
" My lovely brides will charm my longing eyes."
" Youth, said the sire, on this auspicious day
" Some angel hither led thy erring way:
" Hear a strange tale, and tremble at the snare,
" Which for thy steps thy pleasing foes prepare.
" Know, in this isle prevails a bloody law;
" List, stripling, list! (the youth stood fix'd with awe:)
" * But seventy days the hapless monarchs reign,
" Then close their lives in exile and in pain;
" Doom'd in a deep and frightful cave to rove,
" Where darkness hovers o'er the iron grove.
" Yet know, thy prudence and thy timely care
" May save thee, son, from this destructive snare.
" † Not far from this a lovelier island lies,
" Too rich, too splendid, for unhallow'd eyes:
" On that blest shore a sweeter fountain flows
" Than this vain clime, or this gay palace knows,

* The life of man. † Heaven.

" Which if thou taste, whate'er was sweet before
" Will bitter seem, and steal thy soul no more.
" But, ere these happy waters thou canst reach,
" Thy weary steps must pass yon rugged beach,
" *Where the dark sea with angry billows raves,
" And, fraught with monsters, curls his howling waves;
" If to my words obedient thou attend,
" Behold in me thy pilot and thy friend.
" A bark I keep, supplied with plenteous store,
" That now lies anchor'd on the rocky shore;
" And, when of all thy regal toys bereft,
" In the rude cave an exile thou art left,
" Myself will find thee on the gloomy lea,
" And waft thee safely o'er the dangerous sea."
The boy was fill'd with wonder as he spake,
And from a dream of folly seem'd to wake:
All day the sage his tainted thoughts refin'd;
His reason brighten'd, and reform'd his mind:
Through the dim cavern hand in hand they walk'd,
And much of truth, and much of heaven, they talk'd.
At night the stripling to the hall return'd;
With other fires his alter'd bosom burn'd.
O! to his wiser soul how low, how mean,
Seem'd all he e'er had heard, had felt, had seen!
He view'd the stars, he view'd the crystal skies,
And bless'd the power all-good, all-great, all-wise;

* Death.

How lowly now appear'd the purple robe,
The rubied sceptre, and the ivory globe!
How dim the rays that gild the brittle earth!
How vile the brood of Folly, and of Mirth!

When the third morning, clad in mantle gray,
Brought in her rosy car the seventieth day,
A band of slaves, who rush'd with furious sound,
In chains of steel the willing captive bound;
From his young head the diadem they tore,
And cast his pearly bracelets on the floor;
They rent his robe that bore the rose's hue,
And o'er his breast a hairy mantle threw;
Then dragg'd him to the damp and dreary cave,
Drench'd by the gloomy sea's resounding wave.
Meanwhile the voices of a numerous croud
Pierc'd the dun air, as thunder breaks a cloud:
The nymphs another hapless youth had found,
And then were leading o'er the guilty ground:
They hail'd him king (alas, how short his reign!)
And with fresh chaplets strow'd the fatal plain.

The happy exile, monarch now no more,
Was roving slowly o'er the lonely shore;
At last the sire's expected voice he knew,
And tow'rd the sound with hasty rapture flew,
The promis'd pinnace just afloat he found,
And the glad sage his fetter'd hands unbound;
But when he saw the foaming billows rave,
And dragons rolling o'er the fiery wave,

He stopp'd : his guardian caught his lingering hand,
And gently led him o'er the rocky strand;
Soon as he touch'd the bark, the ocean smil'd,
The dragons vanish'd, and the waves were mild.

For many an hour with vigorous arms they row'd,
While not a star one friendly sparkle show'd;
At length a glimmering brightness they behold,
Like a thin cloud which morning dyes with gold :
To that they steer; and now, rejoic'd, they view
A shore begirt with cliffs of radiant hue.
They land: a train, in shining mantles clad,
Hail their approach, and bid the youth be glad;
They led him o'er the lea with easy pace,
And floated as they went with heavenly grace.
A golden fountain soon appear'd in sight,
That o'er the border cast a sunny light.

The sage, impatient, scoop'd the lucid wave
In a rich vase, which to the youth he gave;
He drank : and straight a bright celestial beam
Before his eyes display'd a dazzling gleam;
Myriads of airy shapes around him gaz'd;
Some prais'd his wisdom, some his courage prais'd;
Then o'er his limbs a starry robe they spread,
And plac'd a crown of diamonds on his head.

His aged guide was gone, and in his place
Stood a fair cherub flush'd with rosy grace;
Who, smiling, spake: " Here ever wilt thou rest,
" Admir'd, belov'd, our brother and our guest;

" So all shall end, whom vice can charm no more
" With the gay follies of that perilous shore.
" See yon immortal towers their gates unfold,
" With rubies flaming, and no earthly gold!
" There joys, before unknown, thy steps invite;
" Bliss without care, and morn without a night.
" But now farewel! my duty calls me hence;
" Some injur'd mortal asks my just defence.
" To yon pernicious island I repair,
" Swift as a star." He speaks, and melts in air.
The youth o'er walks of jasper takes his flight;
And bounds and blazes in eternal light.

A PERSIAN SONG

OF HAFIZ.

SWEET maid, if thou would'st charm my sight,
And bid these arms thy neck infold;
That rosy cheek, that lily hand,
Would give thy poet more delight
Than all Bocara's vaunted gold,
Than all the gems of Samarcand.

Boy, let yon liquid ruby flow,
And bid thy pensive heart be glad,
Whate'er the frowning zealots say:
Tell them, their Eden cannot show
A stream so clear as Rocnabad,
A bower so sweet as Mosellay.

GAZEL.

EGHER an Turki Shirazi
Bedest ared dili mara,
Be khali hinduish bakhshem
Samarcand u Bokharara.

Bedeh, saki, mei baki,
Ke der jennet nekhahi yaft
Kunari abi Rocnabad,
Ve gulgeshti Mosellara.

A PERSIAN SONG.

O! when these fair perfidious maids,
Whose eyes our secret haunts infest,
Their dear destructive charms display;
Each glance my tender breast invades,
And robs my wounded soul of rest,
As Tartars seize their destin'd prey.

In vain with love our bosoms glow:
Can all our tears, can all our sighs,
New lustre to those charms impart?
Can cheeks, where living roses blow,
Where nature spreads her richest dyes,
Require the borrow'd gloss of art?

Speak not of fate: ah! change the theme,
And talk of odours, talk of wine,
Talk of the flowers that round us bloom:
'Tis all a cloud, 'tis all a dream;

Fugan kein luliani shokh
I shiringari shehrashob
Chunan berdendi sabr az dil
Ke Turcan khani yagmara.

Ze eshki na temami ma
Jamali yari mustagnist;
Be ab u reng u khal u khatt
Che hajet ruyi zibara.

Hadis az mutreb u mei gu,
Va razi dehri kemter ju,

To love and joy thy thoughts confine,
Nor hope to pierce the sacred gloom.

Beauty has such resistless power,
That even the chaste Egyptian dame
Sigh'd for the blooming Hebrew boy:
For her how fatal was the hour,
When to the banks of Nilus came
A youth so lovely and so coy!

But ah! sweet maid, my counsel hear
(Youth should attend when those advise
Whom long experience renders sage):
While musick charms the ravish'd ear;
While sparkling cups delight our eyes,
Be gay; and scorn the frowns of age.

Ke kes nekshud u nekshaied
Be hikmet ein moammara.

Men az an husni ruzafzun
Ke Yusuf dashti danestem
Ke eshk az perdei ismet
Berun ared Zuleikhara.

Nasihet goshi kun jana,
Ke az jan dostiter darend
Juvanani saadetmend
I pendi peeri danara.

What cruel answer have I heard!
And yet, by heaven, I love thee still:
Can aught be cruel from thy lip?
Yet say, how fell that bitter word
From lips which streams of sweetness fill,
Which nought but drops of honey sip?

Go boldly forth, my simple lay,
Whose accents flow with artless ease,
Like orient pearls at random strung:
Thy notes are sweet, the damsels say;
But O! far sweeter, if they please
The nymph for whom these notes are sung.

Bedem gufti, va khursendam,
Afac alla, neku gufti,
Jawabi telkhi mizeibed
Lebi lali sheker khara.

Gazel gufti vedurr sufti,
Bea vakhosh bukhan Hafiz,
Ke ber nazmi to afshaned
Felek ikdi suriara.

AN

ODE OF PETRARCH,

TO

THE FOUNTAIN OF VALCHIUSA.

YE clear and sparkling streams,
Warm'd by the sunny beams,
Through whose transparent crystal Laura play'd:
Ye boughs, that deck the grove,
Where Spring her chaplets wove,
While Laura lay beneath the quivering shade; *

Canzone 27.

Chiare, fresche, e dolci acque,
Ove le belle membra
Pose colei, che sola a me par donna;
Gentil ramo, ove piacque
(Con sospir mi rimembra)
A lei di fare al bel fianco colonna;

* M. de Voltaire has given us a beautiful paraphrase of this first stanza, though it is certain that he had never read the ode in the original, or at most only the three first lines of it; for he asserts that the Italian song is irregular, and without rhymes; whereas the stanzas are perfectly regular, and the rhymes very exact. His design was to give Madame du Châtelet, for whom he wrote his history, an idea of Petrarch's style; but, if she had only read his imitation, she could have but an imperfect notion of the Italian, which the reader will easily perceive by comparing them.

Sweet herbs, and blushing flowers,
That crown yon vernal bowers
For ever fatal, yet for ever dear;
And ye, that heard my sighs
When first she charm'd my eyes,
Soft-breathing gales, my dying accents hear.
If heaven has fix'd my doom,
That Love must quite consume
My bursting heart, and close my eyes in death;
Ah! grant this slight request,
That here my urn may rest
When to its mansion flies my vital breath.
This pleasing hope will smooth
My anxious mind, and sooth
The pangs of that inevitable hour;

Erba, e fior', che la gonna
Leggiadra ricoverse
Coll' angelico seno;
Aer sacro sereno
Ov' Amor co' begli occhi il cor m' aperse;
Date udienza insieme
Alle dolenti mie parole estreme.
S' egli è pur mio destino,
E'l cielo in ciò s' adopra,
Ch' amor questi occhi lagrimando chiuda,
Qualche grazia il meschino
Corpo fra voi ricopra;
E torni l' alma al proprio albergo ignuda:
La morte fia men cruda,
Se questa speme porto
A quel dubbioso passo;

My spirit will not grieve
Her mortal veil to leave
In these calm shades, and this enchanting bower.
Haply the guilty maid
Through yon accustom'd glade
To my sad tomb will take her lonely way;
Where first her beauty's light
O'erpower'd my dazzled sight,
When Love on this fair border bade me stray;
There sorrowing shall she see,
Beneath an aged tree,
Her true but hapless lover's lowly bier;
Too late her tender sighs
Shall melt the pitying skies,
And her soft veil shall hide the gushing tear.

Che lo spirito lasso
Non poria mai in piu riposato porto
N'en piu tranquilla fossa
Fuggir la carne travagliata, e l' ossa.
Tembo verrà ancor forse
Ch' all' usato soggiorno
Torni la fera bella e mansueta;
E là, ov' ella mi scorse
Nel benedetto giorno
Volga la vista desiosa e lieta,
Cercandomi, ed, o pieta,
Già terra infra le pietre
Vedendo, Amor l'inspiri
In guisa che sospiri
Si dolcemente che mercè m'impetre,
E faccia forza al cielo
Asciugandosi gli occhi col bel velo.

O! well-remember'd day,
When on yon bank she lay,
Meek in her pride, and in her rigour mild;
The young and blooming flowers,
Falling in fragrant showers,
Shone on her neck, and on her bosom smil'd:
Some on her mantle hung,
Some in her locks were strung,
Like orient gems in rings of flaming gold;
Some, in a spicy cloud
Descending, call'd aloud
" Here Love and Youth the reins of empire hold."
I view'd the heavenly maid;
And, rapt in wonder, said
" The groves of Eden gave this angel birth;"

Da' bei rami scendea
Dolce nella memoria
Una pioggia di fior sovra 'l suo grembo;
Ed ella si sedea,
Humile in tanta gloria
Coverta già dell'amoroso nembo:
Qual fior cadea sul lembo,
Qual sulle treccie bionde,
Ch' oro forbito e perle
Eran quel di a vederle,
Qual si posava in terra, e qual sull' onde;
Qual con un vago errore
Girando parea dir, " Qui regna Amore."
Quante volte diss'io
Allor pien di spavento
" Costei per fermo nacque in paradiso,"

Her look, her voice, her smile,
That might all heaven beguile,
Wafted my soul above the realms of earth:
The star-bespangled skies
Were open'd to my eyes;
Sighing I said " Whence rose this glittering scene?"
Since that auspicious hour,
This bank, and odorous bower,
My morning couch, and evening haunt, have been.
Well mayst thou blush, my song,
To leave the rural throng,
And fly thus artless to my Laura's ear;
But were thy poet's fire
Ardent as his desire,
Thou wert a song that heaven might stoop to hear.

Cosi carco d' oblio
Il divin portamento
E'l volto, e le parole, e'l dolce riso
M'aveano, e si diviso
Dall' imagine vera,
Ch' i' dicea sospirando,
" Qui come venn' io, o quando?"
Credendo esser' in ciel, non là dov' era.
Da indi in quà mi piace
Questa erba si ch' altrove non o pace.
Se tu avessi ornamenti quant' ai voglia,
Potresti arditamente
Uscir del bosco, e gir' infra la gente.

M. DE VOLTAIRE'S PARAPHRASE

OF

THE FIRST STANZA,

Chiare, fresche, e dolci acque, &c.

CLAIRE fontaine, onde aimable, onde pure,
Ou la beauté qui consume mon cœur,
Seule beauté, qui soit dans la nature,
Des feux du jour evite la chaleur ;
Arbre heureux, dont le feuillage
Agité par les Zephirs
La couvris de son ombrage,
Qui rappelles mes soupirs,
En rappellant son image,
Ornemens de ces bords, et filles du matin,
Vous dont je suis jaloux, vous moins brillantes qu'Elle,
Fleurs, qu'elle embellissait, quand vous touchiez son sein,
Rossignols, dont la voix est moins douce et moins belle,
Air devenu plus pur, adorable séjour,
Immortalisé par ses charmes,
Lieux dangereux et chers, ou de ses tendres armes
L'amour a blessé tous mes sens,
Ecoutez mes derniers accens,
Recevez mes dernieres larmes.

LAURA,

AN ELEGY FROM PETRARCH.

* IN this fair season, when the whispering gales
Drop showers of fragrance o'er the bloomy vales,
From bower to bower the vernal warblers play;
The skies are cloudless, and the meads are gay;
The nightingale in many a melting strain
Sings to the groves, "Here Mirth and Beauty reign."
But me, for ever bath'd in gushing tears,
No mirth enlivens, and no beauty cheers:
The birds that warble, and the flowers that bloom,
Relieve no more this solitary gloom.

IMITATIONS.

* Ver. 1. Petrarch. Sonnet. 270.

Zesiro torna, e'l bel tempo rimena,
E' i fiori, e l' erbe, sua dolce famiglia;
E garrir Progne, e pianger Filomela;
E primavera candida, e vermiglia:
Ridono i prati, e'l ciel si rasserena;
Giove s'allegra di mirar sua figlia;
L'aria, e l'acque, e la terra e d'amor piena;
Ogni animal d'amar si riconsiglia:

I see, where late the verdant meadow smil'd,
A joyless desert, and a dreary wild.
For those dear eyes, that pierc'd my heart before,
Are clos'd in death, and charm the world no more:
Lost are those tresses, that outshone the morn,
And pale those cheeks, that might the skies adorn.
* Ah, death! thy hand has cropp'd the fairest flower,
That shed its smiling rays in beauty's bower;
Thy dart has lay'd on yonder sable bier
All my soul lov'd, and all the world held dear;
Celestial sweetness, love-inspiring youth,
Soft-ey'd benevolence, and white-rob'd truth.
† Hard fate of man, on whom the heavens bestow
A drop of pleasure for a sea of woe!

IMITATIONS.

Ma per me, lasso, tornano i piu gravi
Sospiri, che del cor profondo tragge
Quella ch' al ciel se ne porto le chiavi:
E cantar' augelletti, e fiorir piagge,
E'n belle donne oneste atti soavi,
Sono un deserto, e fere aspre e selvagge.

* Ver. 17. Sonnet. 243.

Discolorato ai, morte, il piu bel volto
Che mai si vede, e'i plu begli occhi spenti;
Spirto piu acceso di virtuti ardenti
Del piu leggiadro, e piu bel nodo ai sciolto!

† Ver. 28. Sonnet. 230.

O nostra vita, ch'è si bella in vista!
Com' perde agevolmente in un' mattina
Quel che'n molt' ànni a gran pena s' acquista.

Ah, life of care, in fears or hopes consum'd,
Vain hopes, that wither ere they well have bloom'd!
How oft, emerging from the shades of night,
Laughs the gay morn, and spreads a purple light;
But soon the gathering clouds o'ershade the skies,
Red lightnings play, and thundering storms arise!
How oft a day, that fair and mild appears,
Grows dark with fate, and mars the toil of years!
* Not far remov'd, yet hid from distant eyes,
Low in her secret grot a Naiad lies.
Steep arching rocks, with verdant moss o'ergrown,
Form her rude diadem, and native throne:
There in a gloomy cave her waters sleep,
Clear as a brook, but as an ocean deep.
Yet, when the waking flowers of April blow,
And warmer sunbeams melt the gather'd snow;
Rich with the tribute of the vernal rains,
The nymph, exulting, bursts her silver chains;

IMITATIONS.

* Ver. 33. See a description of this celebrated fountain in a poem of Madame Deshoulieres.

Entre de hauts rochers, dont l'aspect est terrible,
Des pres toujours fleuris, des arbres toujours verds,
Une source orgueilleuse et pure,
Dont l'eau sur cent rochers divers
D'une mousse verte couverts,
S'épanche, bouïllonne, et murmure;
Des agneaux bondissans sur la tendre verdure,
Et de leurs conducteurs les rustiques concerts, &c.

Her living waves in sparkling columns rise,
And shine like rainbows to the sunny skies
From cliff to cliff the falling waters roar;
Then die in murmurs, and are heard no more.
Hence, softly flowing in a dimpled stream,
The crystal Sorga spreads a lively gleam;
From which a thousand rills in mazes glide,
And deck the banks with summer's gayest pride;
Brighten the verdure of the smiling plains,
And crown the labour of the joyful swains.
First on these banks (ah, dream of short delight!)
The charms of Laura struck my dazzled sight;
Charms, that the bliss of Eden might restore,
That heaven might envy, and mankind adore.
I saw—and O! what heart could long rebel?
I saw, I lov'd, and bade the world farewel.
Where'er she mov'd, the meads were fresh and gay,
And every bower exhal'd the sweets of May;
Smooth flow'd the streams, and softly blew the gale;
The rising flowers impurpled every dale;
Calm was the ocean, and the sky serene;
An universal smile o'erspread the shining scene:
But when in death's cold arms entranc'd she lay,
(* Ah, ever dear, yet ever fatal day!)
O'er all the air a direful gloom was spread;
Pale were the meads, and all their blossoms dead;

* Laura was first seen by Petrarch on the sixth of April in the year 1327; and she died on the same day in 1348.

The clouds of April shed a baleful dew,
All nature wore a veil of deadly hue.
Go, plaintive breeze, to Laura's flowery bier,
Heave the warm sigh, and shed the tender tear.
There to the awful shade due homage pay,
And softly thus address the sacred clay:
" * Say, envied earth, that dost those charms infold,
" Where are those cheeks, and where those locks of gold?
" Where are those eyes, which oft the Muse has sung?
" Where those sweet lips, and that enchanting tongue?
" Ye radiant tresses, and thou, nectar'd smile;
" Ye looks that might the melting skies beguile;
" You robb'd my soul of rest, my eyes of sleep;
" You taught me how to love, and how to weep."
† No shrub o'erhangs the dew-bespangled vale,
No blossom trembles to the dying gale,

IMITATIONS.

* Ver. 75. Sonnet. 260.

Quanta invidia ti porto, avara terra,
Ch' abbracci quella, cui veder m' è tolto.

And Sonnet. 259.

Ov' è la fronte, che con picciol cenno
Volgea 'l mio core in questa parte, e'n quella?
Ov' è 'l bel ciglio, e l' una e l' altra stella,
Ch' al corso del mio viver lume denno? &c.

† Ver. 83. Sonnet. 248.

Non è sterpe, ne sasso in questi monti,
Non ramo o fronda verde in queste piagge;
Non fior' in queste valli, o foglia d'erba;

No floweret blushes in the morning rays,
No stream along the winding valley plays,
But knows what anguish thrills my tortur'd breast,
What pains consume me, and what cares infest.
* At blush of dawn, and in the gloom of night,
Her pale-eyed phantom swims before my sight,
Sits on the border of each purling rill,
Crowns every bower, and glides o'er every hill.
† Flows the loud rivulet down the mountain's brow?
Or pants the Zephyr on the waving bough?

IMITATIONS.

Stilla d' acque non ven di queste fonti,
Ne fiere an questi boschi si selvagge,
Che non sappian quant' è mia pena acerba.

* Ver. 89. Sonnet. 241.

Or' in forma di ninfa, o d' altra diva,
Che del piu chiaro fondo di Sorga esca,
E pongasi a seder' in su la riva:
Or' l' o veduta su per l'erba fresca
Calcar' i fior, com' una donna viva,
Mostrando in vista, che di me le'ncresca.

† Ver. 93. Sonnet. 239.

Se lamentar' augelli, o verdi fronde
Mover soavemente all' aura estiva,
O roco mormorar di lucid' onde
S'ode d'una siorita e fresca riva,
La v' io seggia d' amor pensoso, e schriva;
Lei che'l ciel ne mostrò, terra nasconde,
Veggio, ed odo, ed intendo, ch' ancor viva
Di si lontano a' sospir miei risponde.

Or sips the labouring bee her balmy dews,
And with soft strains her fragrant toil pursues?
Or warbles from yon silver-blossom'd thorn
The wakeful bird, that hails the rising morn?
My Laura's voice in many a soothing note
Floats through the yielding air, or seems to float:
" Why fill thy sighs, she says, this lonely bower?
" Why down thy bosom flows this endless shower?
" Complain no more; but hope ere long to meet
" Thy much-lov'd Laura in a happier seat.
" Here fairer scenes detain my parted shade;
" Suns that ne'er set, and flowers that never fade:
" Through crystal skies I wing my joyous flight,
" And revel in eternal blaze of light;
" See all thy wanderings in that vale of tears,
" And smile at all thy hopes, at all thy fears:
" Death wak'd my soul, that slept in life before,
" And op'd these brighten'd eyes, to sleep no more."
She ends: the fates, that will no more reveal,
Fix on her closing lips their sacred seal.

IMITATIONS.

Deh! perche innanzi tempo ti consume?
Mi dice con pietate, a che pur versi
Dagli occhi tristi un doloroso fiume?
Di me non pianger tu; che miei di fersi,
Morendo, eterni, e nell' eterno lume,
Quando mostrai di chiuder gl' occhi, apersi.

" Return, sweet shade! I wake, and fondly say,
" O, cheer my gloom with one far-beaming ray!
" Return: thy charms my sorrow will dispel,
" And snatch my spirit from her mortal cell;
" Then, mix'd with thine, exulting she shall fly,
" And bound enraptur'd through her native sky."
She comes no more: my pangs more fierce return;
Tears gush in streams, and sighs my bosom burn.
* Ye banks, that oft my weary limbs have born;
Ye murmuring brooks, that learnt of me to mourn;
Ye birds, that tune with me your plaintive lay;
Ye groves, where Love once taught my steps to stray:
You, ever sweet and ever fair, renew
Your strains melodious, and your blooming hue;
But not in my sad heart can bliss remain,
My heart, the haunt of never-ceasing pain!

IMITATIONS.

* Ver. 123. Sonnet. 261.

Valle, che de' lamenti miei se' piena;
Fiume, che spesso del mio pianger cresci;
Fere selvestre, vaghi augelli, e pesci,
Che l' una, e l' altra verde riva affrena
Aria de' miei sospir' calda e serena;
Dolce sentier, che si amaro riesci;
Colle, che mi piacesti, or mi rincresci;
Ov' ancor per usanza Amor mi mena;
Ben riconosco in voi l'usate forme,
Non, lasso, in me, che da si lieta vista,
Son fatto albergo d'infinita doglia.

Henceforth, to sing in smoothly-warbled lays
The smiles of youth, and beauty's heavenly rays;
* To see the morn her early charms unfold,
Her cheeks of roses, and her curls of gold;
† Led by the sacred Muse at noon to rove
O'er tufted mountain, vale, or shady grove;
To watch the stars, that gild the lucid pole,
And view yon orbs in mazy order roll;
To hear the tender nightingale complain,
And warble to the woods her amorous strain;
No more shall these my pensive soul delight,
But each gay vision melts in endless night.

IMITATIONS.

* Ver. 133. Sonnet. 251.

Quand' io veggio dal ciel scender l'Aurora,
Col la fronte di rose, e co' crin d' oro.

† Ver. 135. Sonnet. 272.

Ne per sereno ciel ir vaghe stelle;
Ne per tranquillo mar legni spalmati;
Ne per campagne cavalieri armati;
Ne per bei boschi allegre fere e snelle;
Ne d' aspettato ben fresche novelle,
Ne dir d'Amore in stili alti ed ornati;
Ne tra chiare fontane, e verdi prati
Dolce cantare oneste donne e belle;
Ne altro sarà mai ch' al cor m' aggiunga,
Si seco il seppe quella sepellire,
Che sola a gli occhi miei fu lume a speglio.

* Nymphs, who in glimmering glades by moonlight
dance,
And ye, who through the liquid crystal glance,
Who oft have heard my sadly-pleasing moan;
Behold me now a lifeless marble grown.
Ah! lead me to the tomb where Laura lies;
Clouds, fold me round; and, gather'd darkness, rise;
Bear me, ye gales, in death's soft slumber lay'd;
And, ye bright realms, receive my fleeting shade!

IMITATIONS.

* Ver. 143. Sonnet. 263.

O vaghi abitator de' verdi boschi,
O Ninfe, e voi, che'l fresco erboso fondo
Del liquido cristallo alberga e pasce.

A TURKISH ODE

OF MESIHI.

HEAR how the nightingales, on every spray,
Hail in wild notes the sweet return of May!
The gale, that o'er yon waving almond blows,
The verdant bank with silver blossoms strows:
The smiling season decks each flowery glade
Be gay: too soon the flowers of Spring will fade.
What gales of fragrance scent the vernal air!
Hills, dales, and woods, their loveliest mantles wear.

DINLEH bulbul kissa sen kim gildi eiami behar,
Kurdi her bir baghda hengamei hengami behar,
Oldi sim afshan ana ezhari badami behar
Ysh u nush it kim gicher kalmaz bu eiami behar.
Yineh enwei shukufileh bezendi bagh u ragh,
Ysh ichun kurdi chichekler sahni gulshenda otagh,

Thou hearest the tale of the nightingale, " *that the vernal season approaches.*" *The Spring has spread bower of joy in every grove, where the almond-tree sheds its silver blossoms. Be cheerful; be full of mirth; for the Spring passes soon away: it will not last.*

The groves and hills are again adorned with all sorts of flowers: a pavilion of roses, as the seat of pleasure, is raised in the garden. Who knows which of us will be alive when the fair season ends? Be cheerful, &c.

Who knows what cares await that fatal day,
When ruder gusts shall banish gentle May?
Ev'n death, perhaps, our valleys will invade.
Be gay: too soon the flowers of Spring will fade.

The tulip now its varied hue displays,
And sheds, like Ahmed's eye, celestial rays.
Ah, nation ever faithful, ever true,
The joys of youth, while May invites, pursue!
Will not these notes your timorous minds persuade?
Be gay: too soon the flowers of Spring will fade.

The sparkling dewdrops o'er the lilies play,
Like orient pearls, or like the beams of day.
If love and mirth your wanton thoughts engage,
Attend, ye nymphs! (a poet's words are sage).

Kim bilur ol behareh dek kih u kim ola sagh?
Ysh u nush it kim gicher kalmaz bu eiami behar.

Tarafi gulshen nuri Ahmed birleh malamaldur,
Sebzelerinda sehabeh lalehi kheirulaldur,
Hei Mohammed ummeti wakti huzuri haldur.
Ysh u nush it kim gicher kalmaz bu eiami behar.

Kildi shebnem yineh jeuherdari tighi suseni,
Zhalehler aldi hewai doiyile leh gulshene,

The edge of the bower is filled with the light of Ahmed: among the plants the fortunate tulips represent his companions. Come, O people of Mohammed, this is the season of merriment. Be cheerful, &c.

Again the dew glitters on the leaves of the lily, like the water of a bright scymitar. The dewdrops fall through the air on the garden of roses. Listen to me, listen to me, if thou desirest to be delighted. Be cheerful, &c.

While thus you sit beneath the trembling shade,
Be gay: too soon the flowers of Spring will fade.
The fresh blown rose like Zeineb's cheek appears,
When pearls, like dewdrops, glitter in her ears.
The charms of youth at once are seen and past;
And nature says, "They are too sweet to last."
So blooms the rose; and so the blushing maid!
Be gay: too soon the flowers of Spring will fade.
See yon anemonies their leaves unfold,
With rubies flaming, and with living gold!
While crystal showers from weeping clouds descend,
Enjoy the presence of thy tuneful friend.

Gher temasha iseh maksudun beni esleh beni.
Ysh u nush it kim gicher kalmaz bu eiami behar.

Rukhleri rengin giuzellar dur gulileh lalehlar,
Kim kulaklarineh durlu jeuher asmish zhalehlar,
Aldanup sanma ki bunlar boileh baki kalehlar.
Ysh u nush it kim gicher kalmaz bu eiami behar.

Gulistanda giorunin laleh u gul naoman leh
Baghda kan aldi shemsun nishteri baran leh.

The roses and tulips are like the bright cheeks of beautiful maids, in whose ears the pearls hang like drops of dew. Deceive not thyself, by thinking that these charms will have a long duration. Be cheerful, &c.

Tulips, roses, and anemonies, appear in the gardens: the showers and the sunbeams, like sharp lancets, tinge the banks with the colour of blood. Spend this day agreeably with thy friends, like a prudent man. Be cheerful, &c.

Now, while the wines are brought, the sofa's lay'd,
Be gay: too soon the flowers of Spring will fade.
The plants no more are dried, the meadows dead,
No more the rose-bud hangs her pensive head:
The shrubs revive in valleys, meads, and bowers,
And every stalk is diadem'd with flowers;
In silken robes each hillock stands array'd.
Be gay: too soon the flowers of Spring will fade.
Clear drops each morn impearl the rose's bloom,
And from its leaf the Zephyr drinks perfume;
The dewy buds expand their lucid store:
Be this our wealth: ye damsels, ask no more.

Arefun bu demi khosh-gior bu giun yaran leh,
Ysh u nush it kim gicher kalmaz bu eiami behar.

Gitti ol demler ki olup sebzeler sahib ferash,
Guncheh fikri gulshenun olmishdi bagherinda bash,
Gildi bir dem kim karardi laleh lerle dagh u tash,
Ysh u nush it kim gicher kalmaz bu eiami behar.

Ebr gulzari ustuneh her subh goher bariken,
Nefhei badi seher por nafei tatariken:
Ghafil olmeh alemun mahbublighi wariken.
Ysh u nush it kim gicher kalmaz bu eiami behar.

The time is passed in which the plants were sick, and the rose-bud hung its thoughtful head on its bosom. The season comes in which mountains and rocks are coloured with tulips. Be cheerful, &c.

Each morning the clouds shed gems over the rose-garden: the breath of the gale is full of Tartarian musk. Be not neglectful of thy duty through too great a love of the world. Be cheerful, &c.

Though wise men envy, and though fools upbraid,
Be gay: too soon the flowers of Spring will fade.
The dewdrops, sprinkled by the musky gale,
Are chang'd to essence ere they reach the dale.
The mild blue sky a rich pavilion spreads,
Without our labour, o'er our favour'd heads.
Let others toil in war, in arts, or trade.
Be gay: too soon the flowers of Spring will fade.
Late gloomy winter chill'd the sullen air,
Till Soliman arose, and all was fair.
Soft in his reign the notes of love resound,
And pleasure's rosy cup goes freely round.
Here on the bank, which mantling vines o'ershade,
Be gay: too soon the flowers of Spring will fade.

Buyi gulzar itti sholdenlu hewai mushknab
Kim yereh inengeh olur ketrei shebneim gulab.
Cherkh otak kurdi gulistan ustuneh giunlik sehab.
Ysh u nush it kim gicher kalmaz bu eiami behar.
Gulistanun her ne sen aldi siah badi khuzan,
Adl idup bir bir ileh wardi yineh shahi jehan.
Deuletinda badehler kam oldi sakii kamran.
Ysh u nush it kim gicher kalmaz bu eiami behar.

The sweetness of the bower has made the air so fragrant, that the dew, before it falls, is changed into rose-water. The sky spreads a pavilion of bright clouds over the garden. Be cheerful, &c.

Whoever thou art, know that the black gusts of autumn had seized the garden; but the king of the world again appeared dispensing justice to all: in his reign the happy cupbearer desired and obtained the flowing wine. Be cheerful, &c.

May this rude lay from age to age remain,
A true memorial of this lovely train.
Come, charming maid, and hear thy poet sing,
Thyself the rose, and He the bird of spring:
Love bids him sing, and Love will be obey'd.
Be gay: too soon the flowers of Spring will fade.

Omerem buleh, Mesihi, bu merbai ishtihar,
Ehlene ola bu charabru u giuzeller yadgar,
Bulbuli khosh gui sen gulyuzluler leh yuriwar.
Ysh u nush it kim gicher kalmaz bu eiami behar.

By these strains I hoped to celebrate this delightful valley; may they be a memorial to its inhabitants, and remind them of this assembly, and these fair maids! Thou art a nightingale with a sweet voice, O Mesihi, when thou walkest with the damsels, whose cheeks are like roses. Be cheerful; be full of mirth; for the Spring passes soon away: it will not last.

THE SAME,

IN IMITATION OF THE

PERVIGILIUM VENERIS.

ALITES audis loquaces per nemora, per arbutos,
Veris adventum canentes tinnulo modulamine;
Dulcè luget per virentes mollis aura amygdalas:
Nunc amandum est, nunc bibendum; floreum ver fugit,
abit!

Eccè jam flores refulgent gemmeis honoribus,
Quique prata, quiquè saltûs, quique sylvulas amant;
Quis scit an nox una nobis dormienda æterna sit?
Nunc amandum est, nunc bibendum; floreum ver fugit,
abit!

Quantus est nitor rosarum! quantus hyacinthi decor!
Non ocellus, cùm renidèt, est puellæ lætior:
Hic levi dies amori est, hic voluptati sacer:
Nunc amandum est, nunc bibendum; floreum ver fugit,
abit!

Ecce baccatæ recentis guttulæ foris micant,
Per genam rosæ cadentes, perque mite lilium:
Auribus gratum, puellæ, sit meum vestris melos;
Nunc amandum est, nunc bibendum; floreum ver fugit,
abit!

Ut rosa in prato refulget, sic teres virgo nitet,
Hæc onusta margaritis, illa roris gemmulis:
Ne perenne vel puellæ vel rosæ speres decus.
Nunc amandum est, nunc bibendum; floreum ver fugit,
abit!

Aspice, ut roseta amictu discolori splendeant,
Prata dum fœcundat æther læta gratis imbribus,
Fervidos inter sodales da voluptati diem.
Nunc amandum est, nunc bibendum; floreum ver fugit,
abit!

Jam situ deformis ægro non jacet rosæ calyx;
Ver adest, ver pingit hortos purpurantes floribus,
Perque saxa, perque colles, perque lucos emicat:
Nunc amandum est, nunc bibendum; floreum ver fugit,
abit!

Ecce, per rosæ papillas suavè rident guttulae,
Quas odorifer resolvit lenis aurae spiritus;
Hae pyropis, hae smaragdis cariores Indicis.
Nunc amandum est, nunc bibendum; floreum ver fugit,
abit!

Is tenellis per vireta spirat è rosis odor,
Ut novum stillans amomum ros in herbas decidat,
Suavè olentibus coronans lacrymis conopeum.
Nunc amandum est, nunc bibendum; floreum ver fugit,
abit!

Acris olim cum malignis saeviit ventis hyems;
Sed roseto, solis instar, regis affulsit nitor;
Floruit nemus repentè, dulce manavit merum:
Nunc amandum est, nunc bibendum; floreum ver fugit,
abit!

His iners modis, Mesihi, melleam aptabas chelyn;
Veris ales est poeta; verna cantat gaudia,
Et rosas carpit tepentes è puellarum genis.
Nunc amandum est, nunc bibendum; floreum ver fugit,
abit!

ARCADIA,

A PASTORAL POEM.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE following pastoral was written in the year 1692; but the author, finding some tolerable passages in it, was induced to correct it afterwards, and to give it a place in this collection. He took the hint of it from an allegory of Mr. Addison, in the thirty-second paper of the Guardian; which is set down in the margin, that the reader may see where he has copied the original, and where he has deviated from it. In this piece, as it now stands, Menalcas, king of the shepherds, means Theocritus, the most ancient, and perhaps the best, writer of pastorals: and by his two daughters, Daphne and Hyla, must be understood the two sorts of pastoral poetry; the one elegant and polished, the other simple and unadorned; in both of which he excelled. Virgil, whom Pope chiefly followed, seems to have borne away the palm in the higher sort; and Spenser, whom Gay imitated with success, had equal merit in the more rustick style: these two poets, therefore, may justly be supposed in this allegory to have inherited his kingdom of Arcadia.

ARCADIA.

IN those fair plains, where glittering Ladon roll'd
His wanton labyrinth o'er sands of gold,
Menalcas reign'd: from Pan his lineage came;
Rich were his vales, and deathless was his fame.
When youth impell'd him, and when love inspir'd,
The listening nymphs his Dorick lays admir'd:
To hear his notes the swains with rapture flew;
A softer pipe no shepherd ever blew.
But now, oppress'd beneath the load of age,
Belov'd, respected, venerable, sage,
* Of heroes, demigods, and gods he sung;
His reed neglected on a poplar hung:
Yet all the rules, that young Arcadians keep,
He kept, and watch'd each morn his bleating sheep;
Two lovely daughters were his dearest care;
Both mild as May, and both as April fair:

IMITATIONS.

Guardian, N° 32.

In ancient times there dwelt in a pleasant vale of Arcadia a man of very ample possessions, named Menalcas, who, deriving his pedigree from the god Pan, kept very strictly up to the rules of the pastoral life, as it was in the golden age.

NOTE.

* This couplet alludes to the higher Idyllia of Theocritus; as the Ἐγκώμιον εἰς Πτολεμαῖον, the Διόσκουροι, and others, which are of the heroick kind.

Love, where they mov'd, each youthful breast inflam'd;
And Daphne this, and Hyla that was nam'd.
* The first was bashful as a blooming bride,
And all her mien display'd a decent pride;
Her tresses, braided in a curious knot,
Were close confin'd, and not a hair forgot;
Where many a flower, in mystick order plac'd,
With myrtle twin'd, her silken fillet grac'd;
Nor with less neatness was her robe dispos'd,
And every fold a pleasing art disclos'd;
Her sandals of the brightest silk were made,
And, as she walk'd, gave lustre to the shade;
A graceful ease in every step was seen,
She mov'd a shepherdess, yet look'd a queen.
Her sister scorn'd to dwell in arching bowers,
Or deck her locks with wreaths of fading flowers;
O'er her bare shoulder flow'd her auburn hair,
And, fann'd by Zephyrs, floated on the air;
Green were her buskins, green the vest she wore,
And in her hand a knotty crook she bore.
† The voice of Daphne might all pains disarm;
Yet, heard too long, its sweetness ceas'd to charm:

IMITATIONS.

* He had a daughter, his only child, called Amaryilis. She was a virgin of a most enchanting beauty, of a most easy and unaffected air; but having been bred up wholly in the country, was bashful to the last degree.

† She had a voice that was exceedingly sweet; yet had a rusticity in her tone, which, however, to most who

But none were tir'd when artless Hyla sung,
Though something rustick warbled from her tongue.
Thus both in beauty grew, and both in fame,
Their manners different, yet their charms the same.
The young Arcadians, tuneful from their birth,
To love devoted, and to rural mirth,
Beheld, and fondly lov'd the royal maids,
And sung their praise in valleys, lawns, and glades;
From morn to latest eve they wept, and sigh'd;
And some for Daphne, some for Hyla, died:
Each day new presents to the nymphs they bore,
And in gay order spread the shining store;
Some beechen bowls and polish'd sheephooks brought,
With ebon knots, and studs of silver, wrought;
Some led in flowery bands the playful fawn,
Or bounding roe, that spurn'd the grassy lawn;
The rest on nature's blooming gifts relied,
And rais'd their slender hopes on beauty's pride:
But the coy maids, regardless of their pain,
Their vows derided, and their plaintive strain.
Hence some, whom love with lighter flames had fir'd,
Broke their soft flutes, and in despair retir'd;

IMITATIONS.

heard her seemed an additional charm. Though in her conversation in general she was very engaging, yet to her lovers, who were numerous, she was so coy, that many left her in disgust after a tedious courtship, and matched themselves where they were better received.

To milder damsels told their amorous tale,
And found a kinder Daphne in the vale.
It happen'd on a cheerful morn of May,
When every meadow smil'd in fresh array,
The shepherds, rising at an early hour,
In crouds assembled round the regal bower,
There hail'd in sprightly notes the peerless maids;
And tender accents trembled through the glades.
Menalcas, whom the larks with many a lay
Had call'd from slumber at the dawn of day,
By chance was roving through a bordering dale,
And heard the swains their youthful woes bewail.
He knew the cause; for long his prudent mind
To sooth their cares indulgently design'd:
Slow he approach'd; then wav'd his awful hand,
And, leaning on his crook, address'd the listening band:
" Arcadian shepherds, to my words attend!
In silence hear your monarch, and your friend.
Your fruitless pains, which none can disapprove,
Exite my pity, not my anger move.
Two gentle maids, the solace of my age,
Fill all my soul, and all my care engage;
When death shall join me to the pale-ey'd throng,
To them my sylvan empire will belong;
But, lest with them the royal line should fail,
And civil discord fill this happy vale,
Two chosen youths the beauteous nymphs must wed,
To share their power, and grace the genial bed;

* So may the swains our ancient laws obey,
And all Arcadia own their potent sway.
But what sage counsel can their choice direct?
Whom can the nymphs prefer, or whom reject?
So like your passion, and so like your strain,
That all deserve, yet cannot all obtain.
Hear then my tale: as late, by fancy led
To steep Cyllene's ever-vocal head,
With winding steps I wander'd through the wood,
And pour'd wild notes, a Faun before me stood;
A flute he held, which as he softly blew,
The feather'd warblers to the sound he drew;
Then to my hand the precious gift consign'd,
And said, " Menalcas, ease thy wondering mind:
" This pipe, on which the god of shepherds play'd,
" When love inflam'd him, and the † viewless maid,
" Receive: ev'n Pan thy tuneful skill confess'd,
" And after Pan thy lips will grace it best. "

IMITATIONS.

* For Menalcas had not only resolved to take a son-in-law, who should inviolably maintain the customs of his family; but had received one evening, as he walked in the fields, a pipe of an antique form from a Faun, or, as some say, from Oberon the Fairy, with a particular charge, not to bestow his daughter on any one who could not play the same tune upon it as at that time he entertained him with.

NOTE.

† Echo.

" Thy daughter's beauty every breast inspires,
" And all thy kingdom glows with equal fires:
" But let those favour'd youths alone succeed,
" Who blow with matchless art this heavenly reed."
* This said, he disappear'd. Then hear my will:
Be bold, ye lovers, and exert your skill;
Be they my sons, who sing the softest strains,
And tune to sweetest notes their pleasing pains:
But mark! whoe'er shall by too harsh a lay
Offend our ears, and from our manners stray,
He, for our favour, and our throne unfit,
To some disgraceful penance must submit."
He ends; the shepherds at his words rejoice,
And praise their sovereign with a grateful voice.
Each swain believes the lovely prize his own,
And sits triumphant on th' ideal throne;
Kind Vanity their want of art supplies,
And gives indulgent what the Muse denies;
Gay vests and flowery garlands each prepares,
And each the dress, that suits his fancy, wears.

IMITATIONS.

* When the time that he designed to give her in marriage was near at hand, he published a decree, whereby he invited the neighbouring youths to make trial of this musical instrument, with promise, that the victor should possess his daughter on condition that the vanquished should submit to what punishment he thought fit to inflict. Those, who were not yet discouraged, and had high conceits of their own worth, appeared on the

Now deeper blushes ting'd the glowing sky,
And evening rais'd her silver lamp on high;
When, in a bower by Ladon's lucid stream,
Where not a star could dart his piercing beam,
So thick the curling eglantines display'd,
With woodbines join'd, an aromatick shade,
The father of the blooming nymphs reclin'd,
His hoary locks with sacred laurel twin'd:
The royal damsels, seated by his side,
Shone like two flowers in summer's fairest pride;
The swains before them crouded in a ring,
Prepar'd to blow the flute, or sweetly sing.
First, in the midst a graceful youth arose,
Born in those fields where crystal Mele flows:
His air was courtly, his complexion fair,
And rich perfumes shed sweetness from his hair,
That o'er his shoulder wav'd in flowing curls,
With roses braided, and inwreath'd with pearls;

IMITATIONS.

appointed day, in a dress and equipage suitable to their respective fancies. The place of meeting was a flowery meadow, through which a clear stream murmured in many irregular meanders. The shepherds made a spacious ring for the contending lovers; and in one part of it there sat upon a little throne of turf, under an arch of eglantine and woodbines, the father of the maid, and at his right hand the damsel crowned with roses and lilies. She wore a flying robe of a slight green stuff; she had a sheephook in one hand, and the fatal pipe in the other. The first who approached her was a youth of a graceful

A wand of cedar for his crook he bore;
His slender foot th' Arcadian sandal wore,
Yet that so rich, it seem'd to fear the ground,
With beaming gems and silken ribbands bound;
The plumage of an ostrich grac'd his head,
And with embroider'd flowers his mantle was o'erspread.
* He sung the darling of th' Idalian queen,
Fall'n in his prime on sad Cythera's green;
When weeping graces left the faded plains,
And tun'd their strings to elegiack strains;
While mourning Loves the tender burden bore,
"Adonis, fair Adonis, charms no more."
The theme displeas'd the nymph, whose ruder ear
The tales of simple shepherds lov'd to hear.
The maids and youths, who saw the swain advance,
And take the fatal pipe, prepar'd to dance:
So wildly, so affectedly, he play'd,
His tune so various and uncouth he made,
That not a dancer could in cadence move,
And not a nymph the quaver'd notes approve:

IMITATIONS.

presence and a courtly air, but dressed in a richer habit than had ever been seen in Arcadia. He wore a crimson vest, cut, indeed, after the shepherd's fashion, but so enriched with embroidery, and sparkling with jewels, that the eyes of the spectators were diverted from considering the mode of the garment by the dazzling of the ornaments. His head was covered with a plume of fea-

NOTE.

* See Bion, Moschus, &c.

They broke their ranks, and join'd the circling train,
While bursts of laughter sounded o'er the plain.
Menalcas rais'd his hand, and bade retire
The silken courtier from th' Arcadian choir:
Two eager shepherds, at the king's command,
Rent his gay plume, and snapp'd his polish'd wand;
They tore his vest, and o'er his bosom threw
A weed of homely grain and russet hue;
Then fill'd with wither'd herbs his scented locks,
And scornful drove him to the low-brow'd rocks;
There doom'd to rove, deserted and forlorn,
Till thrice the moon had arch'd her silver horn.

* The next that rose, and took the mystick reed,
Was wrapp'd ungraceful in a sordid weed:
A shaggy hide was o'er his shoulder spread,
And wreaths of noxious darnel bound his head;
Unshorn his beard, and tangled was his hair,
He rudely walk'd, and thus address'd the fair:

IMITATIONS.

thers, and his sheephook glittered with gold and enamel. He applied the pipe to his lips, and began a tune, which he set off with so many graces and quavers, that the shepherds and shepherdesses, who had paired themselves in order to dance, could not follow it; as indeed it required great skill and regularity of steps, which they had never been bred to. Menalcas ordered him to be stripped of his costly robes, and to be clad in a russet weed, and to tend the flocks in the valleys for a year and a day.

* The second that appeared was in a very different

" My kids I fondle, and my lambs I kiss;
" Ah! grant, sweet maid, a more delightful bliss."
The damsels blush with anger and disdain,
And turn indignant from the shameless swain;
To Pan in silence, and to Love, they pray,
To make his musick hateful as his lay.
The gods assent: the flute he roughly takes,
And scarce with pain a grating murmur makes;
But when in jarring notes he forc'd his song,
Just indignation fir'd the rural throng:
Shame of Arcadia's bowers! the youths exclaim,
Whose tuneless lays disgrace a shepherd's name!
The watchful heralds, at Menalcas' nod,
Pursued the rustick with a vengeful rod;
Condemn'd three summers on the rocky shore
To feed his goats, and touch a pipe no more.

IMITATIONS.

garb. He was cloathed in a garment of rough goat-skins, his hair was matted, his beard neglected; in his person uncouth, and awkward in his gait. He came up fleering to the nymph, and told her, " He had hugged " his lambs, and kissed his young kids, but he hoped to " kiss one that was sweeter." The fair one blushed with modesty and anger, and prayed secretly against him as she gave him the pipe. He snatched it from her, but with great difficulty made it sound; which was in such harsh and jarring notes, that the shepherds cried one and all that he understood no musick. He was immediately ordered to the most craggy parts of Arcadia to keep

* Now to the ring a portly swain advanc'd,
Who neither wholly waik'd, ner wholly danc'd;
Yet mov'd in pain, so close his crimson vest
Was clasp'd uneasy o'er his straining breast:
† " Fair nymph, said he, the roses, which you wear,
" Your charms improve not, but their own impair."
The maids, unus'd to flowers of eloquence,
Smil'd at the words, but could not guess their sense.
When in his hand the sacred reed he took,
Long time he view'd it with a pensive look;
Then gave it breath, and rais'd a shriller note
Than when the bird of morning swells his throat;
Through every interval, now low, now high,
Swift o'er the stops his fingers seem'd to fly:
The youths, who heard such musick with surprize,
Gaz'd on the tuneful bard with wondering eyes:

IMITATIONS.

the goats, and commanded never to touch a pipe any more.

* The third that advanced appeared in clothes that were so strait and uneasy to him, that he seemed to move in pain. He marched up to the maiden with a thoughtful look, and stately pace, and said, " Divine " Amaryllis, you wear not those roses to improve your " beauty, but to make them ashamed." As she did not comprehend his meaning, she presented the instrument without reply. The tune that he played was so

NOTE.

† See Tasso, Guarini, Fontenelle, Camoens, Garcilasso, and Lope de la Vega; and other writers of pastorals in Italian, French, Portuguese, and Spanish

He saw with secret pride their deep amaze,
Then said, *" Arcadia shall resound my praise,
" And every clime my powerful art shall own;
" This, this ye swains, is melody alone:
" To me Amphion taught the heavenly strains,
" Amphion, born on rich Hesperian plains."
To whom Menalcas: " Stranger, we admire
" Thy notes melodious, and thy rapturous fire;
" But ere to these fair valleys thou return,
" Adopt our manners, and our language learn:
" Some aged shepherd shall thy air improve,
" And teach thee how to speak, and how to move."
† Soon to the bower a modest stripling came,
Fairest of swains; and ‡ Tityrus his name:
Mild was his look, an easy grace he show'd,
And o'er his beauteous limbs a decent mantle flow'd:

IMITATIONS.

intricate and perplexing, that the shepherds stood still like people astonished and confounded.

* In vain did he plead that it was the perfection of musick composed by the most skilful master of Hesperia. Menalcas, finding that he was a stranger, hospitably took compassion on him, and delivered him to an old shepherd, who was ordered to get him clothes that would fit him, and teach him how to speak plain.

† The fourth that stepped forward was young Amyntas, the most beautiful of all the Arcadian swains, and secretly beloved by Amaryllis. He wore that day the

NOTE.

‡ The name supposed to be taken by Virgil in his first pastoral.

As through the croud he press'd, the sylvan choir
His mien applauded, and his neat attire;
And Daphne, yet untaught in amorous lore,
Felt strange desires, and pains unknown before.
He now begins; the dancing hills attend,
And knotty oaks from mountain-tops descend:
He sings of swains beneath the beechen shade,
* When lovely Amaryllis fill'd the glade;
Next, in a sympathizing lay, complains
Of love unpitied, and the lover's pains:
But when with art the hallow'd pipe he blew,
What deep attention hush'd the rival crew!
He play'd so sweetly, and so sweetly sung,
That on each note th' enraptur'd audience hung;
Ev'n blue-hair'd nymphs, from Ladon's limpid stream,
Rais'd their bright heads, and listen'd to the theme;

IMITATIONS.

same colours as the maid for whom he sighed. He moved towards her with an easy, but unassured, air: she blushed as he came near her; and when she gave him the fatal present, they both trembled, but neither could speak. Having secretly breathed his vows to the gods, he poured forth such melodious notes, that, though they were a little wild and irregular, they filled every heart with delight. The swains immediately mingled in the dance; and the old shepherds affirmed, that they had often heard such musick by night, which they imagined to be played by some of the rural deities.

NOTE.

* Formosam resonare doces Amaryllida sylvam. *Virg.*

Then through the yielding waves in transport glanc'd;
Whilst on the banks the joyful shepherds danc'd:
" We oft, said they, at close of evening flowers,
" Have heard such musick in the vocal bowers:
" We wonder'd; for we thought some amorous god,
" That on a silver moonbeam swiftly rode,
" Had fann'd with starry plumes the floating air,
" And touch'd his harp, to charm some mortal fair."
He ended; and as rolling billows loud
His praise resounded from the circling croud.
The clamorous tumult softly to compose,
High in the midst the plaintive * Colin rose,
Born on the lilied banks of royal Thame,
Which oft had rung with Rosalinda's name;
Fair, yet neglected; neat, yet unadorn'd;
The pride of dress, and flowers of art, he scorn'd:
And, like the nymph who fir'd his youthful breast,
Green were his buskins, green his simple vest:
With careless ease his rustick lays he sung,
And melody flow'd smoothly from his tongue:
Of June's gay fruits and August's corn he told,
The bloom of April, and December's cold;
† The loves of shepherds, and their harmless cheer
In every month that decks the varied year.
Now on the flute with equal grace he play'd,
And his soft numbers died along the shade;

NOTES.

* Colin is the name that Spenser takes in his pastorals; and Rosalinda is that under which he celebrates his mistress.

† See the Shepherd's Kalendar.

The skilful dancers to his accents mov'd,
And every voice his easy tune approv'd;
Ev'n Hyla, blooming maid, admir'd the strain,
While through her bosom shot a pleasing pain.
Now all were hush'd: no rival durst arise;
Pale were their cheeks, and full of tears their eyes.
Menalcas, rising from his flowery seat,
Thus, with a voice majestically sweet,
Address'd th' attentive throng: " Arcadians, hear!
" The sky grows dark, and beamy stars appear:
" Haste to the vale; the bridal bowers prepare,
" And hail with joy Menalcas' tuneful heir.
" Thou, Tityrus, of swains the pride and grace,
" Shall clasp soft Daphne in thy fond embrace:
" And thou, young Colin, in thy willing arms
" Shalt fold my Hyla, fair in native charms:
" O'er these sweet plains divided empire hold,
" And to your latest race transmit an age of gold.
" What splendid visions rise before my sight,
" And fill my aged bosom with delight!
" * Henceforth of wars and conquest shall you sing,
" ARMS AND THE MAN in every clime shall ring:
" Thy muse, bold Maro, Tityrus no more,
" Shall tell of chiefs that left the Phrygian shore,
" Sad Dido's love, and Venus' wandering son,
" The Latians vanquish'd, and Lavinia won.

NOTE.

* This prophecy of Menalcas alludes to the Æneid of Virgil, and the fairy-Queen of Spenser.

" And thou, O Colin, heaven-defended youth,
" Shalt hide in fiction's veil the charms of truth;
" Thy notes the sting of sorrow shall beguile,
" And smooth the brow of anguish till it smile;
" Notes, that a sweet Elysian dream can raise,
" And lead th' enchanted soul through fancy's maze;
" Thy verse shall shine with Gloriana's name,
" And fill the world with Britain's endless fame."

* To Tityrus then he gave the sacred flute,
And bade his sons their blushing brides salute;
Whilst all the train a lay of triumph sung,
Till mountains echo'd, and till valleys rung.

† While thus with mirth they tun'd the nuptial strain,
A youth, too late, was hastening o'er the plain,
Clad in a flowing vest of azure hue;
‡ Blue were his sandals, and his girdle blue;
A slave, ill-dress'd and mean, behind him bore
An osier-basket, fill'd with fishy store;
The lobster with his sable armour bold;
The tasteful mullet deck'd with scales of gold;

IMITATIONS.

* The good old man leaped from his throne, and, after he had embraced him, presented him to his daughter, which caused a general acclamation.

† While they were in the midst of their joy, they were surprised with a very odd appearance. A person, in a blue mantle, crowned with sedges and rushes, stepped into the midst of the ring. He had an angling

NOTE.

‡ See Sannazaro, Ongaro, Phineas Fletcher, and other writers of piscatory eclogues.

Bright perch, the tyrants of the finny breed;
And greylings sweet, that crop the fragrant weed:
Among them shells of many a tint appear;
* The heart of Venus, and her pearly ear;
The nautilus, on curling billows born;
And scallops, by the wandering pilgrim worn;
Some dropp'd with silver, some with purple dye;
With all the race that seas or streams supply;
A net and angle o'er his shoulder hung:
Thus was the stranger clad, and thus he sung:
" Ah! lovely damsel, leave thy simple sheep;
" 'Tis sweeter in the sea-worn rock to sleep:
" There shall thy line the scaly shoals betray,
" And sports, unknown before, beguile the day;
" To guide o'er rolling waves the dancing skiff,
" Or pluck the samphire from th' impending cliff:

IMITATIONS.

rod in his hand, a pannier upon his back; and a poor meagre wretch in wet clothes carried some oysters before him. Being asked, whence he came, and what he was, he told them he was come to invite Amaryllis from the plains to the sea-shore; that his substance consisted in sea-calves; and that he was acquainted with the Nereids and Naiads. " Art thou acquainted with the Naiads?" said Menalcas, " to them shalt thou return." The shepherds immediately hoisted him up as an enemy to Arca-

NOTE.

* *Venus's heart* and *Venus's ear* are the names of two very beautiful shells.

" My rapturous notes the blue-ey'd Nereids praise,
" And silver-footed Naiads hear my lays."
" To them, Menalcas said, thy numbers pour;
" Insult our flocks and blissful vales no more."
He spoke; the heralds knew their sovereign's will,
And hurl'd the fisher down the sloping hill:
Headlong he plung'd beneath the liquid plain,
(But not a nymph receiv'd the falling swain);
Then, dropping, rose; and, like the rushing wind,
Impetuous fled, nor cast a look behind:
* He sought the poplar'd banks of winding Po,
But shunn'd the meads where Ladon's waters flow.
† Ere through nine radiant signs the flaming sun
His course resplendent in the Zodiack run,
The royal damsels, bashful now no more,
Two lovely boys on one glad morning bore;
From blooming Daphne fair Alexis sprung,
And Colinet on Hyla's bosom hung;

IMITATIONS.

dia, and plunged him in the river, where he sunk, and was never heard of since.

† Amyntas and Amaryllis lived a long and happy life, and governed the vales of Arcadia. Their generation was very long-lived, there having been but four descents in above two thousand years. His heir was called Theocritus, who left his dominions to Virgil. Virgil left his to his son Spenser, and Spenser was succeeded by his eldest-born Philips.

NOTE.

* This alludes to the Latin compositions of Sannazarius; which have great merit in their kind.

Both o'er the vales of sweet Arcadia reign'd,
And both the manners of their sires retain'd:
* Alexis, fairer than a morn of May,
In glades and forests tun'd his rural lay,
More soft than rills that through the valley flow,
Or vernal gales that o'er the violets blow;
He sung the tender woes of artless swains,
Their tuneful contests, and their amorous pains;
When early spring has wak'd the breathing flowers,
Or winter hangs with frost the silvery bowers:
† But Colinet in ruder numbers tells
The loves of rusticks, and fair-boding spells;
Sings how they simply pass the livelong day,
And softly mourn, or innocently play.

Since them no shepherd rules th' Arcadian mead,
But silent hangs Menalcas' fatal reed.

NOTES.

* See Pope's pastorals.

† See the Shepherd's Week, of Gay.

CAISSA:

OR,

THE GAME AT CHESS.

A POEM.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1763.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE first idea of the following piece was taken from a Latin poem of Vida, entitled SCACCHIA LUDUS, which was translated into Italian by Marino, and inserted in the fifteenth Canto of his Adonis: the author thought it fair to make an acknowledgment in the notes for the passages which he borrowed from those two poets; but he must also do them the justice to declare, that most of the descriptions, and the whole story of Caïssa, which is written in imitation of Ovid, are his own, and their faults must be imputed to him only. The characters in the poem are no less imaginary than those in the episode; in which the invention of Chess is poetically ascribed to Mars, though it is certain that the game was originally brought from India.

CAISSA.

* OF armies on the chequer'd field array'd,
And guiltless war in pleasing form display'd;
When two bold kings contend with vain alarms,
In ivory this, and that in ebon arms;
Sing, sportive maids, that haunt the sacred hill
Of Pindus, and the fam'd Pierian rill.
† Thou, joy of all below, and all above,
Mild Venus, queen of laughter, queen of love;
Leave thy bright island, where on many a rose
And many a pink thy blooming train repose:
Assist me, goddess! since a lovely pair
Command my song, like thee divinely fair.

Near yon cool stream, whose living waters play,
And rise translucent in the solar ray;
Beneath the covert of a fragrant bower,
Where spring's soft influence purpled every flower;

IMITATIONS.

* Ludimus effigiem belli, simulataque veris
Prælia, buxo acies fictas, et ludicra regna:
Ut gemini inter se reges, albusque nigerque,
Pro laude oppositi certent bicoloribus armis.
Dicite, Seriades Nymphæ, certamina tanta. *Vida.*

Æneadum genitrix, hominum divûmque voluptas,
Alma Venus! &c. *Lucretius.*

Two smiling nymphs reclin'd in calm retreat,
And envying blossoms crowded round their seat:
Here Delia was enthron'd, and by her side
The sweet Sirena, both in beauty's pride:
Thus shine two roses, fresh with early bloom,
That from their native stalk dispense perfume;
Their leaves unfolding to the dawning day
Gems of the glowing mead, and eyes of May.
A band of youths and damsels sat around,
Their flowing locks with braided myrtle bound;
Agatis, in the graceful dance admir'd,
And gentle Thyrsis, by the muse inspir'd;
With Sylvia, fairest of the mirthful train;
And Daphnis, doom'd to love, yet love in vain.
Now, whilst a purer blush o'erspreads her cheeks,
With soothing accents thus Sirena speaks:

" The meads and lawns are ting'd with beamy light,
" And wakeful larks begin their vocal flight;
" Whilst on each bank the dewdrops sweetly smile;
" What sport, my Delia, shall the hours beguile?
" Shall heavenly notes, prolong'd with various art,
" Charm the fond ear, and warm the rapturous heart?
" At distance shall we view the sylvan chace?
" Or catch with silken lines the finny race?"

Then Delia thus: " Or rather, since we meet
" By chance assembled in this cool retreat,
" In artful contest let our warlike train
" Move well-directed o'er the colour'd plain;

" Daphnis, who taught us first, the play shall guide;
" Explain its laws, and o'er the field preside:
" No prize we need, our ardour to inflame;
" We fight with pleasure, if we fight for fame."

The nymph consents: the maids and youths prepare
To view the combat, and the sport to share;
But Daphnis most approv'd the bold design,
Whom Love instructed, and the tuneful Nine.
He rose, and on the cedar table plac'd
A polish'd board, with differing colours grac'd;
* Squares eight times eight in equal order lie;
These bright as snow, those dark with sable dye;
Like the broad target by the tortoise born,
Or like the hide by spotted panthers worn.
Then from a chest, with harmless heroes stor'd,
O'er the smooth plain two well-wrought hosts he pour'd;
The champions burn'd their rivals to assail,
† Twice eight in black, twice eight in milkwhite mail;

IMITATIONS.

* Sexaginta insunt et quatuor ordine sedes
Octono; parte ex omni, via limite quadrat
Ordinibus paribus; necnon forma omnibus una
Sedibus, æquale et spatium, sed non color unus:
Alternant semper variæ, subeuntque vicissim
Albentes nigris; testudo picta superne
Qualia devexo gestat discrimina tergo. *Vida.*

Agmina bina pari numeroque, et viribus æquis,
Bis niveâ cum veste octo, totidemque nigranti.
Ut variæ facies, pariter sunt et sua cuique
Nomina, diversum munus, non æqua potestas. *Vida.*

In shape and station different, as in name,
Their motions various, nor their power the same.
Say muse! (for Jove has nought from thee conceal'd;
Who form'd the legions on the level field?
High in the midst the reverend kings appear,
And o'er the rest their pearly scepters rear:
One solemn step, majestically slow,
They gravely move, and shun the dangerous foe;
If e'er they call, the watchful subjects spring,
And die with rapture if they save their king;
On him the glory of the day depends,
He once imprison'd, all the conflict ends.
The queens exulting near their consorts stand;
Each bears a deadly falchion in her hand;
Now here, now there, they bound with furious pride,
And thin the trembling ranks from side to side;
Swift as Camilla flying o'er the main,
Or lightly skimming o'er the dewy plain:
Fierce as they seem, some bold Plebeian spear
May pierce their shield, or stop their full career.
The valiant guards, their minds on havock bent,
Fill the next squares, and watch the royal tent;
Though weak their spears, though dwarfish be their height,
* Compact they move, the bulwark of the fight.

NOTE.

* The chief art in the Tacticks of Chess consists in the nice conduct of the royal pawns; in supporting them against every attack; and, if they are taken, in supplying their places with others equally supported: a principle, on which the success of the game in great measure depends, though it seems to be omitted by the very accurate Vida.

To right and left the martial wings display
Their shining arms, and stand in close array.
Behold, four archers, eager to advance,
Send the light reed, and rush with sidelong glance;
Through angles ever they assault the foes,
True to the colour, which at first they chose.
Then four bold knights for courage fam'd and speed,
Each knight exalted on a prancing steed:
* Their arching course no vulgar limit knows,
Transverse they leap, and aim insidious blows:
Nor friends, nor foes, their rapid force restrain,
By one quick bound two changing squares they gain;
From varying hues renew the fierce attack,
And rush from black to white, from white to black.
Four solemn elephants the sides defend;
Beneath the load of ponderous towers they bend:
In one unalter'd line they tempt the fight;
Now crush the left, and now o'erwhelm the right.
Bright in the front the dauntless soldiers raise
Their polish'd spears; their steely helmets blaze:
Prepar'd they stand the daring foe to strike,
Direct their progress, but their wounds oblique.

IMITATIONS.

* Il cavallo leggier per dritta lista,
Come gli altri, l' arringo unqua non fende,
Mà la lizza attraversa, e fiero in vista
Curvo in giro, e lunato il salto stende,
E sempre nel saltar due case acquista,
Quel colore abbandona, e questo prende.

Marino, Adone. 15.

Now swell th' embattled troops with hostile rage,
And clang their shields, impatient to engage;
When Daphnis thus: A varied plain behold,
Where fairy kings their mimick tents unfold,
As Oberon, and Mab, his wayward queen,
Lead forth their armies on the daisied green.
No mortal hand the wonderous sport contriv'd,
By Gods invented, and from Gods deriv'd:
* From them the British nymphs receiv'd the game,
And play each morn beneath the crystal Thame;
Hear then the tale, which they to Colin sung,
As idling o'er the lucid wave he hung.

A lovely Dryad rang'd the Thracian wild,
Her air enchanting, and her aspect mild;
To chase the bounding hart was all her joy,
Averse from Hymen, and the Cyprian boy;
O'er hills and valleys was her beauty fam'd,
And fair Caissa was the damsel nam'd.
Mars saw the maid; with deep surprize he gaz'd,
Admir'd her shape, and every gesture prais'd:
His golden bow the child of Venus bent,
And through his breast a piercing arrow sent:
The reed was Hope; the feathers, keen Desire;
The point, her eyes; the barbs, ethereal fire.

IMITATIONS.

* Quæ quondam sub aquis gaudent spectacla tueri
Nereides, vastique omnis gens accola ponti;
Siquando placidum mare, et humida regna quierunt.
Vida.

Soon to the nymph he pour'd his tender strain;
The haughty Dryad scorn'd his amorous pain:
He told his woes, where'er the maid he found,
And still he press'd, yet still Caïssa frown'd;
But ev'n her frowns (ah, what might smiles have done!)
Fir'd all his soul, and all his senses won.
He left his car, by raging tigers drawn,
And lonely wander'd o'er the dusky lawn;
Then lay desponding near a murmuring stream,
And fair Caïssa was his plaintive theme.
A Naiad heard him from her mossy bed,
And through the crystal rais'd her placid head;
Then mildly spake: " O thou, whom love inspires,
" Thy tears will nourish, not allay thy fires.
" The smiling blossoms drink the pearly dew;
" And ripening fruit the feather'd race pursue;
" The scaly shoals devour the silken weeds;
" Love on our sighs, and on our sorrow feeds.
" Then weep no more; but, ere thou canst obtain
" Balm to thy wounds, and solace to thy pain,
" With gentle art thy martial look beguile;
" Be mild, and teach thy rugged brow to smile.
" Canst thou no play, no soothing game devise,
" To make thee lovely in the damsel's eyes?
" So may thy prayers assuage the scornful dame,
" And ev'n Caïssa own a mutual flame."
" Kind nymph, said Mars, thy counsel I approve,
" Art, only art, her ruthless breast can move.

" But when? or how? Thy dark discourse explain:
" So may thy stream ne'er swell with gushing rain;
" So may thy waves in one pure current flow,
" And flowers eternal on thy border blow!"
To whom the maid replied with smiling mien:
" Above the palace of the Paphian queen
" * Love's brother dwells, a boy of graceful port,
" By gods nam'd Euphron, and by mortals Sport:
" Seek him; to faithful ears unfold thy grief,
" And hope, ere morn return, a sweet relief.
" His temple hangs below the azure skies;
" Seest thou yon argent cloud? 'Tis there it lies."
This said, she sunk beneath the liquid plain,
And sought the mansion of her blue-hair'd train.
Meantime the god, elate with heart-felt joy,
Had reach'd the temple of the sportful boy;
He told Caïssa's charms, his kindled fire,
The Naiad's counsel, and his warm desire.
" Be swift, he added, give my passion aid;
" A god requests."—He spake, and Sport obey'd.
He fram'd a tablet of celestial mold,
Inlay'd with squares of silver and of gold;
Then of two metals form'd the warlike band,
That here compact in show of battle stand;

IMITATIONS.

* Ecco d' astuto ingegno, e pronta mano
Garzon, che sempre scherza, e vola ratto,
Gioco s'apella, ed è *d' amor germano.* *Marino, Adone.* 15.

He taught the rules that guide the pensive game,
And call'd it *Cassa* from the Dryad's name:
(Whence Albion's sons, who most its praise confess,
Approv'd the play, and nam'd it thoughtful *Chess.)*
The god delighted thank'd indulgent Sport;
Then grasp'd the board, and left his airy court.
With radiant feet he pierc'd the clouds; nor stay'd,
Till in the woods he saw the beauteous maid:
Tir'd with the chase the damsel sat reclin'd,
Her girdle loose, her bosom unconfin'd.
He took the figure of a wanton Faun,
And stood before her on the flowery lawn;
Then show'd his tablet: pleas'd the nymph survey'd
The lifeless troops in glittering ranks display'd;
She ask'd the wily sylvan to explain
The various motions of the splendid train;
With eager heart she caught the winning lore,
And thought ev'n Mars less hateful than before:
" What spell, said she, deceiv'd my careless mind?
" The god was fair, and I was most unkind."
She spoke, and saw the changing Faun assume
A milder aspect, and a fairer bloom;
His wreathing horns, that from his temples grew,
Flow'd down in curls of bright celestial hue;
The dappled hairs, that veil'd his loveless face,
Blaz'd into beams, and show'd a heavenly grace;
The shaggy hide, that mantled o'er his breast,
Was soften'd to a smooth transparent vest,

That through its folds his vigorous bosom show'd,
And nervous limbs, where youthful ardour glow'd:
(Had Venus view'd him in those blooming charms,
Not Vulcan's net had forc'd her from his arms.)
With goatlike feet no more he mark'd the ground,
But braided flowers his silken sandals bound.
The Dryad blush'd; and, as he press'd her, smil'd,
Whilst all his cares one tender glance beguil'd.

He ends: *To arms*, the maids and striplings cry;
To arms, the groves and sounding vales reply.
Sirena led to war the swarthy crew,
And Delia those that bore the lily's hue.
Who first, O muse, began the bold attack;
The white refulgent, or the mournful black?
Fair Delia first, as favouring lots ordain,
Moves her pale legions tow'rd the sable train:
From thought to thought her lively fancy flies,
Whilst o'er the board she darts her sparkling eyes.

At length the warriour moves with haughty strides;
Who from the plain the snowy king divides:
With equal haste his swarthy rival bounds;
His quiver rattles, and his buckler sounds:
Ah! hapless youths, with fatal warmth you burn;
Laws, ever fix'd, forbid you to return.
Then from the wing a short-liv'd spearman flies,
Unsafely bold, and see! he dies, he dies:
The dark-brow'd hero, with one vengeful blow
Of life and place deprives his ivory foe.

Now rush both armies o'er the burnish'd field,
Hurl the swift dart, and rend the bursting shield.
Here furious knights on fiery coursers prance,
Here archers spring, and lofty towers advance.
But see! the white-rob'd Amazon beholds
Where the dark host its opening van unfolds:
Soon as her eye discerns the hostile maid,
By ebon shield, and ebon helm betray'd;
Seven squares she passes with majestick mien,
And stands triumphant o'er the falling queen.
Perplex'd, and sorrowing at his consort's fate,
The monarch burn'd with rage, despair, and hate:
Swift from his zone th' avenging blade he drew,
And, mad with ire, the proud virago slew.
Meanwhile sweet-smiling Delia's wary king
Retir'd from fight behind his circling wing.

Long time the war in equal balance hung;
Till, unforeseen, an ivory courser sprung,
And, wildly prancing in an evil hour,
Attack'd at once the monarch and the tower:
Sirena blush'd; for, as the rules requir'd,
Her injur'd sovereign to his tent retir'd;
Whilst her lost castle leaves his threatening height,
And adds new glory to th' exulting knight.

At this, pale fear oppress'd the drooping maid,
And on her cheek the rose began to fade:
A crystal tear, that stood prepar'd to fall,
She wip'd in silence, and conceal'd from all;

From all but Daphnis: He remark'd her pain,
And saw the weakness of her ebon train;
Then gently spoke: " Let me your loss supply,
" And either nobly win or nobly die:
" Me oft has fortune crown'd with fair success,
" And led to triumph in the fields of Chess."
He said: the willing nymph her place resign'd,
And sat at distance on the bank reclin'd.
Thus when Minerva call'd her chief to arms,
And Troy's high turret shook with dire alarms,
The Cyprian goddess wounded left the plain,
And Mars engag'd a mightier force in vain.
Straight Daphnis leads his squadron to the field,
(To Delia's arms 'tis ev'n a joy to yield.)
Each guileful snare, and subtle art he tries,
But finds his art less powerful than her eyes:
Wisdom and strength superiour charms obey;
And beauty, beauty, wins the long-fought day.
By this a hoary chief, on slaughter bent,
Approach'd the gloomy king's unguarded tent;
Where, late, his consort spread dismay around,
Now her dark corse lies bleeding on the ground.
Hail, happy youth! thy glories not unsung
Shall live eternal on the poet's tongue;
For thou shalt soon receive a splendid change.
And o'er the plain with nobler fury range.
The swarthy leaders saw the storm impend,
And strove in vain their sovereign to defend.

Th' invader wav'd his silver lance in air,
And flew like lightning to the fatal square;
His limbs dilated in a moment grew
To stately height, and widen'd to the view:
More fierce his look, more lion-like his mien,
Sublime he mov'd, and seem'd a warriour queen.
As when the sage on some unfolding plant
Has caught a wandering fly, or frugal ant,
His hand the microscopick frame applies,
And lo! a bright-hair'd monster meets his eyes;
He sees new plumes in slender cases roll'd;
Here stain'd with azure, there bedropp'd with gold;
Thus, on the alter'd chief both armies gaze,
And both the kings are fix'd with deep amaze.
The sword, which arm'd the snow-white maid before,
He now assumes, and hurls the spear no more;
Then springs indignant on the dark-rob'd band,
And knights and archers feel his deadly hand.
Now flies the monarch of the sable shield,
His legions vanquish'd, o'er the lonely field:
* So when the morn, by rosy coursers drawn,
With pearls and rubies sows the verdant lawn,

IMITATIONS.

* ——Medio rex æquore inermis
Constitit amissis sociis; velut æthere in alto
Expulit ardentes flammas ubi lutea bigis

Whilst each pale star from heaven's blue vault retires,
Still Venus gleams, and last of all expires.
He hears, where'er he moves, the dreadful sound;
Check the deep vales, and *Check* the woods rebound.
No place remains: he sees the certain fate,
And yields his throne to ruin, and Checkmate.

A brighter blush o'erspreads the damsel's cheeks,
And mildly thus the conquer'd stripling speaks:
" A double triumph, Delia, hast thou won,
" By Mars protected, and by Venus' son;
" The first with conquest crowns thy matchless art,
" The second points those eyes at Daphnis' heart."
She smil'd; the nymphs and amorous youths arise,
And own, that beauty gain'd the nobler prize.

Low in their chest the mimick troops were lay'd,
* And peaceful slept the sable hero's shade.

IMITATIONS.

Luciferis Aurora, tuus pulcherrimus ignis
Lucet adhuc, Venus, et cœlo mox ultimus exit.

Vida, ver. 604.

* A parody of the last line in Pope's translation of the Iliad,
" And peaceful slept the mighty Hector's shade."

CARMINUM LIBER.

I. ODE SINICA.

VIDES ut agros dulce gemmatos lavet
Argenteus rivi latex;
Virides ut aura stridulo modulamine
Arundines interstrepat:
Sic, sic, amœno cincte virtutum choro
Princeps, amabiliter nites.
Ut maximo labore, & arte maximâ
Effingit artifex ebur,
Sic ad benignitatem amica civium
Blandè figuras pectora.
Ut delicata gemmulam expolit manus
Fulgore lucentem aureo,
Sic civitatem mitium gaudes tuam
Ornare morum lumine.
O quàm verenda micat in oculis lenitas!
Minantur & rident simul.
O quanta pulchro dignitas vultu patet,
Et quantus incessu decor!
Scilicet, amœno cincte virtutum choro
Princeps, amabiliter nites.
Annon per omne, veris instar, seculum
Memoria florescet tui?

II. ODE PERSICA.

JAM rosa purpureum caput explicat. Adsit, amici,
Suavis voluptatum cohors:
Sic monûere senes.

Nunc læti sumus; at citius læta avolat ætas,
Quin sacra mutemus mero
Stragula nectareo?
Dulcè gemit zephyrus: ridentem mitte puellam,
Quam molli in amplexu tenens
Pocula læta bibam.
Tange chelyn. Sævit fortuna; at mitte querelas;
Cur non canoros barbiti
Elicimus modulos?
En! florum regina nitet rosa. Fundite vini,
Quod amoris extinguat facem,
Nectareos latices.
Suavè loquens Philomela vocor: quî fiat ut umbrâ
Tectus rosarum nexili
(Veris avis) taceam?

III. ALTERA.

AFFER scyphos, & dulcè ridentis meri
Purpureos latices
Effunde largiùs, puer.
Nam vinum amores lenit adolescentium,
Difficilesque senum
Emollit ægritudines.
Solem merum æmulatur, & lunam calix;
Nectareis foveat
Dic luna solem mp ex bris.
Flammas nitentes sparge: vini scilicet
Fervidioris aquam
Flammæ nitentis æmulam.

Quòd si rosarum fragilis avolat decor,
Sparge, puer, liquidas
Vini rubescentis rosas.
Si devium Philomela deserit nemus,
Pocula læta canant
Non elaboratum melos.
Injuriosæ sperne fortunæ minas;
Lætaque mœstitiam
Depellat informem chelys.
Somnus beatos, somnus amplexûs dabit:
Da mihi dulce merum
Somnum quod alliciat levem.
Dulce est madere vino. Da calices novos.
Ut placidâ madidus
Oblivione perfruar.
Scyphum affer alterum, puer, deinde alterum:
Seu vetitum fuerit,
Amice, seu licitum, bibam.

IV. ODE ARABICA.

AD FABULLUM.

DULCI tristitiam vino lavere, aut, nitente lunâ,
Multâ reclines in rosâ
Urgere blandis osculis puellas,
Aut, dum prata levi pulsat pede delicata virgo
Comam renodans auream,
Molli cupidinis tepere flammâ:
Aut, dum blanda aures recreat lyra, floreo sub antro

Ad suave zephyrorum melos
Rore advocati spargier soporis:
Hæc ver purpureum dat gaudia, comis & juventas,
His, mite dum tempus favet,
Decet vacare, dumque ridet annus.
Quicunque aut rerum domini sumus, aut graves coacti
Curas egestatis pati,
Debemur asperæ, Fabulle, morti.

V. AD LÆLIUM.

VESTIMENTA tuis grata sororibus;
Et donem lapides, quos vel alit Tagi
Fluctus, vel celer undâ
Ganges auriferâ lavit,
Læli, si mea sit dives opum domus:
Quid mittam addubito. Scilicet haud mea
Servo carmina blandis
Nympharum auribus insolens,
Quarum tu potior pectora candidis
Mulces alloquiis, te potiorem amat
Musa, utcunque puellæ
Pulsas Æoliæ fides.
Quin illis acies mittere commodus
Tornatas meditor, quæ bicoloribus
Armis conspiciendæ
Bella innoxia destinant;
Qualis propter aquas aut Lacedæmoni
Eurotæ gelidas, aut Tiberis vada,

Cornicum manus albis
Nigrans certat oloribus.
Cur non sub viridi ludimus ilicis
Umbrâ suppositi? Dic veniat genis
Ridens Lydia pulchris,
Et saltare decens Chloe:
Dic reddant mihi me. Ludite, virgines;
Me testudineis aut Venerem modis
Dicente, aut juvenilis
Telum dulce Cupidinis.

VI. AD LUNAM.

CŒLI dulcè nitens decus,
Lentâ lora manu, Cynthia, corripe:
Pulchræ tecta peto Chloës,
Et labrum roseo nectare suavius.
Non prædator ut improbus,
Per sylvas propero, te duce, devias;
Nec, dum lux radiat tua,
Ultricem meditor figere cuspidem.
Quem tu, mitis Amor, semel
Placatum tepidâ lenieris face,
Illum deseruit furor,
Et telum facili decidit è manu.
Nec delicta per & nefas
Furtiva immeritus gaudia persequor;
Blandâ victa Chloë prece
Peplum rejiciet purpureum libens,

VII. AD VENEREM.

ORO te teneri blanda Cupidinis
Mater, cœruleis edita fluctibus,
Quæ grati fruticeta accolis Idali,
Herbosamque Amathunta, & viridem Cnidon,
Oro, Pyrrha, meis cedat amoribus,
Quæ nunc, Tænariâ immitior æsculo,
Mœrentis Licinî sollicitum melos
Ridet. Non liquidæ carmine tibiæ,
Non illam Æoliis illacrymabilem
Plectris dimoveat, lenis ut arduam
Cervicem tepidum flectat ad osculum.
(Quantum est & vacuis nectar in osculis!)
Quod si carminibus mitior applicet
Aures illa meis, si (rigidum gelu
Te solvente) pari me tepeat face,
Te propter liquidum fonticuli vitrum,
Ponam conspicuo marmore lucidam,
Te cantans Paphiam, teque Amathusiam
Pellam gramineum ter pede cespitem,
Tum nigranti hederâ & tempora laureâ
Cingam, tunc hilares eliciam modos:
At nunc me juvenum prætereuntium
Me ridet comitum cœtus amabilis;
Et ludens puerorum in plateis cohors
Ostendit digitis me, quia langueo
Demissis oculis, me, quia somnia
Abrupta haud facili virgine saucium
Monstrant, & violâ pallidior gena.

VIII. AD EANDEM.

PERFIDO ridens Erycina vultu,
Seu Joci mater, tenerique Amoris,
Seu Paphi regina potens, Cyprique
Laetior audis,
Linque jucundam Cnidon, & coruscum
Dirigens currum levis huc vocanti,
Huc veni, & tecum properet soluto
Crine Thalia.
Jam venis! nubes placidi serenas
Passeres findunt; super albicantes
Dum volant sylvas, celeresque versant
Leniter alas.
Rursus ad cœlum fugiunt. Sed almâ
Dulcè subridens facie, loquelam
Melle conditam liquido jacentis
Fundis in aurem.
" Qua tepes, inquis, Licini, puellâ,
" Lucidis venanti oculis amantes?
" Cur doces mœstas resonare lucum,
" Care, querelas?
" Dona si ridet tua, dona mittet;
" Sive te molli roseos per hortos
" Hinnulo vitat levior, sequetur
" Ipsa fugacem."
Per tuos oro, dea mitis, ignes,
Pectus ingratæ rigidum Corinnæ
Lenias. Et te, Venus alma, amore
Forsit Adonis.

EX FERDUSII POETÆ PERSICI POEMATE HEROICO.

SAMUS, ut aurato cinctum diademate regem
Vidit ovans, excelsa ferebat ad atria gressum;
Quem rex ad meritos facilis provexit honores,
Et secum in solio jussit considere eburneo,
Cælato rutilanti auro, insertisqũe pyropis.
Magnanimum affatus tum blandâ heroä loquelâ,
Multa super sociis, super armis multa rogabat,
Jam, quantos aleret tellus Hyrcana gigantas,
Jam, quâ parta manu nova sit victoria Persis:
Cui dux hæc memori parens est voce locutus.
Venimus ad castra hostilis, rex maxime, gentis;
Gens est dura, ferox; non aspera sævior errat
Per dumeta leo, non sylvâ tigris in atrâ;
Non equus in lætis Arabum it velocior agris.
Cùm subito trepidam prevenit rumor in urbem
Adventare aciem, queruli per tecta, per arces,
Auditi gemitûs, & non lætabile murmur:
Ilicet æratâ fulgentes cassidе turmas
Eduxere viri; pars vastos fusa per agros,
Pars monte in rigido, aut depressa valle sedebat:
Horruit ære acies, tantæque a pulvere nubes
Exortæ, ut pulchrum tegeret jubar ætherius sol.
Quale in arenoso nigrarum colle laborat
Formicarum agmen, congestaque farra reponit;
Aut qualis culicum leviter strideutibus alis
Turba volans, tenues ciet importuna susurros;
Tales prosiluere. Nepos ante agmina Salmi

Cercius emicuit, quo non fuit ardua pinus
Altior, aut vernans excelso in monte cupressus.
At Persarum artûs gelidâ formidine solvi
Arguit & tremor, & laxato in corpore pallor:
Hoc vidi, & valido torquens hastile lacerto
Per medias jussi, duce me, penetrare phalangas;
Irruit alatus sonipes, ceu torvus in arvis
Æthiopum latis elephas, neque sensit habenam:
Militibus vires redière, & pristina virtus.
Ac velut, undantis cùm surgant flumina Nili,
Et refluant, avidis haud injucunda colonis,
Pinguia frugiferis implentur fluctibus arva;
Sic terra innumeris agitata est illa catervis:
Cum strepitum audierit nostrum, ingentemque fragorem
Findentis galeas & ferrea scuta bipennis,
Cercius, horrifico complens loca vasta boatu,
In me flexit equum, me crudeli ense petebat,
Captivumque arcto voluit constringere nodo:
Frustra; nam, lunans habilem nec segniter arcum,
Populeas misi duro mucrone sagittas,
Flammarum ritu, aut per nubila fulminis acti:
Ille tamen celeri ruit impete, nosque morantes
Increpitat, letum minitans, rigidasve catenas:
Ut verò accessit violenti turbinis instar,
Pulsus ut & clypeus clypeo est, & casside cassis
Illum insurgentem, dirumque infligere vulnus
Conantem, arripui, qua discolor ilia cinxit
Balteus, & rutilis subnexa est fibula baccis.
Strenua tum valido molimine brachia versans

E stratis evulsi equitem, qui pronus, inermis,
Decidit, & rabido frendens campum ore momordit;
Pectora cui nivea, & ferratâ cuspide costas
Transfodi, madidam defluxit sanguis in herbam
Purpureus, tristisque elapsa est vita sub umbras.
Haud mora, diffugiunt hostes, ductore perempto,
Saxa per & colles; nostris victoria turmis
Affulsit, cæsosque doles, Hyrcania, natos.
Sic pereant, quicunque tuo, rex optime, sceptro,
Qui premis imperio stellas, parere recusent!
Dixit; & heroas Persarum rector ovantes
Laudibus in cœlum tollit; jubet inde beatas
Instaurari epulas, & pocula dulcia poni:
Conventum est, textoque super discumbitur auro.

ELEGIA ARABICA.

FULGUR an è densâ vibratum nube coruscat?
An roseas nudat Leila pudica genas?
Bacciferumne celer fruticetum devorat ignis?
Siderea an Solimæ lumina dulcè micant?
Nardus an Hageri, an spirant violaria Meccæ,
Candida odoriferis an venit Azza comis?
Quàm juvat ah! patrios memori tenuisse recessûs
Mente, per ignotos dum vagor exul agros?
Valle sub umbrosâ, pallens ubi luget amator,
Num colit assuetos mollis amica lares?
Jamne cient raucum præfracta tonitrua murmur
Montibus, effusæ quos rigat imber aquæ?

An tua, dùm fundit primum lux alma ruborem,
Lympha, Azibe, meam pellet, ut ante, sitim?
Quot mea felices vidistis gaudia, campi,
Gaudia væ! misero non renovanda mihi?
Ecquis apud Nagedi lucos aut pascua Tudæ
Pastor amatorum spesque metusque canit?
Ecquis ait, gelidâ Salæ dum valle recumbit,
"Heu! quid Cademeo in monte sodalis agit?"
Num graciles rident hyemalia frigora myrti?
Num viret in solitis lotos amata locis?
Num vernant humiles in aprico colle myricæ?
Ne malus has oculus, ne mala lædat hyems!
An mea Alegiades, dulcissima turba, puellæ
Curant, an Zephyris irrita vota dabunt?
An viridem saliunt, nullo venante, per hortum
Hinnuleique citi, capreolique leves?
Visamne umbriferos, loca dilectissima, saltus,
Ducit ubi facilem læta Noama chorum?
Num Daregi ripas patulâ tegit arbutus umbrâ,
Ah! quoties lacrymis humida facta meis?
Grata quis antra colit, nobis absentibus, Amri,
Antra puellarum quàm bene nota gregi?
Forsan amatores Meccanâ in valle reductos
Absentis Solimæ commeminisse juvat.
Tempus erit, levibus quo pervigilata cachinnis
Nox dabit unanimi gaudia plena choro;
Quo dulces juvenum spirabit cœtus amores,
Et lætos avidâ combibet aure modos.

FABULA PERSICA.

RIGANTE molles imbre campos Persidis,
E nube in æquor lapsa pulviæ guttula est;
Quæ, cùm reluctans eloqui sineret pudor,
" Quid hoc loci? inquit, quid rei misella sum?
" Quò me repente, ah! quò redactam sentio?"
Cùm se verecundantì animulâ spernneret,
Illam recepit gemmeo concha in sinu;
Tandemque tenuis aquula facta est unio;
Nunc in coronâ læta Regis emicat,
Sibi non placere quanta sit virtus, docens.

AD MUSAM.

VALE, Camena, blanda cultrix ingeni,
Virtutis altrix, mater eloquentiæ!
Linquenda alumno est laurus & chelys tuo:
At tu dearum dulcium dulcissima,
Seu Suada mavis sive Pitho dicier,
A te receptus in tuâ vivam fide:
Mihi sit, oro, non inutilis toga,
Nec indiserta lingua, nec turpis manus.

AN

ESSAY

ON THE

POETRY OF THE EASTERN NATIONS.

ARABIA, I mean that part of it, which we call the *Happy*, and which the *Aſiaticks* know by the name of *Yemen*, ſeems to be the only country in the world, in which we can properly lay the ſcene of paſtoral poetry; becauſe no nation at this day can vie with the *Arabians* in the delightfulneſs of their climate, and the ſimplicity of their manners. There is a valley, indeed, to the north of *Indoſtan*, called *Caſhmîr*, which, according to an account written by a native of it, is a perfect garden, exceedingly fruitful, and watered by a thouſand rivulets: but when its inhabitants were ſubdued by the ſtratagem of a *Mogul* prince, they loſt their happineſs with their liberty, and *Arabia* retained its old title without any rival to diſpute it. Theſe are not the fancies of a poet: the beauties of *Yemen* are

proved by the concurrent teſtimony of all travellers, by the deſcriptions of it in all the writings of *Aſia*, and by the nature and ſituation of the country itſelf, which lies between the eleventh and fifteenth degrees of northern latitude, under a ſerene ſky, and expoſed to the moſt favourable influence of the ſun; it is encloſed on one ſide by vaſt rocks and deſerts, and defended on the other by a tempeſtuous ſea, ſo that it ſeems to have been deſigned by Providence for the moſt ſecure, as well as the moſt beautiful, region of the Eaſt *.

Its principal cities are *Sanaa*, uſually conſidered as its metropolis; *Zebîd*, a commercial town, that lies in a large plain near the ſea of *Omman*; and *Aden*, ſurrounded with pleaſant gardens and woods, which is ſituated eleven degrees from the *Equator*, and ſeventy-ſix from the *Fortunate Iſlands*, or *Canaries*, where the geo-

* I am at a loſs to conceive, what induced the illuſtrious Prince *Cantemir* to contend, that *Yemen* is properly a part of *India*; for, not to mention *Ptolemy*, and the other ancients, who conſidered it as a province of *Arabia*, nor to inſiſt on the language of the country, which is pure *Arabick*, it is deſcribed by the *Aſiaticks* themſelves as a large diviſion of that peninſula which they call *Jezeiratul Arab*; and there is no more reaſon for annexing it to *India*, becauſe the ſea, which waſhes one ſide of it, is looked upon by ſome writers as belonging to the great *Indian* ocean, than there would be for annexing it to *Perſia*, becauſe it is bounded on another ſide by the *Perſian* gulf.

graphers of *Aſia* fix their firſt meridian. It is obſervable that *Aden*, in the Eaſtern dialects, is preciſely the ſame word with *Eden*, which we apply to the garden of paradiſe: it has two ſenſes, according to a ſlight difference in its pronunciation; its firſt meaning is *a ſettled abode*, its ſecond, *delight, ſoftneſs*, or *tranquillity*: the word *Eden* had, probably, one of theſe ſenſes in the ſacred text, though we uſe it as a proper name. We may alſo obſerve in this place that *Yemen* itſelf takes its name from a word, which ſignifies *verdure*, and *felicity*; for in thoſe ſultry climates, the freſhneſs of the ſhade, and the coolneſs of water, are ideas almoſt inſeparable from that of happineſs; and this may be a reaſon why moſt of the *Oriental* nations agree in a tradition concerning a delightful ſpot, where the firſt inhabitants of the earth were placed before their fall. The ancients, who gave the name of *Eudaimon*, or *Happy*, to this country, either meaned to tranſlate the word *Yemen*, or, more probably, only alluded to the valuable ſpice-trees, and balſamick plants, that grow in it, and, without ſpeaking poetically, give a real perfume to the air *: now it is certain that all poetry

* The writer of an old hiſtory of the *Turkiſh Empire* ſays, "*The air of Egypt ſometimes in ſummer is like any ſweet perfume, and almoſt ſuffocates the ſpirits, cauſed by the wind that brings the odours of the Arabian ſpices.*"

receives a very conſiderable ornament from the beauty of natural images; as the roſes of *Sharon*, the verdure of *Carmel*, the vines of *Engaddi*, and the dew of *Hermon*, are the ſources of many pleaſing metaphors and compariſons in the ſacred poetry: thus the odours of *Yemen*, the muſk of *Hadramut*, and the pearls of *Omman*, ſupply the *Arabian* poets with a great variety of alluſions; and, if the remark of *Hermogenes* be juſt, that whatever is *delightful to the ſenſes* produces the *Beautiful* when it is deſcribed, where can we find ſo much beauty as in the *Eaſtern* poems, which turn chiefly upon the loveliеſt objects in nature?

To purſue this topick yet farther: it is an obſervation of *Demetrius* of *Phalera*, in his elegant treatiſe upon ſtyle, that it is not eaſy to write on agreeable ſubjects in a diſagreeable manner, and that beautiful *expreſſions* naturally riſe with beautiful images; *for which reaſon*, ſays he, *nothing can be more pleaſing than Sappho's poetry, which contains the deſcription of gardens, and banquets, flowers and fruits, fountains and meadows, nightingales and turtle-doves, loves and graces:* thus, when ſhe ſpeaks of *a ſtream ſoftly murmuring among the branches, and the Zephyrs playing through the leaves, with a ſound, that brings on a quiet ſlumber*, her lines flow without labour as ſmoothly as the rivulet

ſhe deſcribes. I may have altered the words of *Demetrius*, as I quote them by memory, but this is the general ſenſe of his remark, which, if it be not rather ſpecious than juſt, muſt induce us to think, that the poets of the *Eaſt* may vie with thoſe of *Europe* in *the graces of their diction*, as well as in the livelineſs of their images: but we muſt not believe that the *Arabian* poetry can pleaſe only by its deſcriptions of *beauty*; ſince the gloomy and terrible objects, which produce the *ſublime*, when they are aptly deſcribed, are no where more common than in the *Deſert* and *Stony Arabia's*; and, indeed, we ſee nothing ſo frequently painted by the poets of thoſe countries, as wolves and lions, precipices and foreſts, rocks and wilderneſſes.

If we allow the natural objects, with which the *Arabs* are perpetually converſant, to be *ſublime* and *beautiful*, our next ſtep muſt be, to confeſs that their compariſons, metaphors, and allegories are ſo likewiſe; for an allegory is a ſtring of metaphors, a metaphor is a ſhort ſimile, and the fineſt ſimilies are drawn from natural objects. It is true that many of the *Eaſtern* figures are common to other nations, but ſome of them receive a propriety from the manners of the *Arabians*, who dwell in the plains and woods, which would be loſt, if

they came from the inhabitants of cities: thus *the dew of liberality*, and the *odour of reputation*, are metaphors uſed by moſt people; but they are wonderfully proper in the mouths of thoſe, who have ſo much need of being refreſhed by *the dews*, and who gratify their ſenſe of ſmelling with the *ſweeteſt odours* in the world. Again; it is very uſual in all countries, to make frequent alluſions to the brightneſs of the celeſtial luminaries, which give their light to all; but the metaphors taken from them have an additional beauty, if we conſider them as made by a nation, who paſs moſt of their nights in the open air, or in tents, and conſequently ſee the moon and ſtars in their greateſt ſplendour. This way of conſidering their poetical figures will give many of them a grace, which they would not have in our languages: ſo, when they compare *the foreheads of their miſtreſſes to the morning, their locks to the night, their faces to the ſun, to the moon, or the bloſſoms of jaſmine, their cheeks to roſes or ripe fruit, their teeth to pearls, hail-ſtones, and ſnow-drops, their eyes to the flowers of the narciſſus, their curled hair to black ſcorpions, and to hyacinths, their lips to rubies or wine, the form of their breaſts to pomegranates and the colour of them to ſnow, their ſhape to that of a pine-tree, and their ſtature to that of a cy-*

*preſs, a palm-tree, or a javelin, &c.,** theſe compariſons, many of which would ſeem forced in our idioms, have undoubtedly a great delicacy in theirs, and affect their minds in a peculiar manner; yet upon the whole their ſimilies are very juſt and ſtriking, as that of *the blue eyes of a fine woman, bathed in tears, to violets dropping with dew* †, and that of *a warriour, advancing at the head of his army, to an eagle ſailing through the air, and piercing the clouds with his wings.*

Theſe are not the only advantages, which

* See *Noweiri*, cited by the very learned *Reiſke*.

فشبهوا الحبين بالصباح والشعور بالليالي
والوجه بالشمس والقمر وشبهوا الخدود بالورد
والتفاح وشبهوا الثغور بالاقحوان والعيون
بالنرجس واللهم بالعقارب .&c

† See the *Arabick* Miſcellany, entitled *Shecardán*, ch. 14.

قال ابن الرومي
رايت البنفسج في روضة
واحداقه للندا شاهرة *
يحاكي بها الزهر زرق العيون
واجفانها بالبكا قاطرة *

the natives of *Arabia* enjoy above the inhabitants of moſt other countries: they preſerve to this day the manners and cuſtoms of their anceſtors, who, by their own account, were ſettled in the province of *Yemen* above three thouſand years ago; they have never been wholly ſubdued by any nation; and though the admiral of *Selim the Firſt* made a deſcent on their coaſt, and exacted a tribute from the people of *Aden*, yet the *Arabians* only keep up a ſhow of allegiance to the Sultan, and act, on every important occaſion, in open defiance of his power, relying on the ſwiftneſs of their horſes, and the vaſt extent of their foreſts, in which an invading enemy muſt ſoon periſh: but here I muſt be underſtood to ſpeak of thoſe *Arabians*, who, like the old *Nomades*, dwell conſtantly in their tents, and remove from place to place according to the ſeaſons; for the inhabitants of the cities, who traffick with the merchants of Europe in ſpices, perfumes, and coffee, muſt have loſt a great deal of their ancient ſimplicity: the others have, certainly, retained it; and, except when their tribes are engaged in war, ſpend their days in watching their flocks and camels, or in repeating their native ſongs, which they pour out almoſt extempore, profeſſing a contempt for the ſtately pillars, and ſolemn buildings of the cities, compared with the natural charms of the coun-

try, and the coolneſs of their tents: thus they paſs their lives in the higheſt pleaſure, of which they have any conception, in the contemplation of the moſt delightful objects, and in the enjoyment of perpetual ſpring: for we may apply to part of *Arabia* that elegant couplet of *Waller* in his poem of the *Summer-iſland*,

> The gentle spring, that but salutes us here,
> Inhabits there, and courts them all the year.

Yet the heat of the ſun, which muſt be very intenſe in a climate ſo near the Line. is tempered by the ſhade of the trees, that overhang the valleys, and by a number of freſh ſtreams, that flow down the mountains. Hence it is, that almoſt all their notions of *felicity* are taken from *freſhneſs* and *verdure:* it is a maxim among them that the three moſt charming objects in nature are, * *a green meadow, a clear rivulet, and a beautiful woman*, and that the view of theſe objects at the ſame time affords the greateſt delight imaginable. *Mahomed* was ſo well acquainted with the maxim of his countrymen, that he deſcribed the pleaſures of heaven to them, under the allegory of *cool fountains, green bowers, and black-eyed girls*, as the word *Houri* literally ſignifies in *Arabick:* and in the chapter of the *Morning*, towards the end of his

* See the life of *Tamerlane*, publiſhed by *Golius*, page 299.

الماء والخضرة والوجه الحسن

Alcoran, he mentions a garden, called *Irem*, which is no leſs celebrated by the *Aſiatick* poets than that of the *Heſperides* by the *Greeks*: it was planted, as the commentators ſay, by a king, named *Shedad*, and was once ſeen by an *Arabian*, who wandered very far into the deſerts in ſearch of a loſt camel: it was, probably, a name invented by the impoſtor, as a type of a future ſtate of happineſs. Now it is certain that the genius of every nation is not a little affected by their climate; for, whether it be that the immoderate heat diſpoſes the *Eaſtern* people to a life of indolence, which gives them full leiſure to cultivate their talents, or whether the ſun has a real influence on the imagination (as one would ſuppoſe that the Ancients believed, by their making *Apollo* the god of poetry); whatever be the cauſe, it has always been remarked, that the *Aſiaticks* excel the inhabitants of our colder regions in the livelineſs of their fancy, and the richneſs of their invention.

To carry this ſubject one ſtep farther: as the *Arabians* are ſuch admirers of *beauty*, and as they enjoy ſuch eaſe and leiſure, they muſt naturally be ſuſceptible of *that paſſion*, which is the true ſpring and ſource of agreeable poetry; and we find, indeed, that *love* has a greater ſhare in their poems than any other paſſion: it ſeems to be always uppermoſt in their minds,

and there is hardly an elegy, a panegyrick, or even a ſatire, in their language, which does not begin with the complaints of an unfortunate, or the exultations of a ſucceſsful, lover. It ſometimes happens, that the young men of one tribe are in love with the damſels of another; and, as the tents are frequently removed on a ſudden, the lovers are often ſeparated in the progreſs of the courtſhip: hence almoſt all the *Arabick* poems open in this manner; the author bewails the ſudden departure of his miſtreſs, Hinda, Maïa, Zeineb, or Azza, and deſcribes her beauty, comparing her to a wanton fawn, that plays among the aromatick ſhrubs; his friends endeavour to comfort him, but he refuſes conſolation; he declares his reſolution of viſiting his beloved, though the way to her tribe lie through a dreadful wilderneſs, or even through a den of lions; here he commonly gives a deſcription of the horſe or camel, upon which he deſigns to go, and thence paſſes, by an eaſy tranſition, to the principal ſubject of his poem, whether it be the praiſe of his own tribe, or a ſatire on the timidity of his friends, who refuſe to attend him in his expedition; though very frequently the piece turns wholly upon love. But it is not ſufficient that a nation have a genius for poetry, unleſs they have the advantage of a rich and beautiful language, that their ex-

preſſions may be worthy of their ſentiments; the *Arabians* have this advantage alſo in a high degree: their language is expreſſive, ſtrong, ſonorous, and the moſt copious, perhaps, in the world; for, as almoſt every tribe had many words appropriated to itſelf, the poets, for the convenience of their meaſure, or ſometimes for their ſingular beauty, made uſe of them all, and, as the poems became popular, theſe words were by degrees incorporated with the whole language, like a number of little ſtreams, which meet together in one channel, and, forming a moſt plentiful river, flow rapidly into the ſea.

If this way of arguing *à priori* be admitted in the preſent caſe (and no ſingle man has a right to infer the merit of the *Eaſtern* poetry from the poems themſelves, becauſe no ſingle man has a privilege of judging for all the reſt), if the foregoing argument have any weight, we muſt conclude that the *Arabians*, being perpetually converſant with the moſt beautiful objects, ſpending a calm and agreeable life in a fine climate, being extremely addicted to the ſofter paſſions, and having the advantage of a language ſingularly adapted to poetry, muſt be naturally excellent poets, provided that their *manners* and *cuſtoms* be favourable to the cultivation of that art; and that they are highly ſo, it will not be difficult to prove.

The fondneſs of the *Arabians* for poetry, and the reſpect which they ſhow to poets, would be ſcarce believed, if we were not aſſured of it by writers of great authority: the principal occaſions of rejoicing among them, were formerly, and, very probably, are to this day, the birth of a boy, the foaling of a mare, the arrival of a gueſt, and the riſe of a poet in their tribe: when a young *Arabian* has compoſed a good poem, all the neighbours pay their compliments to his family, and congratulate them upon having a relation capable of recording their actions, and of recommending their virtues to poſterity. At the beginning of the ſeventh century, the *Arabick* language was brought to a high degree of perfection by a ſort of poetical Academy, that uſed to aſſemble at ſtated times, in a place called *Ocadh*, where every poet produced his beſt compoſition, and was ſure to meet with the applauſe that it deſerved: the moſt excellent of theſe poems were tranſcribed in characters of gold upon *Egyptian* paper, and hung up in the temple, whence they were named *Modhabebat*, or *Golden*, and *Moallakat*, or *Suſpended*; the poems of this ſort were called *Caſſeida's* or *eclogues*, * ſeven of which are preſerved in our libraries, and are conſidered as the fineſt that

* Theſe ſeven poems, clearly tranſcribed with explanatory

were written before the time of *Mahomed*. The fourth of them, compoſed by *Lebíd*, is purely paſtoral, and extremely like the *Alexis* of *Virgil*, but far more beautiful, becauſe it is more agreeable to nature: the poet begins with praiſing the charms of the fair *Novára* (a word, which in *Arabick* ſignifies *a timorous fawn*) but inveighs againſt her unkindneſs; he then interweaves a deſcription of his young camel, which he compares for its ſwiftneſs to a ſtag purſued by the hounds; and takes occaſion afterwards to mention his own riches, accompliſhments, liberality, and valour, his noble birth, and the glory of his tribe: the diction of this poem is eaſy and ſimple, yet elegant, the numbers flowing and muſical, and the ſentiments wonderfully natural; as the learned reader will ſee by the following paſſage, which I ſhall attempt to imitate in verſe, that the merit of the poet may not be wholly loſt in a verbal tranſlation:

But ah! thou know'ſt not in what youthful play
Our nights, beguil'd with pleaſure, ſwam away;

notes, are among *Pocock*'s manuſcripts at *Oxford*, No. 164: the names of the ſeven poets are *Amralkeis*, *Tarafa*, *Zoheir*, *Lebid*, *Antara*, *Amru*, and *Hareth*. In the ſame collection, No. 174, there is a manuſcript, containing above forty other poems, which had the honour of being ſuſpended in the temple at *Mecca*: this volume is an inеſtimable treaſure of ancient *Arabick* literature.

Gay ſongs, and cheerful tales, deceiv'd the time,
And circling goblets made a tuneful chime;
Sweet was the draught, and ſweet the blooming maid,
Who touch'd her lyre beneath the fragrant ſhade;
We ſip'd till morning purpled ev'ry plain;
The damſels ſlumber'd, but we ſip'd again:
The waking birds, that ſung on ev'ry tree
Their early notes, were not ſo blithe as we *.

The *Mahomedan* writers tell a ſtory of this poet, which deſerves to be mentioned here: it was a cuſtom, it ſeems, among the old *Arabians*, for the moſt eminent verſifiers to hang up ſome choſen couplets on the gate of the temple, as a publick challenge to their brethren, who ſtrove to anſwer them before the next meeting

* In *Arabick*,

بل انت لا تدرين كم من ليلة
طلف لذيذ لهوها وندامها
قد بتّ سامرها وغاية تاجر
وافيت اذ رفعت وعزّ مدامها
بصبوح صافية وجذب كرينة
بهواتر تاتا له معاً ابهامها
باكرت حاجتها الدجاج بسحرة
لاعل منها حين هبّ نيامها

at *Ocadh*, at which time the whole aſſembly uſed to determine the merit of them all, and gave ſome mark of diſtinction to the author of the fineſt verſes. Now *Lebid*, who, we are told, had been a violent oppoſer of *Mahomed*, fixed a poem on the gate, beginning with the following diſtich, in which he apparently meaned to reflect upon the new religion: *Are not all things vain, which come not from God? and will not all honours decay, but thoſe, which He confers*?* Theſe lines appeared ſo ſublime, that none of the poets ventured to anſwer them; till *Mahomed*, who was himſelf a poet, having compoſed a new chapter of his *Alcoran* (the ſecond, I think), placed the opening of it by the ſide of *Lebid*'s poem, who no ſooner read it, than he declared it to be ſomething divine, confeſſed his own inferiority, tore his verſes from the gate, and embraced the religion of his rival; to whom he was afterwards extremely uſeful in replying to the ſatires of *Amralkeis*, who was continually attacking the doctrine of *Mahomed*: the *Aſiaticks* add, that their lawgiver acknowledged ſome time after, that no heathen poet had ever pro-

* In *Arabick*,

الا كل شئ ما خلا الله باطل
وكل نعيم لا محاله زايل.

duced a nobler diſtich than that of *Lebid* juſt quoted.

There are a few other collections of ancient *Arabick* poetry; but the moſt famous of them is called *Hamáſa*, and contains a number of *epigrams*, *odes*, and *elegies*, compoſed on various occaſions: it was compiled by *Abu Teman*, who was an excellent poet himſelf, and uſed to ſay, that *fine ſentiments delivered in proſe were like gems ſcattered at random; but that, when they were confined in a poetical meaſure, they reſembled bracelets and ſtrings of pearls* *. When the religion and language of *Mahomed* were ſpread over the greater part of *Aſia*, and the maritime countries of *Africa*, it became a faſhion for the poets of *Perſia*, *Syria*, *Egypt*, *Mauritania*, and even of *Tartary*, to write in *Arabick*; and the moſt beautiful verſes in that idiom, compoſed by the brighteſt genius's of thoſe nations, are to be ſeen in a large miſcellany, entitled *Yateima*; though many of their works are tranſcribed ſeparately: it will be needleſs to ſay much on the

* In *Arabick*,

انّ القوافي والمساعي لم تزل
مثل النظام اذا اصاب فريدًا
هي جوهر نثر فانّ الفتنه
فالشعر صار قلايدا وعقودًا

poetry of the *Syrians*, *Tartarians*, and *Africans*, ſince moſt of the arguments, before uſed in favour of the *Arabs*, have equal weight with reſpect to the other *Mahomedans*, who have done little more than imitate their ſtyle, and adopt their expreſſions; for which reaſon alſo I ſhall dwell the ſhorter time on the genius and manners of the *Perſians*, *Turks*, and *Indians*.

The great empire, which we call PERSIA, is known to its natives by the name of *Iran*; ſince the word *Perſia* belongs only to a particular province, the ancient *Perſis*, and is very improperly applied by us to the whole kingdom: but, in compliance with the cuſtom of our geographers, I ſhall give the name of *Perſia* to that celebrated country, which lies on one ſide between the *Caſpian* and *Indian* ſeas, and extends on the other from the mountains of *Candahar*, or *Paropamiſus*, to the confluence of the rivers *Cyrus* and *Araxes*, containing about twenty degrees from ſouth to north, and rather more from eaſt to weſt.

In ſo vaſt a tract of land there muſt needs be a great variety of climates: the ſouthern provinces are no leſs unhealthy and ſultry, than thoſe of the north are rude and unpleaſant; but in the interior parts of the empire the air is mild and temperate, and, from the beginning of May to September, there is ſcarce a cloud to be

ſeen in the ſky: the remarkable calmneſs of the ſummer nights, and the wonderful ſplendour of the moon and ſtars in that country, often tempt the *Perſians* to ſleep on the tops of their houſes, which are generally flat, where they cannot but obſerve the figures of the conſtellations, and the various appearances of the heavens; and this may in ſome meaſure account for the perpetual alluſions of their poets, and rhetoricians, to the beauty of the heavenly bodies. We are apt to cenſure the oriental ſtyle for being ſo full of metaphors taken from the ſun and moon: this is aſcribed by ſome to the bad taſte of the *Aſiaticks*; *the works of the Perſians*, ſays *M. de Voltaire*, *are like the titles of their kings, in which the ſun and moon are often introduced:* but they do not reflect, that every nation has a ſet of images, and expreſſions, peculiar to itſelf, which ariſe from the difference of its climate, manners, and hiſtory. There ſeems to be another reaſon for the frequent alluſions of the *Perſians* to the ſun, which may, perhaps, be traced from the old language and popular religion of their country: thus *Mibridâd*, or *Mitbridates*, ſignifies *the gift of the ſun*, and anſwers to the *Theodorus* and *Diodati* of other nations. As to the titles of the *Eaſtern* monarchs, which ſeem, indeed, very extravagant to our ears, they are merely formal, and no leſs void of meaning than thoſe of

European princes, in which *ſerenity* and *highneſs* are often attributed to the moſt *gloomy* and *low-minded* of men.

The midland provinces of *Perſia* abound in fruits and flowers of almoſt every kind, and, with proper culture, might be made the garden of *Aſia*: they are not watered, indeed, by any conſiderable river, ſince the *Tigris* and *Euphrates*, the *Cyrus* and *Araxes*, the *Oxus*, and the five branches of the *Indus*, are at the fartheſt limits of the kingdom; but the natives, who have a turn for agriculture, ſupply that defect by artificial canals, which ſufficiently temper the dryneſs of the ſoil; but in ſaying they *ſupply* that defect, I am falling into a common error, and repreſenting the country, not as it *is* at preſent, but as it *was* a century ago; for a long ſeries of civil wars and maſſacres have now deſtroyed the chief beauties of *Perſia*, by ſtripping it of its moſt induſtrious inhabitants.

The ſame difference of climate, that affects the air and ſoil of this extenſive country, gives a variety alſo to the perſons and temper of its natives: in ſome provinces they have dark complexions, and harſh features; in others they are exquiſitely fair, and well made; in ſome others, nervous and robuſt: but the general character of the nation is that *ſoftneſs*, and *love of pleaſure*, that *indolence*, and *effeminacy*, which have made

them an eaſy prey to all the weſtern and northern ſwarms, that have from time to time invaded them. Yet they are not wholly void of martial ſpirit; and, if they are not naturally barve, they are at leaſt extremely docile, and might, with proper diſcipline, be made excellent ſoldiers: but the greater part of them, in the ſhort intervals of peace that they happen to enjoy, conſtantly ſink into a ſtate of inactivity, and paſs their lives in a pleaſurable, yet ſtudious retirement; and this may be one reaſon, why *Perſia* has produced more writers of every kind, and chiefly *poets*, than all *Europe* together, ſince their way of life gives them leiſure to purſue thoſe arts, which cannot be cultivated to advantage, without the greateſt calmneſs and ſerenity of mind. There is a manuſcript at *Oxford**, containing *the lives of an hundred and thirty-five of the fineſt Perſian poets*, moſt of whom left very ample collections of their poems behind them: but the verſifiers, and *moderate poets*, if *Horace* will allow any ſuch men to exiſt, are without number in *Perſia*.

This delicacy of their lives and ſentiments has inſenſibly affected their language, and rendered it the ſofteſt, as it is one of the richeſt, in

* In Hyperoo Bodl. 128. There is a prefatory diſcourſe to this curious work, which compriſes the lives of ten *Arabian* poets.

the world: it is not poſſible to convince the reader of this truth, by quoting a paſſage from a *Perſian* poet in *European* characters; ſince the ſweetneſs of ſound cannot be determined by the ſight, and many words, which are ſoft and muſical in the mouth of a *Perſian*, may appear harſh to our eyes, with a number of conſonants and gutturals: it may not, however, be abſurd to ſet down in this place, an Ode of the poet *Hafez*, which, if it be not ſufficient to prove the delicacy of his language, will at leaſt ſhow the livelineſs of his poetry.

Ai bad nesîmi yârdari,
Zan nefheï muſhcbâr dari:
Zinhar mecun diraz-deſti!
Ba turreï o che câr dari?
Ai gul, to cujá wa ruyi zeibaſh.
O taza, wa to khabâr dari.
Nerkes, to cujâ wa cheſhmi meſteſh?
O ſerkhoſh, wa to khumâr dari.
Ai ſeru, to ba kaddi bulendeſh,
Der bagh che iytebâr dari?
Ai akl, to ba wujûdi iſhkeſh
De deſt che ikhtiyâr dari?
Riban, to cujâ wa khatti ſebzeſh?
O muſhc, wa to ghubâr dari.
Ruzi bures bewaſli Hafiz,
Gher takati yntizâr dari.

That is, word for word, *O ſweet gale, thou beareſt the fragrant ſcent of my beloved; thence it is that thou haſt this muſky odour. Beware! do not ſteal: what haſt thou to do with her treſſes? O roſe, what art thou, to be compared with her bright face? She is freſh, and thou art rough with thorns. O narciſſus, what art thou in compariſon of her languiſhing eye? Her eye is only ſleepy, but thou art ſick and faint. O pine, compared with her graceful ſtature, what honour haſt thou in the garden? O wiſdom, what wouldſt thou chooſe, if to chooſe were in thy power, in preference to her love? O ſweet baſil what art thou, to be compared with her freſh cheeks? They are perfect muſk, but thou art ſoon withered. Come, my beloved, and charm Hafez with thy preſence, if thou canſt but ſtay with him for a ſingle day.* This little ſong is not unlike a ſonnet aſcribed to *Shakeſpeare*, which deſerves to be cited here, as a proof that the Eaſtern imagery is not ſo different from the *European* as we are apt to imagine.

The forward violet thus did I chide:
" Sweet thief! whence didſt thou ſteal thy ſweet
that ſmells,
" If not from my love's breath? The purple pride,
" Which on thy ſoft cheek for complexion dwells,
" In my love's veins thou haſt too groſsly dyed."

The lily I condemned for thy hand,
And buds of marjoram had ſtol'n thy hair;
The roſes fearfully on thorns did ſtand,
One bluſhing ſhame, another white deſpair;
A third, nor red nor white, had ſtol'n of both,
And to his robb'ry had annex'd thy breath;
But for his theft, in pride of all his growth,
A vengeful canker eat him up to death.
More flow'rs I noted, yet I none could ſee,
But ſcent or colour it had ſtol'n from thee.

Shakeſpeare's Poems, p. 207.

The *Perſian* ſtyle is ſaid to be ridiculouſly bombaſt, and this fault is imputed to the ſlaviſh ſpirit of the nation, which is ever apt to magnify the objects that are placed above it: there are bad writers, to be ſure, in every country, and as many in *Aſia* as elſewhere; but if we take the pains to learn the *Perſian* language, we ſhall find that thoſe authors, who are generally eſteemed in *Perſia*, are neither ſlaviſh in their ſentiments, nor ridiculous in their expreſſions: of which the following paſſage in a moral work of *Sadi*, entitled *Boſtán*, or, *The Garden*, will be a ſufficient proof. *I have heard that king Nuſhirvan, juſt before his death, ſpoke thus to his ſon Hormuz: Be a guardian, my ſon, to the poor and helpleſs; and be not confined in the chains of*

thy own indolence. No one can be at eaſe in thy dominion, while thou ſeekeſt only thy private reſt, and ſayeſt, It is enough. A wiſe man will not approve the ſhepherd, who ſleeps, while the wolf is in the fold. Go, my ſon, protect thy weak and indigent people; ſince through them is a king raiſed to the diadem. The poeple are the root, and the king is the tree that grows from it; and the tree, O my ſon, derives its ſtrength from the root *.

Are theſe mean ſentiments, delivered in

* شنیدم که در وقت نزع روان
بهرمز چنین گفت نوشیروان
که خاطر نکهدار درویش باش
نه در بند اسایش خویش باش
نیاساید اندر دیار تو کس
چو اسایش خویش خواهی وبس
نیاید بنزدیک دانا پسند
شبان خفته وگرگ در کوسفند
برو پاس درویش محتاج دار
که شاه از رعیت بود تاجدار
رعیت چو بیخست وسلطان درخت
درخت اي پسر باشد از بیخ سخت

pompous language? Are they not rather worthy of our moſt ſpirited writers? And do they not convey a fine leſſon for a young king? Yet *Sadi's* poems are highly eſteemed at *Conſtantinople*, and at *Iſpahan*; though, a century or two ago, they would have been ſuppreſſed in *Europe*, for ſpreading with too ſtrong a glare the light of liberty and reaſon.

As to the great Epick poem of *Ferduſi*, which was compoſed in the tenth century, it would require a very long treatiſe, to explain all its beauties with a minute exactneſs. The whole collection of that poet's works is called *Shahnâma*, and contains the hiſtory of *Perſia*, from the earlieſt times to the invaſion of the *Arabs*, in a ſeries of very noble poems; the longeſt and moſt regular of which is an heroick poem of one great and intereſting action, namely, *the delivery of Perſia by Cyrus* from the oppreſſions of *Afraſiab*, king of the *Tranſoxan Tartary*, who being aſſiſted by the emperors of *India* and *China*, together with all the dæmons, giants and enchanters of *Aſia*, had carried his conqueſts very far, and become exceedingly formidable to the *Perſians*. This poem is longer than the *Iliad*; the characters in it are various and ſtriking; the figures bold and animated; and the diction every where ſonorous, yet noble; poliſhed, yet full of fire. A great profu-

ſion of learning has been thrown away by ſome criticks, in comparing *Homer* with the heroick poets, who have ſucceeded him; but it requires very little judgment to ſee, that no ſucceeding poet whatever can with any propriety be compared with *Homer:* that great father of the *Grecian* poetry and literature, had a genius too fruitful and comprehenſive to let any of the ſtriking parts of nature eſcape his obſervation; and the poets, who have followed him, have done little more than tranſcribe his images, and give a new dreſs to his thoughts. Whatever elegance and refinements, therefore, may have been introduced into the works of the moderns, the ſpirit and invention of *Homer* have ever continued without a rival: for which reaſons I am far from pretending to aſſert that the poet of *Perſia* is equal to that of *Greece*; but there is certainly a very great reſemblance between the works of thoſe extraordinary men: both drew their images from nature herſelf, without catching them only by reflection, and painting, in the manner of the modern poets, *the likeneſs of a likeneſs*; and both poſſeſſed, in an eminent degree, *that rich and creative invention, which is the very ſoul of poetry.*

As the *Perſians* borrowed their poetical meaſures, and the forms of their poems, from the *Arabians*, ſo the *TURKS*, when they had car-

ried their arms into *Meſopotamia* and *Aſſyria*, took their numbers and their taſte for poetry from the *Perſians*;

Græcia capta ferum victorem cepit, et artes
Intulit agreſti *Latio*.

In the ſame manner as the *Greek* compoſitions were the models of all the *Roman* writers, ſo were thoſe of *Perſia* imitated by the *Turks*, who conſiderably poliſhed and enriched their language, naturally barren, by the number of ſimple and compound words, which they adopted from the *Perſian* and *Arabick*. Lady *Wortley Montague* very juſtly obſerves, that *we want thoſe compound words, which are very frequent and ſtrong in the Turkiſh language*; but her interpreters led her into a miſtake in explaining one of them, which ſhe tranſlates *ſtag-eyed*, and thinks *a very lively image of the fire and indifference in the eyes of the royal bride:* now it never entered into the mind of an *Aſiatick* to compare his miſtreſs's eyes to thoſe of a ſtag, or to give an image of their *fire and indifference*; the *Turks* mean to expreſs that *fullneſs*, and, at the ſame time, that *ſoft and languiſhing luſtre*, which is peculiar to the eyes of their beautiful women, and which by no means reſembles the unpleaſing wildneſs in thoſe of a ſtag. The

original epithet, I ſuppoſe, was * *Abú cheſhm*, or, *with the eyes of a young fawn:* now I take the *Abû* to be the ſame animal with the *Gazâl* of the *Arabians*, and the *Zabi* of the *Hebrews*, to which their poets allude in almoſt every page. I have ſeen one of theſe animals; it is a kind of antelope, exquiſitely beautiful, with eyes uncommonly black and large. This is the ſame ſort of roe, to which *Solomon* alludes in this delicate ſimile: *Thy two breaſts are like two young roes, that are twins, which play among the lilies.*

A very polite ſcholar, who has lately tranſlated ſixteen Odes of *Hafiz*, with learned illuſtrations, blames the *Turkiſh* poets for copying the *Perſians* too ſervilely: but, ſurely, they are not more blameable than *Horace*, who not only imitated the meaſures and expreſſions of the *Greeks*, but even tranſlated, almoſt word for word, the brighteſt paſſages of *Alcæus*, *Anacreon*, and others; he took leſs from *Pindar* than from the reſt, becauſe the wildneſs of his numbers, and the obſcurity of his alluſions, were by

* This epithet ſeems to anſwer to the *Greek* ἐλικωπις, which our grammarians properly interpret *Quæ nigris oculis decora eſt et venuſta:* if it were permitted to make any innovations in a dead language, we might expreſs the *Turkiſh* adjective by the word δορκωπις, which would, I dare ſay, have ſounded agreeably to the *Greeks* themſelves.

no means ſuitable to the genius of the *Latin* language: and this may, perhaps, explain his ode to *Julius Antonius*, who might have adviſed him to uſe more of *Pindar*'s manner in celebrating the victories of *Auguſtus*. Whatever we may think of this objection, it is certain that the *Turkiſh* empire has produced a great number of poets; ſome of whom had no ſmall merit in their way: the ingenious author juſt mentioned aſſured me, that the *Turkiſh* ſatires of *Rubi Bagdadi* were very forcible and ſtriking, and he mentioned the opening of one of them, which ſeemed not unlike the manner of *Juvenal*. At the beginning of the laſt century, a work was publiſhed at *Conſtantinople*, containing the fineſt verſes of *five hundred and forty-nine Turkiſh poets*, which proves at leaſt that they are ſingularly fond of this art, whatever may be our opinion of their ſucceſs in it.

The deſcendants of *Tamerlane* carried into *India* the language and poetry of the *Perſians*; and the *Indian* poets to this day compoſe their verſes in imitation of them. The beſt of their works, that have paſſed through my hands, are thoſe of *Huzein*, who lived ſome years ago at *Benáres*, with a great reputation for his parts and learning, and was known to the *Engliſh*, who reſided there, by the name of *the Philoſopher*. His poems are elegant and lively, and

one of them, *on the departure of his friends*, would ſuit our language admirably well, but it is too long to be inſerted in this eſſay. The *Indians* are ſoft and voluptuous, but artful and inſincere, at leaſt to the *Europeans*, whom, to ſay the truth, they have had no great reaſon of late years to admire for the oppoſite virtues: but they are fond of poetry, which they learned from the *Perſians*, and may, perhaps, before the cloſe of the century, be as fond of a more formidable art, which they will learn from the *Engliſh*.

I muſt requeſt, that, in beſtowing theſe praiſes on the writings of *Aſia*, I may not be thought to derogate from the merit of the *Greek* and *Latin* poems, which have juſtly been admired in every age; yet I cannot but think that our *European* poetry has ſubſiſted too long on the perpetual repetition of the ſame images, and inceſſant alluſions to the ſame fables: and it has been my endeavour for ſeveral years to inculcate this truth, that, if the principal writings of the *Aſiaticks*, which are repoſited in our publick libraries, were printed with the uſual advantage of notes and illuſtrations, and if the languages of the *Eaſtern* nations were ſtudied in our great ſeminaries of learning, where every other branch of uſeful knowledge is taught to perfection, a new and ample field would be opened for ſpecu-

lation; we ſhould have a more extenſive inſight into the hiſtory of the human mind; we ſhould be furniſhed with a new ſet of images and ſimilitudes; and a number of excellent compoſitions would be brought to light, which future ſcholars might explain, and future poets might imitate.

ESSAY

ON

THE ARTS,

COMMONLY CALLED IMITATIVE.

IT is the fate of thoſe maxims, which have been thrown out by very eminent writers, to be received implicitly by moſt of their followers, and to be repeated a thouſand times, for no other reaſon, than becauſe they once dropped from the pen of a ſuperior genius: one of theſe is the aſſertion of *Ariſtotle*, that *all poetry conſiſts in imitation*, which has been ſo frequently echoed from author to author, that it would ſeem a kind of arrogance to controvert it; for almoſt all the philoſophers and criticks, who have written upon the ſubject of *poetry*, *muſick*, and *painting*, how little ſoever they may agree in ſome points, ſeem of one mind in conſidering them as arts merely *imitative:* yet it muſt be clear to any one, who examines what paſſes in his own mind, that he is affected by the fineſt

poems, *pieces of muſick*, and *pictures*, upon a principle, which, whatever it be, is entirely diſtinct from *imitation*. *M. le Batteux* has attempted to prove that all the fine arts have a relation to this common principle of *imitating*: but, whatever be ſaid of *painting*, it is probable, that *poetry* and *muſick* had a nobler origin; and, if the firſt language of man was not both *poetical* and *muſical*, it is certain, at leaſt, that in countries, where no kind of *imitation* ſeems to be much admired, there are *poets* and *muſicians* both by nature and by art: as in ſome *Mahometan* nations; where *ſculpture* and *painting* are forbidden by the laws, where *dramatick poetry* of every ſort is wholly unknown, yet, where the pleaſing arts, *of expreſſing the paſſions in verſe, and of enforcing that expreſſion by melody*, are cultivated to a degree of enthuſiaſm. It ſhall be my endeavour in this paper to prove, that, though *poetry* and *muſick* have, certainly, a power of *imitating* the manners of men, and ſeveral objects in nature, yet, that their greateſt effect is not produced by *imitation*, but by a very different principle; which muſt be ſought for in the deepeſt receſſes of the human mind.

To ſtate the queſtion properly, we muſt have a clear notion of what we mean by *poetry* and *muſick*; but we cannot give a preciſe definition of them, till we have made a few previous re-

marks on their origin, their relation to each other, and their difference.

It ſeems probable then that *poetry* was originally no more than a ſtrong and animated expreſſion of the human paſſions, of *joy* and *grief*, *love* and *hate*, *admiration* and *anger*, ſometimes pure and unmixed, ſometimes variouſly modified and combined: for, if we obſerve the *voice* and *accents* of a perſon affected by any of the violent paſſions, we ſhall perceive ſomething in them very nearly approaching to *cadence* and *meaſure*; which is remarkably the caſe in the language of a vehement *Orator*, whoſe talent is chiefly converſant about *praiſe* or *cenſure*; and we may collect from ſeveral paſſages in *Tully*, that the fine ſpeakers of old *Greece* and *Rome* had a ſort of rhythm in their ſentences, leſs regular, but not leſs melodious, than that of the poets.

If this idea be juſt, one would ſuppoſe that the moſt ancient ſort of poetry conſiſted in *praiſing the Deity*; for if we conceive a being, created with all his faculties and ſenſes, endued with ſpeech and reaſon, to open his eyes in a moſt delightful plain, to view for the firſt time the ſerenity of the ſky, the ſplendour of the ſun, the verdure of the fields and woods, the glowing colours of the flowers, we can hardly believe it poſſible, that he ſhould refrain from

burſting into an extaſy of *joy*, and pouring his praiſes to the creator of thoſe wonders, and the author of his happiness. This *kind of poetry* is uſed in all nations; but as it is the ſublimeſt of all, when it is applied to its true object, ſo it has often been perverted to impious purpoſes by pagans and idolaters: every one knows that the *dramatick poetry* of the *Europeans* took its riſe from the ſame ſpring, and was no more at firſt than a ſong in praiſe of *Bacchus*; ſo that the only ſpecies of poetical compoſition (if we except the Epick) which can in any ſenſe be called *imitative*, was deduced from a natural emotion of the mind, in which *imitation* could not be at all concerned.

The next ſource of poetry was, probably, *love*, or the mutual inclination, which naturally ſubſiſts between the ſexes, and is founded upon perſonal *beauty*: hence aroſe the moſt agreeable *odes*, and love-ſongs, which we admire in the works of the ancient lyrick poets, not filled, like our *ſonnets* and *madrigals*, with the inſipid babble of *darts*, and *Cupids*, but ſimple, tender, natural; and conſiſting of ſuch unaffected endearments, and mild complaints,

* Teneri sdegni, e placide e tranquille
Repulse, e cari vezzi, e liete paci,

* Two lines of *Taſſo*.

as we may ſuppoſe to have paſſed between the firſt lovers in a ſtate of innocence, before the refinements of ſociety, and the reſtraints, which they introduced, had made the paſſion of *love* ſo fierce, and impetuous, as it is ſaid to have been in *Dido*, and certainly was in *Sappho*, if we may take her own word for it *.

The *grief* which the firſt inhabitants of the earth muſt have felt at the death of their deareſt friends, and relations, gave riſe to another ſpecies of poetry, which originally, perhaps, conſiſted of ſhort *dirges*, and was afterwards lengthened into *elegies*.

As ſoon as vice began to prevail in the world, it was natural for the wiſe and virtuous to expreſs their *deteſtation* of it in the ſtrongeſt manner, and to ſhow their *reſentment* againſt the corrupters of mankind: hence *moral poetry* was derived, which, at firſt, we find, was ſevere and paſſionate; but was gradually melted down into cool precepts of morality, or exhortations to virtue: we may reaſonably conjecture that *Epick poetry* had the ſame origin, and that the examples of heroes and kings were introduced, to illuſtrate ſome moral truth, by ſhowing the lovelineſs and advantages of virtue, or the many misfortunes that flow from vice.

* See the ode of *Sappho* quoted by *Longinus*, and tranſlated by *Boileau*.

Where there is vice, which is *deteſtable* in itſelf, there muſt be *hate*, ſince *the ſtrongeſt antipathy in nature*, as *Mr. Pope* aſſerted in his writings, and proved by his whole life, *ſubſiſts between the good and the bad:* now this paſſion was the ſource of that poetry, which we call *Satire*, very improperly, and corruptly, ſince the *Satire* of the *Romans* was no more than a moral piece, which they entitled *Satura* or *Satyra* *, intimating, that the poem, like *a diſh of fruit and corn offered to Ceres*, contained a variety and plenty of fancies and figures; whereas the true *invectives* of the ancients were called *Iambi*, of which we have ſeveral examples in *Catullus*, and in the *Epodes* of *Horace*, who imitated the very meaſures and manner of *Archilochus*.

Theſe are the principal ſources of *poetry*; and of *muſick* alſo, as it ſhall be my endeavour to ſhow: but it is firſt neceſſary to ſay a few words on *the nature of ſound*; a very copious ſubject, which would require a long diſſertation to be accurately diſcuſſed. Without entering into a diſcourſe on the *vibrations of chords*, or *the undulations of the air*, it will be ſufficient for our purpoſe to obſerve that there is a great difference between *a common ſound*, and *a muſical ſound*, which conſiſts chiefly in this, that the

* Some Latin words were ſpelled either with an *u* or a *y*, as *Sulla* or *Sylla*.

former is ſimple and entire in itſelf like a *point*, while the latter is always accompanied with other ſounds, without ceaſing to be *one*; like a *circle*, which is an entire figure, though it is generated by a multitude of points flowing, at equal diſtances, round a common centre. Theſe acceſſory ſounds, which are cauſed by the aliquots of a ſonorous body vibrating at once, are called *Harmonicks*, and the whole ſyſtem of modern *Harmony* depends upon them; though it were eaſy to prove that the ſyſtem is unnatural, and only made tolerable to the ear by habit: for whenever we ſtrike the perfect accord on a harpſichord or an organ, the harmonicks of the third and fifth have alſo their own harmonicks, which are diſſonant from the principal note: theſe horrid diſſonances are, indeed, almoſt overpowered by the *natural harmonicks* of the principal chord, but that does not prove them agreeable. Since nature has given us a delightful harmony of her own, why ſhould we deſtroy it by the additions of art? It is like thinking

—— to paint the lily,
And add a perfume to the violet.

Now let us conceive that ſome vehement paſſion is expreſſed in ſtrong words, exactly meaſured, and pronounced, *in a common voice*, in juſt cadence, and with proper accents, ſuch

an expreſſion of the paſſion will be *genuine poetry*; and the famous ode of *Sappho* is allowed to be ſo in the ſtricteſt ſenſe: but if the ſame ode, with all its natural accents, were expreſſed in a *muſical voice* (that is, in ſounds accompanied with their *Harmonicks*), if it were ſung in due time and meaſure, in a ſimple and pleaſing tune, that added force to the words without ſtifling them, it would then be *pure and original muſick*; not merely ſoothing to the ear, but affecting to the heart; not an *imitation* of nature, but the voice of nature herſelf. But there is another point in which *muſick* muſt reſemble *poetry*, or it will loſe a conſiderable part of its effect: we all muſt have obſerved, that a ſpeaker, agitated with paſſion, or an actor, who is, indeed, ſtrictly an *imitator*, are perpetually changing the tone and pitch of their voice, as the ſenſe of their words varies: it may be worth while to examine how this variation is expreſſed in *muſick*. Every body knows that the muſical ſcale conſiſts of ſeven notes, above which we find a ſucceſſion of ſimilar ſounds repeated in the ſame order, and above that, other ſucceſſions, as far as they can be continued by the human voice, or diſtinguiſhed by the human ear: now each of theſe ſeven ſounds has no more meaning, when it is heard ſeparately, than a ſingle letter of the alphabet would have;

and it is only by their ſucceſſion, and their relation to one principal ſound, that they take any rank in the ſcale; or differ from each other, except as they are *graver*, or more *acute*: but in the regular ſcale each interval aſſumes a proper character, and every note ſtands related to the firſt or principal one by various proportions. Now *a ſeries of ſounds relating to one leading note* is called a *mode*, or a *tone*, and, as there are twelve ſemitones in the ſcale, each of which may be made in its turn the leader of a mode, it follows that there are twelve modes; and each of them has a peculiar character, ariſing from the poſition of the *modal* note, and from ſome minute difference in the ratio's, as of 81 to 80, or a comma; for there are ſome intervals, which cannot eaſily be rendered on our inſtruments, yet have a ſurpriz:ng effect in *modulation*, or in the tranſitions from one mode to another.

The *modes* of the ancients are ſaid to have had a wonderful effect over the mind; and *Plato*, who permits the *Dorian* in his imaginary republick, on account of its calmneſs and gravity, excludes the *Lydian*, becauſe of its languid, tender, and effeminate character: not that any ſeries of mere ſounds has a power of raiſing or ſoothing the paſſions, but each of theſe modes was appropriated to a particular kind of

poetry, and a particular inſtrument; and the chief of them, as the *Dorian*, *Phrygian*, *Lydian*, *Ionian*, *Eolian*, *Locrian*, belonging originally to the nations, from which they took their names: thus the *Phrygian mode*, which was ardent and impetuous, was uſually accompanied with trumpets, and the *Mixolydian*, which, if we believe *Ariſtoxenus*, was invented by *Sappho*, was probably confined to the pathetick and tragick ſtyle: that theſe modes had a relation to *poetry*, as well as to *muſick*, appears from a fragment of *Laſus*, in which he ſays, *I ſing of Ceres, and her daughter Melibœa, the conſort of Pluto, in the Eolian mode, full of gravity*; and *Pindar* calls one of his *Odes* an *Eolian ſong*. If the *Greeks* ſurpaſſed us in the ſtrength of their modulations, we have an advantage over them in our *minor ſcale*, which ſupplies us with twelve *new* modes, where the two ſemitones are removed from their natural poſition between the third and fourth, the ſeventh and eighth notes, and placed between the ſecond and third, the fifth and ſixth; this change of the ſemitones, by giving a minor third to the *modal* note, ſoftens the general expreſſion of the mode, and adapts it admirably to ſubjects of *grief* and *affliction:* the minor mode of D is tender, that of C, with three flats, plaintive, and that of F, with four, pathetick and mournful to the high-

eſt degree, for which reaſon it was choſen by the excellent *Pergoleſi* in his *Stabat Mater*. Now theſe twenty-four modes, artfully interwoven, and changed as often as the ſentiment changes, may, it is evident, expreſs all the variations in the voice of a ſpeaker, and give an additional beauty to the accents of a poet. Conſiſtently with the foregoing principles, we may define *original and native poetry* to be *the language of the violent paſſions, expreſſed in exact meaſure, with ſtrong accents and ſignificant words*; and *true muſick* to be no more than *poetry, delivered in a ſucceſſion of harmonious ſounds, ſo diſpoſed as to pleaſe the ear*. It is in this view only that we muſt conſider the muſick of the ancient *Greeks*. or attempt to account for its amazing effects, which we find related by the graveſt hiſtorians, and philoſophers; it was wholly paſſionate or deſcriptive, and ſo cloſely united to poetry, that it never obſtructed, but always increaſed its influence; whereas our boaſted harmony, with all its fine accords, and numerous parts, paints nothing, expreſſes nothing, ſays nothing to the heart, and conſequently can only give more or leſs pleaſure to one of our ſenſes; and no reaſonable man will ſeriouſly prefer a tranſitory pleaſure, which muſt ſoon end in ſatiety, or even in diſguſt, to a delight of the ſoul, ariſing from ſympathy, and founded on the na-

tural paſſions, always lively, always intereſting, always tranſporting. The old diviſions of muſick into *celeſtial* and *earthly*, *divine* and *human*, *active* and *contemplative*, *intellective* and *oratorial*, were founded rather upon metaphors, and chimerical analogies, than upon any real diſtinctions in nature; but the want of making a diſtinction between *muſick of mere ſounds*, and the *muſick of the paſſions*, has been the perpetual ſource of confuſion and contradictions both among the ancients and the moderns: nothing can be more oppoſite in many points than the ſyſtems of *Rameau* and *Tartini*; one of whom aſſerts that melody ſprings from harmony, and the other deduces harmony from melody; and both are in the right, if the firſt ſpeaks only of that muſick, which took its riſe from *the multiplicity of ſounds heard at once in the ſonorous body*, and the ſecond, of that, which roſe from *the accents and inflexions of the human voice, animated by the paſſions:* to decide, as *Rouſſeau* ſays, whether of theſe two ſchools ought to have the preference, we need only aſk a plain queſtion, Was the voice made for the inſtruments, or the inſtruments for the voice?

In defining what true poetry *ought to be*, according to our principles, we have deſcribed what it really *was* among the *Hebrews*, the *Greeks* and *Romans*, the *Arabs* and *Perſians*.

The lamentation of *David*, and his ſacred odes, or pſalms, the ſong of *Solomon*, the prophecies of *Iſaiah*, *Jeremiah*, and the other inſpired writers, are truly and ſtrictly poetical; but what did *David* or *Solomon* imitate in their divine poems? A man, who is *really* joyful or afflicted, cannot be ſaid to *imitate* joy or affliction. The lyrick verſes of *Alcæus*, *Alcman*, and *Ibycus*, the hymns of *Callimachus*, the elegy of *Moſchus* on the death of *Bion*, are all beautiful pieces of poetry; yet *Alcæus* was no *imitator* of love, *Callimachus* was no *imitator* of religious awe and admiration, *Moſchus* was no *imitator* of grief at the loſs of an amiable friend. *Ariſtotle* himſelf wrote a very poetical elegy on the death of a man, whom he had loved; but it would be difficult to ſay what he imitated in it: "*O virtue, who preſent many labours to the*
"*human race, and art ſtill the alluring object of*
"*our life; for thy charms, O beautiful goddeſs,*
"*it was always an envied happineſs in Greece*
"*even to die, and to ſuffer the moſt painful, the*
"*moſt afflicting evils: ſuch are the immortal*
"*fruits, which thou raiſeſt in our minds; fruits,*
"*more precious than gold, more ſweet than the*
"*love of parents, and ſoft repoſe: for thee Her-*
"*cules the ſon of Jove, and the twins of Leda,*
"*ſuſtained many labours, and by their illuſtrious*
"*actions ſought thy favour; for love of thee,*

" *Achilles and Ajax deſcended to the manſion of*
" *Pluto; and, through a zeal for thy charms, the*
" *prince of Atarnea alſo was deprived of the*
" *ſun's light: therefore ſhall the muſes, daughters*
" *of memory, render him immortal for his glorious*
" *deeds, whenever they ſing the god of hoſpitality,*
" *and the honours due to a laſting friendſhip.*"

In the preceding collection of poems, there are ſome *Eaſtern* fables, ſome *odes*, a *panegyrick*, and an *elegy*; yet it does not appear to me, that there is the leaſt *imitation* in either of them: *Petrarch* was, certainly, too deeply affected with real *grief*, and the *Perſian* poet was too ſincere a lover, to *imitate* the paſſions of others. As to the reſt, a fable in verſe is no more an *imitation* than a fable in proſe; and if every poetical narrative, which deſcribes the manners, and relates the adventures of men, be called *imitative*, every romance, and even every hiſtory, muſt be called ſo likewiſe; ſince many poems are only *romances*, or parts of *hiſtory* told in a regular meaſure.

What has been ſaid of *poetry*, may with equal force be applied to *muſick*, which is *poetry*, dreſſed to advantage; and even to *painting*, many ſorts of which are poems to the eye, as all poems, merely deſcriptive, are pictures to the ear: and this way of conſidering them will ſet the refinements of modern artiſts in their

true light; for the *paſſions*, which were given by nature, never ſpoke in an unnatural form, and no man, truly affected with *love* or *grief*, ever expreſſed the one in an *acroſtick*, or the other in a *fugue:* theſe remains, therefore, of the falſe taſte, which prevailed in the dark ages, ſhould be baniſhed from this, which is enlightened with a juſt one.

It is true, that ſome kinds of painting are ſtrictly *imitative*, as that which is ſolely intended to repreſent the human figure and countenance; but it will be found, that thoſe pictures have always the greateſt effect, which repreſent ſome *paſſion*, as the martyrdom of *St. Agnes* by *Domenichino*, and the various repreſentations of the *cruciſixion* by the fineſt maſters of *Italy*; and there can be no doubt, but that the famous *ſacrifice of Iphigenia* by *Timanthes* was affecting to the higheſt degree; which proves, not that painting cannot be ſaid to *imitate*, but that its moſt powerful influence over the mind ariſes, like that of the other arts, from *ſympathy*.

It is aſſerted alſo that *deſcriptive* poetry, and *deſcriptive* muſick, as they are called, are ſtrict *imitations*; but, not to inſiſt that mere *deſcription* is the meaneſt part of both arts, if indeed it belongs to them at all, it is clear, that words and ſounds have no kind of reſemblance to

viſible objects: and what is an imitation, but a reſemblance of ſome other thing? Beſides, no unprejudiced hearer will ſay that he finds the ſmalleſt traces of imitation in the numerous *fugues*, *counterfugues*, and *diviſions*, which rather diſgrace than adorn the modern muſick: even ſounds themſelves are imperfectly imitated by harmony, and, if we ſometimes hear *the murmuring of a brook*, or *the chirping of birds* in a concert, we are generally appriſed before-hand of the paſſages, where we may expect them. Some eminent muſicians, indeed, have been abſurd enough to think of imitating laughter and other noiſes, but, if they had ſucceeded, they could not have made amends for their want of taſte in attempting it; for ſuch ridiculous imitations muſt neceſſarily deſtroy the ſpirit and dignity of the fineſt poems, which they ought to illuſtrate by a graceful and natural melody. It ſeems to me, that, as thoſe parts of *poetry*, *muſick*, and *painting*, which relate to the paſſions, affect by *ſympathy*, ſo thoſe, which are merely deſcriptive, act by a kind of *ſubſtitution*, that is, by raiſing in our minds, affections, or ſentiments, analogous to thoſe, which ariſe in us, when the reſpective objects in nature are preſented to our ſenſes. Let us ſuppoſe that a poet, a muſician, and a painter, are ſtriving to give their friend, or patron, a pleaſure ſimilar

to that, which he feels at the ſight of a beautiful proſpect. The firſt will form an agreeable aſſemblage of lively images, which he will expreſs in ſmooth and elegant verſes of a ſprightly meaſure; he will deſcribe the moſt delightful objects, and will add to the graces of his deſcription a certain delicacy of ſentiment, and a ſpirit of cheerfulneſs. The muſician, who undertakes to ſet the words of the poet, will ſelect ſome mode, which, on his violin, has the character of mirth and gaiety, as the Eolian, or *E flat*, which he will change as the ſentiment is varied: he will expreſs the words in a ſimple and agreeable melody, which will not diſguiſe, but embelliſh them, without aiming at any fugue, or figured harmony: he will uſe the baſs, to mark the modulation more ſtrongly, eſpecially in the changes; and he will place the *tenour* generally in uniſon with the baſs, to prevent too great a diſtance between the parts: in the ſymphony he will, above all things, avoid a *double melody*, and will apply his variations only to ſome acceſſory ideas, which the principal part, that is, the voice, could not eaſily expreſs: he will not make a number of uſeleſs repetitions, becauſe the *paſſions* only repeat the ſame expreſſions, and dwell upon the ſame ſentiments, while *deſcription* can only repreſent a ſingle object by a ſingle ſentence. The painter will deſcribe all

viſible objects more exactly than his rivals, but he will fall ſhort of the other artiſts in a very material circumſtance; namely, that his pencil, which may, indeed, expreſs a ſimple paſſion, cannot paint a thought, or draw the ſhades of ſentiment: he will, however, finiſh his landſcape with grace and elegance; his colours will be rich, and glowing; his perſpective ſtriking; and his figures will be diſpoſed with an agreeable variety, but not with confuſion: above all, he will diffuſe over his whole piece ſuch a ſpirit of livelineſs and feſtivity, that the beholder ſhall be ſeized with a kind of rapturous delight, and, for a moment, miſtake art for nature.

Thus will each artiſt gain his end, not by *imitating* the works of nature, but by aſſuming her power, and cauſing the ſame effect upon the imagination, which her charms produce to the ſenſes: this muſt be the chief object of a poet, a muſician, and a painter, who know that *great effects are not produced by minute details, but by the general ſpirit of the whole piece, and that a gaudy compoſition may ſtrike the mind for a ſhort time, but that the beauties of ſimplicity are both more delightful, and more permanent.*

As the *paſſions* are differently modified in different men, and as even the various objects in nature affect our minds in various degrees, it is

obvious, that there muſt be a great diverſity in the pleaſure, which we receive from the fine arts, whether that pleaſure ariſes from *ſympathy* or *ſubſtitution*; and that it were a wild notion in artiſts to think of pleaſing every reader, hearer, or beholder; ſince every man has a particular ſet of objects, and a particular inclination, which direct him in the choice of his pleaſures, and induce him to conſider the productions, both of nature and of art, as more or leſs elegant, in proportion as they give him a greater or ſmaller degree of delight: this does not at all contradict the opinion of many able writers, that *there is one uniform ſtandard of taſte*; ſince the *paſſions*, and, conſequently, *ſympathy*, are generally the ſame in all men, till they are weakened by age, infirmity, or other cauſes.

If the arguments, uſed in this eſſay, have any weight, it will appear, that the fineſt parts of poetry, muſick, and painting, are expreſſive of the *paſſions*, and operate on our minds by *ſympathy*; that the inferior parts of them are *deſcriptive* of natural *objects*, and affect us chiefly *by ſubſtitution*; that the expreſſions of *love*, *pity*, *deſire*, and the *tender* paſſions, as well as the *deſcriptions* of objects that delight the ſenſes, produce in the arts what we call the *beautiful*; but that *hate*, *anger*, *fear*, and the *terrible* paſſions, as well as objects, which are *unpleaſing* to the

ſenſes, are productive of the *ſublime*, when they are aptly expreſſed, or deſcribed.

Theſe ſubjects might be purſued to infinity; but, if they were amply diſcuſſed, it would be neceſſary to write a ſeries of diſſertations, inſtead of an eſſay.

THE MUSE RECALLED,

AN ODE

ON THE NUPTIALS OF

LORD VISCOUNT ALTHORP

AND

MISS LAVINIA BINGHAM,

ELDEST DAUGHTER OF CHARLES LORD LUCAN,

MARCH VI, MDCCLXXXI.

THE MUSE RECALLED,

AN ODE.

RETURN, celestial Muse,
By whose bright fingers o'er my infant head,
Lull'd with immortal symphony, were spread
Fresh bays and flow'rets of a thousand hues;
Return! thy golden lyre,
Chorded with sunny rays of temper'd fire,
Which in Astræa's fane I fondly hung,
Bold I reclaim: but ah, sweet maid,
Bereft of thy propitious aid
My voice is tuneless, and my harp unstrung.
In vain I call . . . What charm, what potent spell
Shall kindle into life the long-unwaken'd shell?

Haste! the well-wrought * basket bring,
Which two sister Graces wove,
When the third, whose praise I sing,
Blushing sought the bridal grove,
Where the slow-descending sun
Gilt the bow'rs of WIMBLEDON.

* Miss Louisa Bingham, and Miss Frances Molesworth her cousin, decked a basket with ribbands and flowers to hold the nuptial presents.

In the vase mysterious fling
Pinks and roses gemm'd with dew,
Flow'rs of ev'ry varied hue,
Daughters fair of early spring,
Laughing sweet with sapphire eyes,
Or with Iris' mingled dyes:
Then around the basket go,
Tripping light with silent pace,
While, with solemn voice and slow
Thrice pronouncing, thrice I trace
On the silken texture bright,
Character'd in beamy light,
Names of more than mortal pow'r,
Sweetest influence to diffuse;
Names, that from her shadiest bow'r
Draw the soft reluctant muse.

First, I with living gems enchase
The name of Her, whom for this festive day
With zone and mantle elegantly gay
The Graces have adorn'd, herself a Grace,
MOLESWORTH . . . hark! a swelling note
Seems on Zephyr's wing to float,
Or has vain hope my flatter'd sense beguil'd?
Next Her, who braided many a flow'r
To deck her sister's nuptial bow'r,
BINGHAM, with gentle heart and aspect mild:
The charm prevails . . . I hear, I hear
Strains nearer yet, and yet more near.

Still, ye nymphs and youths, advance,
Sprinkle still the balmy show'r,
Mingle still the mazy dance.
Two names of unresisted pow'r,
Behold, in radiant characters I write:
O rise! O leave thy secret shrine,
For they, who all thy nymphal train outshine,
DUNCANNON*, heav'nly Muse, and DEVONSHIRE† invite.

Saw ye not yon myrtle wave?
Heard ye not a warbled strain?
Yes! the harp, which Clio gave,
Shall his ancient sound regain.
One dearer name remains. Prepare, prepare!
She comes . . . how swift th' impatient air
Drinks the rising accent sweet!
Soon the charm shall be complete.
Return, and wake the silent string;
Return, sweet Muse, for ALTHORP bids me sing.

'Tis she . . . and, as she smiles, the breathing lyre
Leaps from his silken bands, and darts ethereal fire.

Bright son of ev'ning, lucid star,
Auspicious rise thy soften'd beam,
Admir'd ere Cynthia's pearly car
O'er heav'n's pure azure spreads her gleam:
Thou saw'st the blooming pair,
Like thee serenely fair,

* Lady Henrietta Spencer, second daughter of John earl Spencer, and wife of the lord viscount Duncannon, eldest son of the earl of Besborough.

† Lady Georgiana, eldest daughter of earl Spencer, and wife of William Cavendish, fifth duke of Devonshire.

By love united and the nuptial vow,
Thou seest the mirthful train
Dance to th' unlabour'd strain,
Seest bound with myrtle ev'ry youthful brow.
Shine forth, ye silver eyes of night,
And gaze on virtues crown'd with treasures of delight.

And thou, the golden-tressed child of morn,
Whene'er thy all-inspiring heat
Bids bursting rose-buds hill and mead adorn,
See them with ev'ry gift that Jove bestows,
With ev'ry joy replete,
Save, when they melt at sight of human woes.
Flow smoothly, circling hours,
And o'er their heads unblended pleasure pour;
Nor let your fleeting round
Their mortal transports bound,
But fill their cup of bliss, eternal pow'rs,
Till time himself shall cease, and suns shall blaze no more.

Each morn, reclin'd on many a rose,
LAVINIA's * pencil shall disclose
New forms of dignity and grace,
Th' expressive air, th' impassion'd face,
The curled smile, the bubbling tear,
The bloom of hope, the snow of fear,
To some poetick tale fresh beauty give,
And bid the starting tablet rise and live;

* Lady Althorp has an extraordinary talent for drawing historick subjects, and expressing the passions in the most simple manner.

Or with swift fingers shall she touch the strings,
And in the magick loom of harmony
Notes of such wond'rous texture weave,
As lifts the soul on seraph wings,
Which, as they soar above the jasper sky,
Below them suns unknown and worlds unnumber'd leave.

While thou, by list'ning crowds approv'd,
Lov'd by the Muse and by the poet lov'd,
ALTHORP, shouldst emulate the fame
Of Roman patriots and th' Athenian name;
Shouldst charm with full persuasive eloquence,
With all thy *mother's grace, and all thy father's sense,
Th' applauding senate; whilst, above thy head,
Exulting Liberty should smile,
Then, bidding dragon-born Contention cease,
Should knit the dance with meek-ey'd Peace,
And by thy voice impell'd should spread
An universal joy around her cherish'd isle.
But ah! thy publick virtues, youth, are vain
In this voluptuous, this abandon'd age,
When Albion's sons with frantick rage,
In crimes alone and recreant baseness bold,
Freedom and Concord, with their weeping train,
Repudiate; slaves of vice, and slaves of gold!
They, on starry pinions sailing
Through the crystal fields of air,
Mourn their efforts unavailing,
Lost persuasions, fruitless care:

* Georgiana Poyntz countess Spencer.

Truth, Justice, Reason, Valour, with them fly
To seek a purer soil, a more congenial sky.

Beyond the vast Atlantick deep
A dome by viewless genii shall be rais'd,
The walls of adamant compact and steep,
The portals with sky-tinctur'd gems emblazed:
There on a lofty throne shall Virtue stand;
To her the youth of Delaware shall kneel;
And, when her smiles rain plenty o'er the land,
Bow, tyrants, bow beneath th' avenging steel!
Commerce with fleets shall mock the waves,
And Arts, that flourish not with slaves,
Dancing with ev'ry Grace and ev'ry Muse,
Shall bid the valleys laugh and heav'nly beams diffuse.
She ceases; and a strange delight
Still vibrates on my ravish'd ear:
What floods of glory drown my sight!
What scenes I view! What sounds I hear!
This for my friend ... but, gentle nymphs, no more
Dare I with spells divine the Muse recall:
Then, fatal harp, thy transient rapture o'er,
Calm I replace thee on the sacred wall.
Ah, see how lifeless hangs the lyre,
Not lightning now, but glitt'ring wire!
Me to the brawling bar and wrangles high
Bright-hair'd Sabrina calls and rosy-bosom'd Wye.

AN

ODE

IN IMITATION OF

ALCÆUS.

Οὐ λίθοι, οὐδὲ ξύλα, οὐδὲ
Τίχη τειλέων αἱ πόλεις εἶσιν,
Ἀλλ' ὅπα ποτ' ἂν ὦσιν ΑΝΔΡΕΣ
Αὐτὰς σώζειν ἰδότες,
Ἔνθα τοῦθα τείχη ἁ πόλις.

ALC. quoted by ARISTIDES.

WHAT constitutes a State?
Not high-rais'd battlement or labour'd mound,
Thick wall or moated gate;
Not cities proud with spires and turrets crown'd;
Not bays and broad-arm'd ports,
Where, laughing at the storm, rich navies ride,
Not starr'd and spangled courts,
Where low-brow'd baseness wafts perfume to pride.
No:—MEN, high-minded MEN,
With pow'rs as far above dull brutes endued
In forest, brake, or den,
As beasts excel cold rocks and brambles rude;

Men, who their *duties* know,
But know their *rights*, and, knowing, dare maintain,
Prevent the long-aim'd blow,
And crush the tyrant while they rend the chain:
These constitute a State,
And sov'reign LAW, *that state's collected will*,
O'er thrones and globes elate
Sits Empress, crowning good, repressing ill;
Smit by her sacred frown
The fiend *Discretion* like a vapour sinks,
And e'en th' all-dazzling *Crown*
Hides his faint rays, and at her bidding shrinks.
Such *was* this heav'n-lov'd isle,
Than *Lesbos* fairer and the *Cretan* shore!
No more shall Freedom smile?
Shall *Britons* languish, and be MEN no more?
Since all must life resign,
Those sweet rewards, which decorate the brave,
'Tis folly to decline,
And steal inglorious to the silent grave.

Abergavenny,
March 31, 1781.

AN

ODE

IN IMITATION OF

CALLISTRATUS.

Ἐν μύρτου κλαδὶ τὸ ξίφος φορήσω,
Ὥσπερ Ἁρμόδιος κ' Ἀριστογείτων,
Ὅτε τὸν τύραννον κτανέτην
Ἰσονόμους τ' Ἀθήνας ἐποιησάτην.

κ. τ. λ.

Quòd si post *Idûs* illas *Martias* è *Tyrannoctonis* quispiam *tale aliquod carmen* plebi tradidisset, inque *Suburram* et fori circulos et in ora vulgi intulisset, actum profectò fuisset de partibus deque dominatione *Cæsarum*; plus mehercule valuisset unum Ἁρμοδίου μέλος quàm *Ciceronis Philippicæ* omnes.

LOWTH *De Sacrâ Poesi*, Præl. I.

VERDANT myrtle's branchy pride
Shall my biting falchion wreathe:
Soon shall grace each manly side
Tubes that speak and points that breathe.
Thus, *Harmodius*, shone thy blade!
Thus, *Aristogiton*, thine!
Whose, when BRITAIN sighs for aid,
Whose shall now delay to shine?

Dearest youths, in islands blest,
Not, like recreant idlers, dead,
You with fleet *Pelides* rest,
And with godlike *Diomed*.

Verdant myrtle's branchy pride
Shall my thirsty blade intwine:
Such, *Harmodius*, deck'd thy side!
Such, *Aristogiton*, thine!

They the base *Hipparchus* slew
At the feast for *Pallas* crown'd:
Gods! how swift their poniards flew!
How the monster ting'd the ground!

Then in *Athens* all was Peace,
Equal Laws and Liberty:
Nurse of Arts, and eye of *Greece!*
People valiant, firm, and free!

Not less glorious was thy deed,
Wentworth, fix'd in Virtue's cause;
Not less brilliant be thy meed,
Lenox, friend to *Equal Laws!*

High in Freedom's temple rais'd,
See *Fitz Maurice* beaming stand,
For collected Virtues prais'd,
Wisdom's voice, and Valour's hand!

Ne'er shall fate their eyelids close:
They, in blooming regions blest,
With *Harmodius* shall repose,
With *Aristogiton* rest.

Noblest Chiefs, a Hero's crown
Let th' *Athenian* patriots claim:
You less fiercely won renown;
You assum'd a milder name.
They thro' blood for glory strove,
You more blissful tidings bring;
They to death a *Tyrant* drove,
You to fame *restor'd* a KING.
Rise, BRITANNIA, dauntless rise!
Cheer'd with triple Harmony,
Monarch good, and *Nobles* wise,
People valiant, firm, and FREE!

May 14, 1782.

AD

LIBERTATEM

CARMEN.*

VIRTUS renascens quem jubet ad sonos
Spartanam avitos ducere tibiam?
Quis fortium cætûs in auras
Ætherias juvenum ciebit,
Quos, Marti amicos, aut hyacinthinis
Flavâ in palæstrâ conspicuos comis;
Aut alma Libertas in undis
Egelidis agiles vedebat,
Cæleste ridens? Quis modulabitur
Excelsa plectro carmina Lesbio;
Quæ dirus, Alcæo sonante,
Audiit et tremuit dynastes?
Quis myrteâ ensem fronde reconditum
Cantabit? Illum, civibus Harmodi
Dilecte servatis, tenebas:
Tuque fidelis Aristogiton.

* It may be proper, though unnecessary, to inform the classical reader, that some stanzas of this Alcaick are little more than a liberal translation from Collins's Ode to Liberty.

Vix se refrænat fulmineus chalybs:
Mox igne divino emicat, exilit;
Et cor reluctantis tyranni
Perforat ictibus haud remissis:
O ter placentem Palladi victimam!
Nec tu minorem Roma dabas Jovi;
Ex ore cum Bruti sonaret,
Sanguine Cæsareo rubentis,
Vox grata Divis,—grataque Tullio!
Ah! lacrymarum ne scatebræ fluant,
Afflicta Libertas, tuarum:
(O pudor! O miseri Quirites!)
Vafri tacebo carnificis dolos,
Cui nomen Augusto impia plebs dedit;
Fletura et infandas Neronum
Nequitias odiosiorum.
Nolo tyrannorum improbioribus
Sanctum inquinari nominibus melos,
Quos turpis ætas in Latinæ
Dedecus exitiumque gentis
Produxit. His te, Diva, furentibus,
Ad templa cæli et sidereas domos
Vidit jugatis subvolantem
Musa aquilis nitidoque curru.
At Roma, vasti molibus imperî
Sublata, centùm nubilą brachiis
Differt, colosseoque Olympi
Vertice verticibus minatur.

Sed, fervidi instar diluvii ruens,
Septem relictis turba trionibus
Formidolosorum gigantum
Hesperios populatur agros.
Qui plurimo conamine, plurimis
Immane adorti monstrum ululatibus,
Vix diro anhelantesque frenden—
—tesque trahunt strepitu ruinam.
Gens, te remotâ, nulla diu potest
Florere. Mox tu purpureas, Dea,
Sedes reliquisti piorum,
Ausa novas habitare terras.
Tum vitibus Florentia vestiens
Colles apricos, et nemora aureo
Splendore malorum coronans,
Te coluit,—coluitque musas;
Casura amatâ, (væ miseræ!) manu.
At tu petebas pratula mollium
Pisarum, olivetunique Lucæ,
Et scopulos tenuis Marini.
Vix te vocabat, nec docilem sequi,
Dux gloriosæ gemmifer Adriæ;
Qui scandit, haud pauper maritus,
Cæruleum Thetidos cubile.
Post exulem te, nobilis insula,
Tutis recepit Corsica rupibus:
Quâ Marte non uno subactâ,
Sæve Ligur, nimium superbis

Nunc te nivosas, Diva, libentius
Quæro per Alpes; durus ubi gelu
Helvetius frangit ligone, aut
Remigiis agitat Lemanum:
Quæro per urbes, dona maris, novas,
Et fida sacris tecta ciconiis:
Quæro paludosos per agros,
Et validæ saliceta gentis;
Quæ fulmen Albani haud timuit ducis.
Hinc pulsa migras? quo, Dea, quo fugis?
Ah! grata dilectis Britannis
Nympha, tuos video recessûs.
Olim, hæc recluisit musa vetustior:
Inter feracis littora Galliæ
Interque divisum Albionis
Nulla solum resonabat unda:
At sæpe ab Icci, non madido pede,
Saxis verendas ad Doroberniæ
Sedes adornati ambulabant
Glandiferâ Druidæ coronâ.
Tunc æstuantes ad mare Suevicum
Fluctus ruebant tramite dissito,
Quo belluosis horret Orcas,
Montibus et glaciata Thule.
Sed mox resurgens oceanus manum
Effert minacem; et, dum croceum æthera
Scindunt repercussis procellæ
Fulguribus, valido tridente

Divellit agros dissociabiles:
Tunc enatabas, pulchra Britannia,
Silvisque, et arvis, et sonoris
Amnibus egregiè triumphans.
Gemmata multâ tum Thetis insulâ
Risit: sacratis Mona, parens mea,
Ornata quercetis refulsit;
Et zephyro recreata Vectis.
Hæc facta nutu, Diva potens, tuo:
Nam lassa dulcis pomiferas Vagæ
Ripas, et undantis Sabrinæ,
Nobile perfugium, eligebas;
Remota Gallis:—Galli etenim truces,
(Psychen ut antèhac barbari amabilem,)
Te reppulerunt exulantem;
Gens meritas luitura pœnas!
Tunc, in recessu fertilis insulæ
Lecto, sacratum nominibus tuis
Fanum smaragdis emicabat
Consitum et ætheriis pyropis.
Ventura jam tum famâ Britanniæ,
Mirâ arte, miris picta coloribus,
Postesque et excelsum lacunar,
Et variam irradiabat aulam.
Depictus ensem protulit et stylum
Sidneius; heros, quem neque judicis
Vultus, nec infimis tyranni
Terruit ira diu reposta.

Effulsit ardenti et gladio et lyra
Miltonus audens, cui nitidam nimis
Te, nuda Libertas, videnti
Nox oculos tenebrosa clausit :
Nunc templo in ipso, (quâ radiat vetor
Orâ, profani, dicere,) vatibus
Insertus heroumque turmæ
Verba canit recitanda Divis.
O nympha! mæstam grata Britanniam
Ni tu revisas, percita civium
Non mite nepenthes levabit
Corda, salutiferumve moly.
Altaribus te jam tredecim vocat,
Te thure templisque urget America :
Audis; Atlanteumque pennis
Ire paras levibus per æquor.
Ah! ne roseta et flumina deseras
Dilecta nuper : nam piget,—heu piget
Martis nefasti fratricidæ,
Imperiique malè arrogati.
Iam, veris instar, præniteas novo
Pacata vultu : Pax tibi sit comes ;
Quæ blanda civilis duelli
Sopiat ignivomos dracones.
Cum transmarinis juncta sororibus,
Nectat choream læta Britannia.
Neu mitis absit, jam solutis
Mercibus, haud violanda Iërne.

O! quæ paratur copia fulminis,
Centum reponi navibus, improbos
Gallos et audaces Iberos,
Civibus haud nocitura, frangat.

Addisse Morison,
BRICKLESE.

LETTRE

À

MONSIEUR A*** DU P***.

DANS LAQUELLE EST COMPRIS

L'EXAMEN

DE S.I TRADUCTION DES LIVRES

ATTRIBUÉS À

ZOROASTRE

———Beatus Fannius ultrò
Debita capsis, et imagine. Hor.

LETTRE

À

*MONSIEUR A*** DU P***.*

NE ſoyez point ſurpris, Monſieur, de recevoir cette lettre d'un inconnu, qui aime les vrais talens, et qui ſait apprécier les vôtres.

Souffrez qu'on vous félicite de vos heureuſes découvertes. Vous avez ſouvent prodigué votre précieuſe vie; vous avez franchi des mers orageuſes, des montagnes remplies de tigres; vous avez flétri votre teint, que vous nous dites, avec autant d'élégance que de modeſtie, avoir été compoſé *de lis et de roſes*; vous avez eſſuyé des maux encore plus cruels; et tout cela uniquement pour le bien de la littérature, et de ceux qui ont le rare bonheur de vous reſſembler.

Vous avez appris deux langues anciennes, que l'Europe entière ignorait*; vous avez rap-

* Ce n'eſt point par affectation qu'on ſuit ici l'orthographe de M. de Voltaire. Ce grand écrivain qui a rendu tant de ſervice à ſa langue, a certainement raiſon, lorſqu'il dit *qu'on doit écrire comme*

porté en France le fruit de vos travaux, les livres du célébre Zoroaſtre ; vous avez charmé le public par votre agréable traduction de cet ouvrage ; et vous avez atteint le comble de votre ambition, ou plutôt l'objet de vos ardens déſirs ; vous êtes Membre de l'Académie des Inſcriptions.

Nous reſpectons, comme nous le devons, cette illuſtre et ſavante Académie: mais vous méritez, ce nous ſemble, un titre plus diſtingué.

Chriſtophe Colomb ne découvrit qu'un nouveau monde, rempli de bêtes féroces, d'hommes plus féroces qu'elles, et de quelques mines de ce métal jaune, que vous avez prudemment négligé : mais pour vous, Monſieur, vous avez cherché une nouvelle religion, laiſſant aux hommes oiſifs le ſoin de cultiver la leur. Les ſaints pères de votre chère patrie n'ont jamais affronté tant de périls, pour avancer le vrai culte, que vous en avez eſſuyé pour découvrir le faux.

Plus grand voyageur que Cadmus, vous avez rapporté, comme lui, de nouveaux caractères, et de nouveaux dieux. Nous diſons de *nouveaux dieux*, car vous n'avez pas oublié, Monſieur, celui que vous volâtes dans une pagode près de Keneri.

on parle, pourvû qu'on ne choque pas trop l'usage, et qu'étant très-dévot à St. François, *il a voulu le distinguer des* Français.

A parler franchement, on doit vous faire pour le moins l'Archimage, ou grand prêtre des Guèbres, d'autant plus que, dans ce nouveau poſte, vous auriez l'occaſion de mettre un peu plus de *feu* dans vos écrits.

Voyageur, Savant, Antiquaire, Héros, *Libelliſte*, quels titres ne méritez-vous pas? On ſe contente de vous offrir celui qu'Horace donnait à Fannius dans l'épigraphe de cette lettre, que vous avez lue, ſans peut-être vous douter de la juſteſſe de l'application. Comme lui vous vous applaudiſſez ſans meſure; vous voilà *beatus*: vous avez dépoſé vos manuſcrits à la bibliothéque royale; voilà *delatis capſis*; ſans y être invité; voilà *ultro:* et pour rendre la compariſon plus juſte, vous nous donnez ſouvent votre portrait *(imaginem)* duquel vous paraiſſez fort épris. Mais Fannius était Poëte, et par malheur il s'en faut de beaucoup, à la fiction près, que vous le ſoyez.

Vous avez certainement de plus hautes prétentions; ſacrifier au bien public les dons les plus brillans de la nature eſt toute autre choſe que de cueillir quelques lauriers ſur le Parnaſſe; et vous ne nous laiſſez point ignorer ces ſacrifices. Dans votre premier volume, à la vingtième page *, vous nous contez ce que vous

* On ne citera plus les pages de ce livre, qui ne ſera lu de perſonne.

ſouffrîtes pour " *l'impertinence d'un jeune homme* " *bien fait, et d'une très-jolie figure; dont l'air dé-* " *daigneux avait indigné les paſſagers*; *ils enga-* " *gèrent*, dites-vous, *deux matelots à le plonger* " *dans la mer, lorſqu'ils le porteraient à terre en* " *ſortant de la chaloupe*; ce qui étoit très-ſocial. " *On exécuta cette commiſſion* obligeante; *mais,* " *par une erreur dont vous fûtes la victime*, et " dont vous n'étiez pas trop fâché, *on vous prit* " *pour le beau damoiſeau, et on vous étendit ſur le* " *fable, dans un endroit où il y avait quatre pieds* " *d'eau. Vous fûtes le premier à rire de la mé-* " *priſe*;" et avec grande raiſon, puiſqu'elle devait vous ſervir à conſtater les charmes que vous poſſédiez avant votre laborieux pélerinage.

Oh! vous avez eu raiſon de nous faire part de cette anecdote: il importe très-fort, à ceux qui veulent s'inſtruire des lois de la Perſe, de ſavoir, qu'au mois de Juin 1755 vous reſſembliez à un petit-maître amoureux de ſoi-même.

Nous citerons un autre paſſage dans vos propres paroles auſſi modeſtes que bien choſies. " *L'objet*, dites-vous, *qui m'amenait dans l'Inde,* " *parut en lui-même beau, mais peu important*; *et,* " *ſi l'on me fit la grâce de ne me pas regarder* " *comme un joli impoſteur, qui s'était ſervi de ce* " *prétexte pour venir dans cette contrée tenter* " *fortune, on crut d'un autre côté que le même*

" *coup de ſoleil, qui ferait diſparaître les roſes de*
" *mon teint, diſſiperait mes premières idées.*"

On ignore, Monſieur, ce que l'on pouvait penſer à Pondicheri, ſur la beauté, ou ſur l'importance de l'objet qui vous y amenait, mais on peut vous aſſurer, qu'en Europe on ne vous prend pas au moins pour un *joli* impoſteur.

Permettez maintenant, Monſieur, qu'on vous diſe ſérieuſement ce que des gens de lettres penſent de votre entrepriſe, de vos voyages, de vos trois gros volumes, et de votre ſavoir que vous vantez avec ſi peu de réſerve. Dans le cours de cet examen, on ne pourra s'empêcher de faire quelques réflexions ſur la manière dont vous en uſez à la fin de votre diſcours préliminaire, avec ceux qui méritent votre reſpect et votre reconnaiſſance.

On doit aimer le vrai ſavoir: mais toutes choſes ne valent pas la peine d'être ſues. Il eſt inconcevable que dans un ſiècle, où tous les arts ſe perfectionnent, et toutes les ſciences s'épurent, ce qu'on appelle la littérature en général, ſoit, par faute de choix, preſque barbare. On ſait la profondeur des mers, on ſait les lois et la marche de la nature, on ſait ce qui ſe paſſe dans toutes les parties du monde habitable; et on ignore combien de choſes on ne doit pas ſavoir.

Socrate diſait, en voyant l'étalage d'un bijou-

beau nous l'affurer; nous ne croirons jamais que le charlatan le moins habile ait pu écrire les fadaiſes dont vos deux derniers volumes ſont remplis.

Mais ſuppoſons, pour un moment, que ce recueil de galimatias contienne réellement les lois et la religion des anciens Perſes; était-ce la peine d'aller ſi loin pour nous en inſtruire? Croyez-nous, Monſieur, vous auriez mieux fait de vous en tenir à vos belles lois féodales, et à votre religion Romaine, qu'apparemment vous chériſſez. Vous auriez pu être un grand Avocat, ſi vous parlez auſſi bien que vous écrivez; ou un excellent ſcholaſtique, avec tant ſoit peu plus d'orgueil.

Nous dirons même, et nous le dirons hardiment, que, s'il était poſſible de recouvrer tous les livres de Lycurgue, de Zaleucus, de Charondas, et s'ils ne contenaient rien de nouveau et d'intéreſſant, leur antiquité ne les ferait pas valoir; ils ne ſerviraient qu'à ſatisfaire la ridicule curioſité de quelques fainéans, et n'influeraient nullement au bonheur des hommes, lequel doit, ſans contredit, être le but de la véritable littérature.

Daignez-vous rappeler le paſſage ſuivant dans un des opuſcules de M. de Voltaire; quoi qu'en général nous n'aimions pas les citations, nous faiſons gloire d'adopter les penſées de cet illuſtre

tier, " De combien de choſes je n'ai pas be-
" ſoin!" On peut de même s'écrier, en contemplant les ouvrages de nos érudits, Combien de connaiſſances il m'importe peu d'acquérir!

Si vous aviez fait cette dernière réflexion, vous n'auriez pas affronté la mort pour nous procurer des lumières inutiles.

La curioſité du public et des ſavans au ſujet de Zoroaſtre ceſſa dès qu'on eut vu quelques lambeaux de ſes prétendus ouvrages dans le Saddar, et dans d'autres livres, écrits en Perſan par des Mages qui étaient aſſurément plus à portée de les faire connaître qu'un Européen *au teint de roſe*.

On poſſédait déjà pluſieurs traités attribués à Zerduſht ou Zeratuſht, traduits en Perſan moderne; de prétendues conférences de ce légiſlateur avec Ormuzd, des prières, des dogmes, des lois religieuſes. Quelques ſavans, qui ont lu ces traductions, nous ont aſſuré que les originaux étaient de la plus haute antiquité, parce qu'ils renfermaient beaucoup de platitudes, de bévues, et de contradictions: mais nous avons conclu par les mêmes raiſons, qu'ils étaient très-modernes, ou bien qu'ils n'étaient pas d'un homme d'eſprit, et d'un philoſophe, tel que Zoroaſtre eſt peint par nos hiſtoriens. Votre nouvelle traduction, Monſieur, nous confirme dans ce jugement: tout le collége des Guèbres aurait

écrivain, l'honneur de la France : *Enfin*, dit-il, *dans ce recueil de cent portes ou préceptes tirés du livre de Zende, et où l'on rapporte même les propres paroles de l'ancien Zoroaſtre, quels devoirs moraux ſont-ils preſcrits? Celui d'aimer, de ſecourir ſon père et ſa mère, de faire l'aumône aux pauvres, de ne jamais manquer à ſa parole, de s'abſtenir quand on eſt dans le doute ſi l'action qu'on va faire eſt juſte ou non.* Malheur au pays qui ſe trouve obligé de faire chercher ces préceptes dans la Zone brûlante! et d'ailleurs trouve-t-on rien d'auſſi ſenſé dans vos trois *in quarto?*

Si ces raiſonnemens, Monſieur, ne portent pas abſolument à faux, il en réſulte que votre objet n'était ni *beau* ni *important*; que l'Europe éclairée n'avoit nul beſoin de votre Zende Vaſta; que vous l'avez traduit à pure perte; et que vous avez prodigué inutilement pendant dix-huit ans un temps qui devait vous être précieux.

Mais direz-vous, "j'ai voulu apprendre deux "langues anciennes, qu'aucun Européen n'a ſues "avant moi." Quelle petite gloire que de ſavoir ce que perſonne ne ſait, et n'a que faire de ſavoir! on ne veut pas cependant vous priver de cette gloire: perſonne ne vous la diſputera. On veut même croire que vous avez dans la tête plus de mots Zendes, c'eſt-à-dire, plus de mots durs, traînans, barbares, que tous les ſa-

vans de l'Europe. Ne ſavez-vous pas que les langues n'ont aucune valeur intrinsèque? et qu'un érudit pourrait ſavoir par cœur tous les dictionnaires qui ont jamais été compilés, et pourrait bien n'être à la fin du compte que le plus ignorant des mortels?

D'ailleurs, êtes-vous bien ſûr que vous poſſédez les anciennes langues de la Perſe? Ignorez-vous qu'une langue ne ſaurait être compriſe dans un ſeul ouvrage? Que tel homme qui lirait aſſez couramment les livres de Moïſe en Hébreu, avec le ſecours d'un Juif, ne comprendrait rien dans le Cantique des Cantiques ſans ce ſecours; et quand il le comprendrait, il n'en ſerait pas plus avancé pour l'intelligence des fables de Sandabar, écrites dans le même dialecte? On ne poſſède une langue que lorſqu'on a lu un nombre infini de livres écrits dans cet idiome. C'eſt pourquoi on n'aurait jamais ſu l'Hébreu ſans la langue Arabe, où preſque toutes ſes racines ſe ſont conſervées. Par la même raiſon on ne ſaura jamais, ne vous en déplaiſe, les anciens dialectes de la Perſe, tandis qu'ils n'exiſtent que dans les prétendus livres de Zoroaſtre, qui d'ailleurs ſont remplis de répétitions inutiles.

" Mais," direz-vous, " me ſoupçonne-t-on " d'avoir voulu tromper le public?" Non, Monſieur, *on ne dit pas cela.* Vous vous êtes trompé vous-même. Il était poſſible d'appren-

dre les caractères Zendes ſans ſortir de l'Europe; il était facile de traduire en Français ce que le révérend Docteur Darab vous dicta en Perſan moderne, en le comprenant, peut-être, très-peu lui-même: mais vous copiez ce ridicule Phébus; vous apprenez quelques centaines de beaux mots Zendiques; et à votre retour en France vous vous donnez comme le premier qui ait ſu la langue de Darius Hyſtaſpes, et le ſeul qui ſe ſoit aviſé d'écrire *ſur la Perſe, et ſur l'Inde.*

On paſſera légérement ſur vos voyages, on croit que vous avez aſſez appuyé vous-même ſur ce ſujet. On obſervera ſeulement, en paſſant, qu'ils ne reſſemblent pas à ceux d'un homme de lettres; et on ſe hâte d'examiner la manière dont vous les décrivez, qui n'eſt pas celle dont M. Chardin et M. Bernier ont écrit avant vous *ſur la Perſe, et ſur l'Inde.*

Vous paraiſſez ſentir vous-même le mérite de votre *diſcours préliminaire.* "C'eſt un hors-"d'œuvre, dites-vous, que je puis avoir tort de "riſquer." Eh! pourquoi donc en importuner le public? Un auteur a beau s'excuſer ſur les défauts d'un ouvrage qu'il aurait dû corriger ou jeter au feu: mais pour vous, Monſieur, ſi vous avez manqué à vous faire cette juſtice, on doit vous pardonner; vous avez, peut-être, craint de profaner l'élément ſacré dont vous vous déclarez l'Apôtre. On louerait même votre piété,

ſi votre rhapſodie était d'une longueur raiſonnable ; mais eſt-elle une réparation ſuffiſante pour ceux qui ont entrepris la tâche de lire plus de cinq cents pages de détails puérils, de deſcriptions dégoûtantes, de mots barbares, et de ſatires auſſi injuſtes que groſſières ?

Vous direz, ſans doute, que vous n'avez employé que dix-huit ans à nous compiler ce fatras, qui nous fait bâiller, et nous indigne à chaque page. Souffrez qu'à ce propos on vous répète un bon mot du Comte de Rocheſter, que M. Dryden rapporte dans ſon *parallèle entre la poëſie et la peinture:* un poëte, parlant à ce Seigneur de ſa tragédie, dit *qu'il n'avait mis que trois ſemaines à la compoſer* ; *Comment diable,* répondit-il, *y avez-vous mis ſi long temps?*

Vous vous ſouvenez, peut-être, du proverbe cité par M. de Voltaire dans ſa lettre au chapelain du roi de Suède, *Toutes vérités ne ſont pas bonnes à dire.* Permettez qu'on y ajoute cette maxime : Celui qui prétend amuſer ou inſtruire le public, doit le reſpecter trop pour l'importuner de toutes ſes petiteſſes, et ne doit lui préſenter que des choſes épurées et triées parmi toutes ſes connaiſſances.

Il ſemble, à la vérité, que cette maxime n'eſt pas généralement adoptée ; car dès qu'un écolier a ramaſſé quelques lieux communs pitoyables, il lâche auſſitôt les écluſes de ſon grand

ſavoir ſur le public, qui s'en trouve à préſent inondé: et à la honte du ſiècle ces niaiſeries trouvent quelquefois des lecteurs. Violà le bien qu'a produit le bel art de l'imprimerie! Tout ceci ne vous regarde pas. Il importe beaucoup à la littérature de ſavoir combien de fois vous avez pris l'ipékékuanha, et des apozèmes; combien de fois vous avez eu la fièvre, la colique, les dartres: il eſt de la plus grande conſéquence de voir la liſte de tous les villages Indiens où vous avez paſſé et d'avoir le détail de toutes vos querelles.

Un lecteur éclairé ſera ſans doute charmé de ſavoir que dans la pagode d'Iloura "*à gauche et* " *continuant par la droite, on aperçoit Maha Deo,* " *et au-deſſous de ce Dieu, Raona et neuf de ſes* " *têtes autour du Lingam*, que *le deuxieme bas-* " *relief préſente Maha Deo, Parbati, et au-deſſous* " *les Braômes de Raona; le troiſième Maha Deo,* " *Parbati, Pendi* (ou Pando) *et au-deſſous, un* " *bœuf; le quatrième, les mêmes figures; le cin-* " *quième, un Brahme; le ſixième, Maha Deo, et* " *Parbati; le ſeptième, Banguira; le huitième,* " *Maha Deo, et Parbati; le neuvième, les mêmes* " *figures avec un bœuf; le dixième, la même choſe;* " *le onzième, Rojah Bal; le douzième, Maha* " *Deo, Parbati, et un voleur; le treizième, Ram* " *et ſa femme Gangam; le quatorzième, Schid-* " *dadji et ſa femme; le quinzième, Djakodji et ſa*

" *femme*; *le ſeizième, Maha Deo, Parbati, et un*
" *bœuf*; *le dix-ſeptième, Seadji*; *le dix-huitième,*
" *Narchiotar dans un Kambour*; *le dix-neuvième,*
" *Toulladji*; *le vingtième, Mamkoudji*; *le vingt-*
" *unième Satvadji*; *le vingt-deuxième, Latchi-*
" *mana*; *le vingt-troiſième, Dondi*; *le vingt-*
" *quatrième, Mallari*; *le vingt-cinquième, Bonbi*;
" *le vingt-ſixième, Tchemenandji*; *le vingt-ſep-*
" *tième, Makoundji*; *le vingt-huitième, Moradji*;
" *le vingt-neuvième Nembadji, à quatre bras*; *le*
" *trentième, Dondi, et ſa femme à quatre bras*; *le*
" *trente-unième Schamdji, voleur, qui a quatre*
" *bras, et à gauche ſa femme*; *le trente-deuxième,*
" *Anandji, Bibi (femme)*; *le trente-troiſième,*
" *Goupala*; *le trente-quatrième, Manoukou à*
" *quatre bras, attaché à un pilier*; *le trente-cin-*
" *quième, Anandji, avec un viſage de tigre, dévo-*
" *rant Kepaldji, et auquel on tire les entrailles du*
" *ventre*; *le trente-ſixième, Ramſedj couché*; *le*
" *trente-ſeptième, Gurigoorden, à quatre bras*; *le*
" *trente-huitième, Baſek Rajab à ſix bras*; *le*
" *trente-neuvième, Kreſnedji (ou Keeſchtnedji) à*
" *quatre bras, couché ſur Garour*; *le quarant-*
" *ième, Viſchnou qui avale une femme*; *le qua-*
" *rante-unième, Tchendoupala à quatre bras,*
" *marchant ſur Matchelé*; *le quarante-deuxième,*
" *Goindrâs à quatre bras, appuyé ſur une eſpèce*
" *de trône*; *le quarante-troiſième, Anapourna,*
" *Bibi.*"

Voilà à peu près le langage de votre agréable diſcours préliminaire. Ce ne ſont là, direz-vous, que des fables Indiennes; mais ſied-il à un homme né dans ce ſiècle de s'infatuer des fables Indiennes? Ce n'eſt point ainſi que le Chevalier Chardin écrivit le voyage de Perſe, ni M. Bernier celui de Cachemir: ils écrivirent tous deux avec autant de pureté que de goût. Un voyageur doit profiter de ces illuſtres exemples; la *beauté* de ſon *teint*, et *cet air de douceur*, dont vous parlez, ne lui ſerviront de rien, s'il ne met pas un peu de *grâces* dans ſes écrits.

Quelquefois, à la vérité, il vous prend envie de plaiſanter. On vous fit chanter le Crédo en faux-bourdon, et vous inſinuez, qu'étant Français, vous étiez pris pour muſicien. Tranquiliſez-vous, Monſieur; on ne ſait pas au juſte ce qu'en penſent les prêtres Indiens, mais on vous aſſure que, ſi vous revenez en Angleterre, on ne vous fera pas chanter. Les Anglais connaiſſent trop bien la mélodie de votre nation muſicale.

Juſqu'ici, Monſieur, nous n'avons d'autre plainte envers vous, que celle de nous avoir endormis; ce qui n'eſt pas certainement un crime en ſoi-même: quant à ceux qui craignent ces vapeurs ſoporifiques, il leur eſt facile on de ne pas lire un livre qui les donne, ou de l'oublier; le remède eſt auſſi naturel que la précaution eſt bonne.

On ne dira rien ici de votre ſtyle dur, bas, inélégant, ſouvent ampoulé, rarement conforme au ſujet, et jamais agréable. Il eſt permis, peut-être, à un voyageur d'écrire un peu à la Perſane; mais après le ſiècle de Boſſuet et de Fenelon, et dans celui de M. de Voltaire et de M. d'Alembert, un Français doit au moins écrire avec pureté dans ſa langue naturelle; et ſurement un membre de l'Académie des Belles-lettres doit avoir honte qu'un étranger lui reproche les défauts de ſon ſtyle. On voit bien que vous n'êtes pas de l'Academie Françaiſe.

Nous aurons plus à dire ſur la fin de votre diſcours. Vous recourûtes, Monſieur, aux Anglais; ils vous protégèrent contre votre nation; vous revîntes en Europe dans un de leurs vaiſſeaux; vous abordâtes en Angleterre dans un temps de guerre: les hommes les plus diſtingués du royaume s'empreſsèrent de vous rendre ſervice; vous allâtes à Oxford; on vous y reçut avec la même politeſſe: d'où vient donc que vous regardâtes d'un œil ſi malin une nation que l'Europe entière reſpecte, et qu'elle reſpectera? Quelle punition votre Zoroaſtre ordonne-t-il pour les ingrats? Combien *d'urine de bœuf* ſont-ils obligés d'avaler? On vous conſeille, Monſieur, de prendre une doſe de cette ſainte et purifiante liqueur.

Pour épargner le lecteur, on ne relevera point

l'indignité avec laquelle vous parlez d'un reſpectable Aſtronome qui vous fit l'honneur de vous viſiter à St. Hélène. Votre baſſe et dégoûtante plaiſanterie à ſon ſujet eſt-elle d'un ton à s'allier avec celui du traducteur du Pazend? Vous ajoutez "*voilà les Français.*" C'eſt inſulter, Monſieur, à votre illuſtre nation que de leur imputer des mœurs, qui ne ſeraient pas dignes des ſauvages du Cap de Bonne Eſpérance. Nous connaiſſons des Français de diſtinction, avec leſquels vous n'êtes pas, ce nous ſemble, très-lié, qui ſeraient indignés d'un pareil procédé à l'égard du plus vil de leurs vaſſaux.

Non, Monſieur, vous ne nous perſuadercz jamais que c'eſt votre climat que vous donne la petiteſſe d'eſprit, et la baſſeſſe du cœur. Ni par votre belle exclamation ſur vos compatriotes, ni par vos invectives contre les nôtres, vous ne parviendrez au but de la Satire, qui eſt d'être, crue, et de porter coup. La ſociété des Français bien nés, bien élevés ſera ſure et agréable quoique la vôtre ſoit inſipide et dangereuſe; et nos gens de mérite ne ceſſeraient pas d'être eſtimables, quand même tous les ſots préſomptueux de la terre compteraient les verres de vin qu'ils boivent.

En effet, comment traiter un ſoi-diſant littérateur que s'efforce de tourner en ridicule des

perſonnes, dont il n'a reçu que des marques de bienveillance ? Quel titre faut-il donner à celui qui reçoit des rafraîchiſſemens chez des ſavans illuſtres, ne fût-ce que du thé, et qui les calomnie ſans provocation, dès qu'il les a quittés, qui viole les lois de l'hoſpitalité, lois ſi réligieuſement obſervées parmi les Orientaux qui déſhonore, nous ne diſons pas le titre de ſavant, mais celui d'homme ?

Nous avons, Monſieur, l'honneur de connaître le Docteur Hunt, et nous faiſons gloire de le reſpecter. Il eſt incapable de tromper qui que ce ſoit. *Il ne vous a jamais dit*, il n'a pu vous dire, qu'il entendait les langues anciennes de la Perſe. Il eſt perſuadé, auſſi bien que nous, que perſonne ne les ſait, et ne les ſaura jamais, à moins qu'on ne recouvre toutes les hiſtoires, les poëmes, et les ouvrages de religion, que le Calife Omar, et ſes généraux cherchèrent à détruire avec tant d'acharnement ; ce qui rend inutile la peine de courir le monde aux dépens de l'éclat d'un *viſage fleuri*. Il ne regrette pas, à la vérité ſon ignorance de ces langues : il en eſt aſſez dédommagé par ſa rare connaiſſance du Perſan moderne, la langue des Sadi, des Cachefi, des Nezámi, dans les livres deſquels on ne trouve ni le Barſom, ni le Lingam, ni des obſervances ridicules, ni des idées fantaſtiques,

mais beaucoup de réflexions piquantes contre l'ingratitude et la fauſſeté.

Vous n'avez qu'à vous louer de la politeſſe de cet homme eſtimable, ainſi que de celle du célébre Antiquaire, auquel vous vous êtes adreſſé, et avec lequel vous en uſez ſi poliment. Ses recherches ſur l'hiſtoire, et ſur l'antiquité ont reçu une approbation générale. Vous ſied-il après cela de prodiguer vos prétendues ſaillies Françaiſes au ſujet de ſa figure? Mais on peut tout attendre *d'un teint de roſes:* il eſt pour le moins auſſi dangereux que le petit nez retrouſſé dans le conte de M. Marmontel. Le nombre des hommes que l'on *plonge dans la mer* à cauſe de *leur beauté* n'eſt pas bien conſidérable en Europe; comment pouvez-vous, Monſieur, ſupporter toutes les chétives phyſionomies qui vous entourent?

Vous faites l'éloge de M. Stanley: c'eſt le moins que vous lui deviez; il vous a rendu des ſervices plus eſſentiels que ne le ſont vos louanges. Vous en parlez comme d'un homme de goût, et vous avez raiſon. Ne perdrait-t-il pas dans votre opinion, comme ſurement vous perdriez dans la ſienne, s'il avait lu votre traduction? Nous ſouhaitons pour l'amour de lui qu'il ne la liſe jamais.

On ne prendra pas la peine de relever toutes

les erreurs dont votre récit fourmille ; mais on ſe croit obligé de vous reprendre ſur quelques-unes, auxquelles ceux qui n'ont pas encore lu votre Zende Vaſta pourraient ajouter foi trop légérement.

En Angleterre, dites-vous, *le titre de Docteur, donné à tous les ſavans, en fait un corps à part, qui a tout le pédantiſme de l'école. La plupart réſident à Oxford et à Cambridge, villes, dont l'air, à un mille à la ronde, ſemble imprégné de Grec, de Latin, et d'Hébreu.*

Pouvez-vous croire ſérieuſement, Monſieur, qu'on ne ſaurait être ſavant en Angleterre ſans être *docteur*, et que ce titre eſt donné *à tous les hommes de lettres?* comme ſi l'on prenait des degrés en littérature; comme ſi un miniſtre, un officier, un membre du parlement, un juriſconſulte, qui doit tout ſavoir, étaient obligés de reſter dans l'ignorance à moins qu'ils ne priſſent le bonnet! Pouvez-vous ignorer que les nobles, les hommes d'état, les généraux, les interprètes des lois de cette nation, ſe glorifient d'avoir été élevés dans l'une ou l'autre de ces Univerſités? qu'on y étudie les ſciences, les beaux arts, les lois civiles et municipales, qui valent pour le moins celles des Guèbres? et ſi l'on n'a pas honte d'y lire les beaux ouvrages des anciens, c'eſt avec un eſprit bien différent de celui dont

vous avez lu les prétendues lois d'un prétendu légiſl-teur.

Eſt-il permis, après avoir publié trois volumes d'inepties, d'appliquer le beau nom de pédans à ceux qui ſe ſont donné tant de peine à ſimplifier, à épurer la littérature ?

Eſt-il permis à un homme, dont le ſeul mérite, ſelon ſon propre aveu, eſt de ſavoir par cœur quelques milliers de mots Zendiques et Pehlevaniques, de parler avec mépris des langues Grecque et Romaine, que les Deſpreaux, les Racines, les Boſſuets ſe glorifiaient de ſavoir, et dont ils tiraient le fond de leurs immortels ouvrages ?

Cet homme extraordinaire, qui a continué pendant ſoixante années à cultiver les lettres, et à les enrichir. ne faiu pas ſcrupule de dire dans ſa lettre écrite, il y a quatre ans, à M. d'Olivet, que *le Grec et le Latin ſont à toutes les autres langues du monde ce que le jeu d'échecs eſt au jeu de dames, et ce qu'une belle danſe eſt à une démarche ordinaire.* Michel Cervantes, auſſi grand écrivain qu'homme d'eſprit, en dit à peu près la même choſe, et les appelle *les reines des langues.* Ce n'eſt pas à cauſe de leur beauté, de leur mélodie, de leur énergie, que ces auteurs ont loué les anciens idiomes de Grèce et d'Italie; c'eſt qu'ils étaient ceux de Pindare, et d'Horace, de

Sapho, et de Catulle, de Démoſthène, et de Cicéron. On ſent bien, pour toutes ces raiſons, que ces langues ne ſont pas les vôtres. Mais ſouvenez-vous de cet axiome : décrier ce qu'on ignore, et parce qu'on l'ignore, c'eſt le partage des ſots.

Daignez auſſi vous reſſouvenir, quand vous parlez de la littérature des Anglais, que, ſi les mots *collége* et *écolier*, ſont équivoques dans votre langue, ils préſentent un ſens très-différent dans la leur de celui que vous leur donnez. Dans ce ſens leurs Univerſités ne ſont pas compoſées de *colléges* et d'*écoliers*, comme vous le dites ; mais la nobleſſe Anglaiſe, après avoir appris les langues et les élémens des ſciences aux *colléges*, paſſent à *l'Univerſité* trois ou quatre de leurs plus beaux ans pour approfondir ce qu'ils ont déjà effleuré, avant que de viſiter les pays étrangers, ou de briller dans la cour plénière de la nation.

Sachez, Monſieur, que l'Univerſité que vous décrivez, et dont vous n'avez pas la moindre idée, jouit d'un privilége que n'ont pas vos Académies. C'eſt celui qui diſtingue l'homme libre, de l'homme qui ne l'eſt pas ; celui de faire ſes propres lois dans la grande aſſemblée du royaume. Elle choiſit ſes répréſentans parmi ceux qui ont le plus de talent et de vertu. Elle

n'eſt pas, comme on ſait, le ſeul corps politique de l'Angleterre qui jouiſſe de ce beau privilége; mais elle fait plus: elle n'en abuſe point. La moindre recommendation de la part du miniſtére; la moindre cabale de la part du candidat ſuffirait pour le faire rejeter. A-t-il des talens, de la vertu? Il peut eſpérer d'atteindre à cette haute dignité N'en a-t il point? Il ne l'atteindra jamais. Tandis que l'Univerſité d'Oxford préſervera ce droit précieux, elle ſera la plus reſpectable Académie qui ait jamais exiſtée.

On ſe hâte de finir l'examen de votre prémier volume.

Vous triomphez, Monſieur, de ce que le Docteur Hyde ne ſavait pas les langues anciennes de la Perſe; et vous ne dites rien de nouveau. Tous les étudians de la littérature Orientale ſavaient déjà que les miſérables poëmes appelés *Saddar* et *Ardiviraf Nama* étaient écrits en langue Perſane moderne, et ſeulement en caractères anciens. Un jeune homme, qui s'eſt amuſé pendant quelque temps de ces bagatelles, et qui s'occupe à préſent à étudier des lois, qui ne ſont pas celles de Zoroaſtre, nous avait expliqué pluſieurs années avant la publication de votre livre, ce couplet, dont le ſens eſt

Ils étendirent de beaux tapis tiſſus de perles,
Ils répandirent de tous côtés des parfums et des odeurs *.

Il nous a dit que les mots *beſát* tapis, *bekhór* parfum, et *atar* odeur, étaient Arabes, et que par conſéquent ces vers avaient été faits après le milieu du ſeptième ſiècle. Ce même homme nous a fait remarquer que dans la première édition de l'ouvrage de Hyde, p. 102, on a répété le mot *afkendend, ils étendirent*, deux fois, que la mépriſe ne conſiſtait que dans une ſeule lettre, et que l'on doit mettre dans le ſecond vers *affhandend, ils répandirent*; de manière que le diſtique s'écrive,

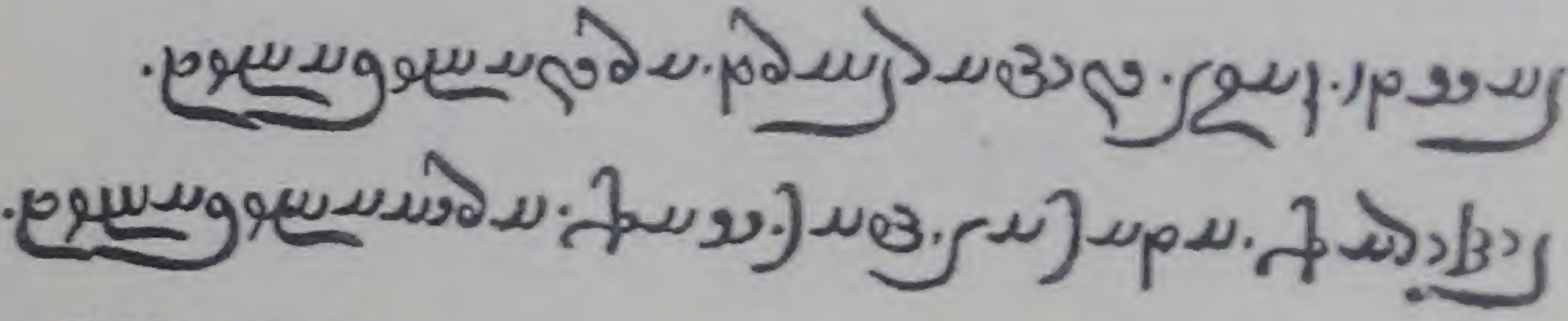
Beſati naghzi goberbaft afkendend
Bekhor u atar ez her ſou affhándend †.

car en liſant *parakendend* il y a une ſyllabe de

* En Perſan moderne.

بِساَطِ نَغْزِ گُهَرْبَافْت افکَنْدَنْد
بَخور وعطر از هر سو افشاندند

† En caractères anciens.



trop dans le vers, à moins qu'on ne liſe *bafteh* au lieu de *baft* dans le premier membre du couplet, ce qui parait plus grammatical ; et alors le diſtique ſe ſcandera,

Bĕſāti nāgh | zĭ gōbērbāf | tĕb āfkēndēnd |
Bĕkbōr u at | ar ēz bēr ſōu | părākēndēnd |

Mais il eſt inutile de vous parler de vers ; ils ne ſont pas de votre compétence.

Vous reprenez le Docteur Hyde de ce qu'il ignorait que les cinq *gahs* ſignifiaſſent les cinq parties du jour ; de ce qu'il dit *tou* au lieu de *ton* ; et de ce qu'il ne ſavait pas qu' *Aherman*, le nom de votre diable Perſan, était une abréviation du mot mélodieux *Engbri menioſch* ; car vous ſavez qu'en changeant *Engbri* en *Aher* et *menioſch* en *man* on fait *Aherman*. De la même manière on peut faire le mot *diable* en changeant *Engbri* en *di*, et *menioſch* en *able*.

Vous nous apprenez mille autres choſes également curieuſes et intéreſſantes, leſquelles valaient bien la peine d'être cherchées entre les Tropiques.

On ne fera point ici l'apologie du Docteur Hyde. C'eſt le ſort de ceux qui ſe ſont appliqués à étudier les lois des Guèbres, d'avoir beaucoup de vaine érudition, très-peu de jugement, et point de goût. Mais ſouvenez-vous que cet

homme aimable et induſtrieux ne vivait pas dans le dix-huitième ſiècle, ou n'en vit que le commencement, et qu'il n'avait ni les ſecours, que vous avez eus ſans en profiter, ni les exemples que vous avez connus ſans les ſuivre. Vous citez de temps en temps la *Bibliothéque Orientale*; ce livre auſſi profond qu'agréable aurait pu vous ſerver de modèle. Mais vous étiez réſolu d'être un *original*.

De plus, ſavez-vous que le Docteur Hyde compoſa une élégie Perſane ſur la mort du roi Guillaume III.? Ce petit poëme de treize diſtiques eſt imprimé en caractères anciens, dont il avait fait fondre des types. Vous n'aurez garde, Monſieur, de nous montrer vos élégies.

Revenons-en aux Guèbres. Vous avez rapporté de l'Inde des manuſcripts orientaux que l'Europe poſſédait déjà: mais vous n'avez pas cherché ceux dont elle avait beſoin. Vous n'avez point rapporté l'original du *Calila va Demna*, livre charmant, écrit en Indien, et traduit dans toutes les langues connues ſous le nom de *Fables de Pilpai*; ni la traduction du même ouvrage en Pehlevi, faite dans le ſixième ſiècle par l'ordre du roi Nouchirvan. Nous avons une traduction Arabe, faite à la lettre ſur cette dernière, avec le ſecours de laquelle (ſi l'on avait les deux autres manuſcrits) on pourrait apprendre quelque qartie des langues Sanſcrite,

et Pehlevanique, ſi quelqu'un ètait aſſez oiſif pour entreprendre cette tâche.

Vous n'êtes pas trop exact même dans les titres de vos manuſcrits ; 1. Celui nommé *Tobfat el Irakein*, ou *Le Don des deux Iraques*, n'eſt pas, comme vous l'annoncez, l'hiſtoire de deux rois Irakiens, mais une deſcription poëtique des rivières, montagnes, prairies, &c. dans les deux provinces nommées Iraques, c'eſt-à-dire l'ancienne Babylonie, et la Parthie : 2. Le poëte Hafez n'était point le couſin germain, ni même le contemporain de Sadi, attendu qu'il mourut dans l'an de notre ère 1394, et que Sadi était né en 1175, et par malheur pour votre calcul, avait vecu ſeulement ſix-vingts ans : 3. *Les Coutes du Perroquet* étaient compoſés par un natif de Nakhſheb, ville de la Tranſoxane, qui par conſéquent eſt ſurnommé *Nakhſhebi*, et non *Nakhſhi*, comme vous l'appelez.

Voilà réellement des minuties ; mais à l'exemple du traducteur du *Zende Vaſta*, on ſe réſerve le droit d'être quelquefois ennuyeux.

Paſſons à votre ſecond volume, dans lequel vous annoncez la vie d'un grand légiſlateur, et vous débutez par des contes, que le ſage dervis, auteur des *Mille et un Jour*, aurait rougi d'inſérer parmi les ſiens. Ciel ! que de rempliſſages ! On voit d'abord des *notices* aſſommantes de vos manuſcrits, dont vous avez déjà parlé mille fois ;

puis cent pages de *ſommaires* de tout l'ouvrage, que perſonne ne lira, et dont nous ne on ſeillons la lecture à perſonne.

La ſeule choſe curieuſe qu'on trouve dans vos *notices*, y eſt à votre inſçu, et par hazard. Vous abrégez à votre façon un conte Perſan, dans lequel un magicien puiſſant menace de tuer un philoſophe, s'il ne répond pas à toutes ſes queſtions. Il lui demande *ce que c'eſt que le beau ſexe déſire le plus :* l'autre répond que c'eſt *la tendreſſe d'un amant.* Le magicien appelle ſa femme pour décider de la vérité de cette réponſe : elle veut ſauver la vie au philoſophe, et lui révèle le ſecret du magicien en lui avouant que le ſouverein bonheur de ſon ſexe conſiſte *à être obéi, et à exercer le pouvoir.* Or, comme on voit d'abord que cette idée orientale a fourni le ſujet d'un agréable conte à notre Chaucer, on peut ſuppoſer qu'il l'avait priſe des Provençaux dans un temps, où les livres Aſiatiques commençaient à être connus en Europe.

Vous étalez le mérite de vos recueils Perſans, qu'il vous plaît d'appeler *Ravaát*, mot Arabe, et par conſéquent très-moderne en Perſe, qui ſignifie *traditions.* Ces recueils ne ſont pas rares. M. Fraſer en avait rapporté un de l'Inde, qui eſt plus étendu que le vôtre, quoique vous affectiez d'en parler avec mépris. Cet Ecoſſais, Monſieur, qui ſavait le Perſan moderne pour

le moins auſſi bien que vous, annonce ſon manuſcrit dans ſa liſte imprimée, comme un recueil de toutes les tràditions authentiques touchant les lois de Zoroaſtre. *Lucius ait ; Fannius negat : utri creditis, Quirites?*

On n'aura garde de mentionner ici toutes vos bévues : mais on en relèvera quelques-unes, peu importantes, à la vérité, mais telles qu'un ſavant aurait dû éviter. Le Docteur Darab aurait pu vous dire, Monſieur, que *Zoboré* n'eſt pas le nom de Jupiter, ni *Moſchteri* celui de Venus. Vous avez tranſpoſé les noms de ces deux planètes : *Zchora*, qui ſignifie *lumineuſe* en Arabe, eſt celle que nous nommons Venus, à laquelle les poëtes orientaux donnent un des attributs de l'Apollon des Grecs, celui de porter une harpe, et de la pincer délicieuſement. Venus eſt donc ſelon eux la déeſſe de la muſique ; et dans ce ſens les Français ne ſont pas nés ſous cette planète.

Vous confondez les mots *Iran*, et *Arran*, qui n'ont pas la même orthographe en Perſan *. Vous parlez de *l'Iran proprement dit*. Sachez qu'il n'y a point *d'Iran improprement dit*. Le pays d'*Arran* faiſait partie de l'ancienne Médie ; les géographes Aſſiriques le joignent ſouvent avec *l'Azarbigian*. *L'Iran*, ou *l'Airan*, écrit avec un A et un I, eſt le nom général de l'empire

* Irán ایران Arrán اران

des Perſans, oppoſé à celui des Tartares, ou le Touran.

Nous obſervons que dans vos citations des prétendus livres Zendes, vous faites uſage du mot *Din* pour ſignifier la loi et la religion. Or ce mot eſt purement Arabe, et par conſéquent ne pouvait pas ſe trouver dans un livre Zende. Nous ſoupçonnons que vos Guèbres reſſemblent à ces Bohèmes vagabonds, qui prétendent ſavoir la langue ancienne de l'Egypte, en tirent une horoſcope pour deux ſous.

On peut ajouter que la plus grande partie de votre vie de Zoroaſtre eſt tirée ou des livres Perſans, que nous avons déjà, ou de la traduction de quelques livres Grecs, que nous ſerions bien aiſes de n'avoir jamais eus; et que ce légiſlateur, ſi votre narré eſt vrai, était le plus déteſtable de tous les hommes.

Nous venons, Monſieur, à votre fameuſe traduction ſur laquelle vous fondez toute votre gloire.

Le premier ouvrage que vous nous offrez n'eſt qu'une liturgie ennuyeuſe, avec le détail de quelques cérémonies abſurdes. Voici le ſtyle de ce livre unintelligible. "*Je prie le "Zour, et je lui fais ieſcht. Je prie le Barſom, "et je lui fais ieſcbt. Je prie le Zour, et je lui "fais ieſcht. Je prie le Zour avec le Barſom et "je lui fais ieſcbt. Je prie le Barſom avec le*

" *Zour, et je lui fais ieſcht. Je prie le Zour ſur*
" *le Barſom, et je lui fais ieſcht. Je prie le Bar-*
" *ſom ſur ce Zour, et je lui fais ieſcht. Je prie le*
" *Zour ſur ce Barſom, et je lui fais ieſcht,* &c.
" &c." Il eſt bon d'avertir ici que le *Zour* n'eſt que de l'eau, et que le *Barſom* n'eſt qu'un faiſceau de branches d'arbres. Zoroaſtre ne pouvait pas écrire des ſottiſes pareilles. C'eſt, ſans doute, la rapſodie de quelque Guèbre moderne.

Ce qui nous confirme dans cette idée, c'eſt que vous mettez à la marge les mots *pargard awel* pour ſignifier *premiere ſection.* Or ce mot *awel* eſt Arabe, et Zoroaſtre ne ſavait pas la langue Arabe. Vous citez ſouvent les mots de cette langue, pour de l'ancien Zende ; comme *nekáh*, *mariage*, *tavhid*, *déclaration de l'unité de Dieu*, et *tâvidh*, un *préſervatif*, qui ne ſont que de ſimples gérondifs Arabes. Dans votre traduction des *Ieſchts Sadès*, manuſcript Zende, vous avez l'effronterie de faire mention de *Nouſchirvan Adel*, qui régnait à la fin du ſixième ſiècle, et dont le titre d'*Adel* ou *Le Juſte* lui fut donné par Mahomet. Voilà votre ancienne langue de Perſe.

On fera grâce au lecteur du reſte de votre traduction, qui ne dit rien ni au cœur ni à l'eſprit. Tout votre *Zende Vaſta* n'eſt qu'un tiſſu d'exclamations puériles, ſi nous en exceptions le

Pazend, ou *Pazend*, qui ſeul a quelque air d'authenticité : encore n'eſt-ce, ſelon vous, que la vingtième partie de l'ancien livre de Zoroaſtre. Nous demandons, Où ſont les autres parties ?

Il faut vous demander encore pourquoi les Perſans eux-mêmes diſent unanimement que Zoroaſtre publia trois ouvrages, le *Zende*, ou *le livre de vie*, le *Pazend*, ou la *confirmation* de ce livre, et le *Vaſta*, ou *Aveſta*, qui en était la *gloſe* ? * Les Perſans étaient, ſans doute, à portée de ſavoir la vérité de ce qu'ils avançaient. Il faut ajouter foi à leur témoignage.

Nous dirons en paſſant que vous n'êtes pas le premier qui nous ait enſeigné que les livres de Zoroaſtre étaient écrits dans un ancien dialecte de la Perſe, différent du Pehlévanique. M. d'Herbelot le dit dans l'article *Uſta* de ſa *Bibliothéque Orientale*, livre, qui fait beaucoup d'honneur à votre nation, et que vous citez très-ſouvent ſans en faire votre profit.

Les vingt-deux chapitres de votre *Pazend*, quoique, peut-être, plus anciens que le reſte de l'ouvrage, ſont de ſi peu au-deſſus de *l'Izeſchné*, et *Viſpered*, que ce n'était certainement pas la peine de les publier. Ils ne contiennent rien qui réponde au caractère de philoſophe et de le-

* En Perſan, زند , پازند , واستا

giſlateur. Nous en citerons ſeulement la deſcription du chien ; et ſi, après cette abſurde rapſodie, la plus intelligible, et la plus importante partie du livre, le lecteur veut le lire en entier, il a du courage. Voici donc Zoroaſtre, qui parle par ſon *bel* interprète.

Le chien a huit qualités : il eſt comme l'Athorne (le prêtre), il eſt comme le militaire, il eſt comme le laboureur principe de biens, il eſt comme l'oiſeau, il eſt comme le voleur, il eſt comme la bête féroce, il eſt comme la femme de mauvaiſe vie, il eſt comme la jeune perſonne. N'eſt-ce pas là un beau groupe ! mais il nous faut des détails : oh ! nous en aurons de vraiment ſublimes. Ecoutons.

Comme l'Athornè, le chien mange ce qu'il trouve ; comme l'Athornè il eſt bienfaiſant et heureux ; comme l'Athornè, il ſe contente de tout ; comme l'Athornè, il éloigne ceux qui s'approchent de lui : il eſt comme l'Athornè. Voilà ce qui s'appelle une préciſion géométrique dans les formes. Il y a ſeulement quelque petit manque de ſens commun dans la démonſtration ; mais cela eſt bien racheté par la manière fine et élégante dont Zoroaſtre ſatiriſe les prêtres : et ces paroles, *il mange ce qu'il trouve*, ſont fort énergiques. Au reſte on voit que le ton poli a été long-temps avant nous de donner le titre de *chien* très-libéralement.

Le chien marche en avant comme le militaire ; il frappe les troupeaux purs en les conduiſant

comme le militaire; il rôde devant, derrière les lieux comme le militaire : il eſt comme le militaire. Il y a bien des guerriers qui ne trouveraient pas la comparaiſon flatteuſe. Monſieur le traducteur, en connaiſſez-vous, qui s'en accommoderaient?

Le chien eſt actif, vigilant, pendant le temps du ſommeil, comme le laboureur principe de biens; il rôde devant, derrière les lieux, comme le laboureur principe de biens; il rôde derrière, devant les lieux, comme le laboureur principe de biens : il eſt comme le laboureur. Devant, derrière, derrière, devant——Répétition gracieuſe et emphatique!

Comme l'oiſeau le chien eſt gai; il s'approche de l'homme comme l'oiſeau; il ſe nourrit de ce qu'il peut prendre comme l'oiſeau: il eſt comme l'oiſeau.

De le même manière on peut prouver que le chien reſſemble à tous les animaux de l'hiſtoire naturelle de M. Buffon. Le ſinge ſe nourrit de ce qu'il peut prendre, le chat de même, l'écureuil de même, et tous les animaux de même. Ergo, le chien reſſemble à tous les animaux. Ah, la belle choſe que la logique Perſane! Si celui qui nous la rend ſi éloquemment voulait en tenir école, et en *imprégner l'air à la ronde*, quel ton léger ne ſerait pas ſubſtitué à la pédanterie Latine et Grecque?

Le chien agit dans l'obſcurité comme le voleur ; il eſt expoſé à ne rien manger comme le voleur ; ſouvent il reçoit quelque choſe de mauvais comme le voleur ; il eſt comme le voleur. Le pauvre chien commence à perdre dans les parallèles ! mais malgré la bonne intention de Zoroaſtre en ſa faveur, y avait-il beaucoup gagné ?

Le chien aime à agir dans les ténèbres comme la bête féroce ; ſa force eſt pendant la nuit, comme la bête féroce : quelquefois il n'a rien à manger comme la bête féroce ; ſouvent il reçoit quelque choſe de mauvais comme la bête féroce ; il eſt comme la bête féroce. Tournures à chaque inſtant nouvelles et agréables ! Ne riez pas, lecteur : reſpectez l'antiquité ; admirez tout dans Zoroaſtre.

Le chien eſt content comme la femme de mauvaiſe vie ; il ſe tient dans les chemins écartés comme la femme de mauvaiſe vie ; il ſe nourrit de ce qu'il peut trouver comme la femme de mauvaiſe vie : il eſt comme la femme de mauvaiſe vie. Le philoſophe voulait prouver qu'il connaiſſait parfaitement tous les états ! Qu'importe que ce fût aux dépens du chien et de la raiſon ? mais patience ! Voici ſa dernière comparaiſon pour le moins auſſi juſte que toutes les autres.

Le chien dort beaucoup comme la jeune perſonne ; il eſt brûlant et en action comme la jeune perſonne ; il a la langue longue comme la jeune perſonne ;

il court en avant comme la jeune perſonne. Tels ſont les deux chefs que je fais marcher dans les lieux, ſavoir, le chien Peſoſchoroun et le chien Veſcheroeun, &c.

Ormuzd, grand Ormuzd, principe de tous biens parmi les Guèbres, ſi tu as dicté cette *chienne* de deſcription à Zoroaſtre, je ne te fais pas *ieſcht*; tu n'es qu'un ſot Génie; peut-être, *au teint de lis et de roſes*, mais ſurement ſans cervelle!

Vous voyez, Monſieur, que le mal ſe gagne; nous donnons à notre tour dans les exclamations: aimeriez-vous mieux ce dilemme? Ou Zoroaſtre n'avait pas le ſens commun, ou il n'écrivit pas le livre que vous lui attribuez: s'il n'avait pas le ſens commun, il fallait le laiſſer dans la foule, et dans l'obſcurité; s'il n'écrivit pas ce livre, il était impudent de le publier ſous ſon nom. Ainſi, ou vous avez inſulté le goût du public en lui préſentant des ſottiſes, ou vous l'avez trompé en lui débitant des fauſſetés: et de chaque côté vous méritez ſon mépris.

Nous croirons plutôt les Guèbres eux-mêmes, lorſqu'ils nous aſſurent que les livres de leur légiſlateur furent brûlés par Alexandre. Nous ſavons d'ailleurs que les Rois de la famille Saſſanienne ramaſsèrent tous les anciens livres qu'ils pouvaient trouver, et que les généraux d'Omar les firent preſque tous détruire, ſelon les ordres

que ce Calife avait reçus de Mahomet. Les Mahométans, tolérans pour toutes les autres religions, ſont intolérans pour les idolâtres, et les adorateurs du feu; et ſi quelques familles de ces malheureux trouvèrent le moyen de ſe retirer dans l'Inde, ils ne purent conſerver que quelques traditions imparfaites au ſujet de leurs anciennes lois.

Tels ſont les livres que vous allâtes chercher à Surate. Ils ſont aſſez barbares en eux-mêmes, et ils n'ont pas gagné dans votre barbare traduction. Tout votre livre eſt ſi bigarré de mots étrangers qu'il eſt néceſſaire de ſavoir un peu le Perſan pour comprendre votre Français. Votre ouvrage a l'air d'un grimoire, mais on y voit bien que vous n'êtes pas *ſorcier*.

On ne dira rien des obſcénités qui ſont prodiguées dans quelques paſſages de vos prétendues lois, leſquelles vous rendez plus dégoûtantes, s'il eſt poſſible, par vos notes. On aurait cru que le précepte *vitanda eſt rerum et verborum obſcænitas* regardait ſur-tout les ouvrages de morale, et de religion. Mais vous faites dire au bon principe des Guèbres des faletés qu'une ſage-femme rougirait de répéter parmi ſes commères. *Vous ne ſavez*, dites-vous, *comment les exprimer honnêtement.* Eh! pourquoi les exprimer du tout? C'était pour faire voir combien vous poſſédiez votre Perſan.

Quand aux vocabulaires que vous avez traduits, il faut avouer que le révèrend Docteur Darab a dû ſavoir les langues ſacrées de ſa nation : mais lorſque nous voyons ſes mots Arabes corrompus *Dunia* et *Akhré* les deux mondes, *Malke* un roi, *Zéman* le temps, *Ganm* animal de bétail, *Damme* ſang, *Sanat* année, *Ab* père, *Am* mère, *Awela* d'abord, *Shemſia* le ſoleil, *La* non, et quelques autres, donnés pour des mots Zendes et Pehlevis, ainſi que *Baki* le reſte, *Tamám* accompli, &c. pour du Parſi, nous diſons hardiment que ce charlatan vous a trompé, et que vous avez tâché de tromper vos lecteurs.

Nous croyons ici entrevoir la vérité. Vous n'avez appris qu'un peu de Perſan moderne, et encore moins de l'ancien ; et vous avez traduit ces malheureux livres Zendes, avec le ſecours de ce Guèbre, qui ne les entendait probablement lui-même que très-imperfaitement. Vous avez fait en cela comme un homme que nous connaiſſons, qui traduiſait les poëmes Arabes les plus difficiles ſous les yeux d'un natif d'Alep, tandis qu'il ne pouvait pas lire le premier chapitre de l'Alcoran ſans ſe ſecours ; et vous êtes ſemblable à un enfant qui flotte ſur des veſſies enflées, et ſe perſuade qu'il nage à merveille.

Mais ſouvenez-vous qu'un écolier qui apprend le Latin ne s'aviſe pas de faire imprimer ſa no-

menclature ? Souvenez-vous auſſi qu'un vocabulaire n'eſt pas plus une langue, qu'une pierre eſt un château. Il n'y a rien de ſi facile que d'étaler une vaine érudition. Nous connaiſſons des auteurs qui citent l'original des livres Chinois ſans pouvoir lire trois caractères de cette langue. M. Fourmont, qui compila une grammaire de la langue Chinoiſe à l'aide d'un natif de Peking, n'était pas capable, peut-être, de traduire les Chi-king ou trois cents Odes, dont une, qui eſt très-belle, eſt citée par Confucius. Il ſerait à ſouhaiter que M. de Guignes voulût employer ſes loiſirs à traduire ces anciens poëmes. qui ſont à la Bibliothéque du Roi de France, au lieu de s'occuper à publier les traductions du P. Gaubil, qui d'ailleurs ſont très-curieuſes, et très-authentiques.

Le reſte de votre ouvrage contient quelques traités aſſommans, un *précis raiſonné* où l'on ne trouve ni préciſion ni raiſon, avec une table très-étendue des matières, que peu de perſonnes s'aviſeront de conſulter.

Nous avons expoſé la quinteſſence de vos trois énormes volumes, deſquels un homme de goût, qui aurait poſſédé ſa langue, aurait pu faire un *in-douze* aſſez amuſant.

Il réſulte, Monſieur, de tout ceci, ou que vous n'avez pas les connaiſſances que vous vous van-

tez d'avoir, ou que ces connaiſſances ſont vaines, frivoles, et indignes d'occuper l'eſprit d'un homme de quarante ans.

Vous inſinuez que vous avez quelque deſſein de retourner à l'Inde pour y traduire les livres ſacrés des Brahmanes. Oh! pour l'amour de vous-même, et pour celui du public, ne ſongez plus à ce projet. Votre deſcription des *Lin-ganiſtes* ne nous donne pas une idée trop avantageuſe des philoſophes Indiens. D'ailleurs n'eſt-ce pas aſſez d'avoir traduit le Zende Vaſta?

Croyez-nous, Monſieur, employez mieux votre temps: ceſſez de médire, et de calomnier des hommes qui vous ont rendu ſervice: ceſſez de vous infatuer des extravagances d'une miſérable ſecte d'enthouſiaſtes: mettez dans la bibliothéque de votre roi tout ce qu'il vous plaira; mais ne préſentez au public que l'extrait le plus pur de vos écrits. Souvenez-vous ſurtout de ce couplet du poëte Sadi,

اگر صد سال گبر آتش فروزد
اگر یکدم در او افتد بسوزد

Quand même le Guèbre aurait entretenu ſon feu pendant cent années, dès qu'il y tombe, il s'y brule.

Vous nous pardonnerez de n'avoir pas lu les mémoires que vous avez inſérés dans le *Journal*

des Savans, et ailleurs. En vérité nous n'en avons pas eu le courage.

Au reſte, Monſieur, ne croyez pas que celui qui vous écrit cette lettre, ait l'intention de vous nuire en la publiant. Il s'eſt cru obligé de répondre à vos ſatires, comme on chaſſe un frelon qu'on voit bourdonnant autour d'un ami, ſans pourtant aimer ni haïr le pauvre inſecte, qui eſt hors d'état d'être réellement nuiſible à perſonne.

Il eſt, cependant, fâché de ſavoir que *vous n'êtes pas plus opulent*. Le fameux Antiquaire, au ſujet duquel vous vous ſervez de ces mêmes mots, n'a pas tant de raiſon que vous, Monſieur, de ſe conſoler des rigueurs de la fortune : il n'eſt riche ni en manuſcrits Zendiques, ni en mots barbares, ni en orgueil.

Mais comme vous avez votre vanité, qu'on vous paſſe ſans peine, ſouffrez, Monſieur, que l'inconnu qui veut bien accorder l'honneur d'une critique à votre livre, ait auſſi la ſienne, et ne mette dans le frontiſpice de cette brochure que les lettres initiales de votre nom. Il ignore ce que le public en penſera, et s'il ne condamnera pas cet examen au moins comme inutile. Mais quoi qu'il en ſoit, il n'a pas jugé à propos de chercher un abri pour la foudre ſous vos lauriers.

Pour la même raiſon, permettez qu'il vous cache ſon nom ; d'autant plus qu'il n'aſpire pas à former une correſpondance avec vous ; et que,

ſi vous répondez à ſa lettre, il eſt réſolu de ne point faire de réplique. Tout ce que vous en ſaurez eſt ceci : il n'eſt, grâces au ciel et à la nature, ni Guèbre ni Français, quoiqu'il reſpecte la mémoire du véritable Zoroaſtre, et qu'il connaiſſe bien des Français dignes d'eſtime. Il n'eſt d'aucun pays, quand il s'agit des ſciences et des arts, qui ne font d'aucun pays. Mais quand il eſt queſtion de la gloire de ſa patrie, il eſt prêt ou à la défendre ou à la venger. Enfin, Monſieur, vous devez lui ſavoir bon gré de vous avoir écrit dans une langue qui ne lui eſt pas naturelle, uniquement parce que vous la ſavez un peu.

END OF THE EIGHTH VOLUME.

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